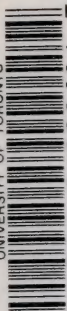


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L HAMILTON'S
LIFE IN LETTERS



GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE IN
LETTERS



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GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE IN LETTERS

EDITED BY

H. AUGUSTA DODGE

VOLUME I.



BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD
MCM I



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GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE IN LETTERS.

VOL. I.

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AMESBURY, Second day, May, 1865.

MY DEAR FD.:

I was a little *blue* this morning, but thy letter was just the tonic I needed. If anybody is out of sorts and *hypped* I shall prescribe for him a course of thy letters.

And now, God bless thee!

Ever & truly thy friend
Thos J. Whittier

To MARY ABBY DODGE,
Hamilton, Mass.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

MARY A. DODGE came of a line of pure English ancestry settled in one county of this country for more than two hundred and sixty years, and the qualities of this sturdy stock seemed to have intensified and come to blossom in her.

She was a ruddy, curly haired little child, overflowing with vitality, singing, dancing, and full of the joy of life, and of an astonishing intellectual energy. At two years old she not only talked, but recited verses from memory, and she knew then the obligation of a promise; at five she was studying an advanced geography; at six, one of her brothers writing his school composition, she also was writing hers.

The life of a country child is one calculated to give a close intimacy with nature; familiar with their moods and changes, woods and fields and skies and streams were her friends, and all her life long they gave her the joy they did when, a little child, she first looked up and realized the infinity of the depth of the blue above her. The life fostered also a strong individuality, a fresh and fine and delightful individual-

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ity, whose original force was felt upon whatever scene she entered.

To the family of a New England farmer in the days of her childhood the Church was a central point, the orthodox Congregational Church, which had much of the authority still that it had in the days of the Puritans. The subjects of conversation were its articles of faith, and the Bible was its literature. There was much other good literature in her father's house, but there was none that had the delight for her of this book, with its high inspiration to her faith, its tender promises to her heart, and its poetical splendor to her imagination; its language was her language, and she could neither speak nor write without using it; a rare scholar on many lines, she valued her biblical scholarship more than any other. She became a member of the church at an early age, and she continued in its communion till her death, although she grew largely liberal in her interpretation of its creed.

She was educated at the Ipswich Female Seminary, a remarkable school, and she always maintained the affection of her kinswoman, its great-hearted principal, Mrs. Cowles. Upon her graduation she became a teacher, at first at Ipswich and afterwards in Hartford, and a very wonderful teacher, awakening in her pupils powers they did not dream of and new conceptions of life and things, and striking a vital spark from the driest facts of study. Early in her teachings she began to write for the press, short, crisp, and sparkling articles, under a pseudonym;

part of this name was that of her native town, every sod of which she loved, and she was already well known by it when she was teaching in the family of Dr. Bailey, the editor of the "National Era," a publication with whose purposes she was in full sympathy.

Miss Dodge discontinued her teaching to go home and remain with her mother, who had become an invalid, whom she all but worshipped, and whose care she shared with the sister who was her other self. She was now an active contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly" and other periodicals, and she collected her essays into volumes, which had wide and good circulation, many pages of which were of unrivalled beauty, as others were of frolicking humor and sound wisdom. Her circumstances were easy, and she found a great deal of pleasure in life with her work, her friends, and her frequent visits in the houses of her publishers, of Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Whittier, Mr. Storrs, and others. She was radiant with youth and health and spirit and happiness, helping every one, making the world glad about her, and herself the pride and joy of a large and adoring family circle. Wherever she came the wind and the sunshine seemed to come in with her, so bright and breezy was her presence, with a thought, an opinion, an epigram, for everything, and sparkling with sweet and wholesome wit, fearlessly frank and tenderly kind. While her stricture was unsparing, her praise was equally so. Her spirit was something not to be daunted, and she was intrepid in maintaining her cause and fighting for

faith or friend. But her magnanimity was as great as her courage. She was generosity itself, giving her personal care, her interest, her money in large sums, herself.

In 1870 she began to spend her winters in Washington. Warmly interested in affairs, acquainted both with the intricacies of politics and the heights of statesmanship, standing in awe of no one, with the pleasantest and most gracious manner on occasion, her humor, her keen insight, her quick aptitude, her memory, her knowledge of human nature, her glow and enthusiasm — all had full play in Mrs. Blaine's drawing-room, for Mr. Blaine was then the Speaker of the House, and then and later his home was the centre where not only the party chiefs, but every one of interest, either the foreign diplomat or the transient traveller, was sure to be found. No more admired woman of society ever lived in Washington.

She dressed her part well, too, in simplest garb upon the street or in the galleries of Congress; but she was resplendent at home in her white silks, her gown of silver brocade, her pale peach satin, or whatever the occasion demanded. In summer she swung in her hammock at home in Hamilton, and wandered over her hills as if she had never known any other life. Although not beautiful, she was yet attractive, of about the medium height, and with a good figure, her skin very fair and blooming, her mouth sweet, her teeth fine, her forehead white, her nose well cut, her bright brown hair curling naturally. She had great

beauty of expression, and her smile was enchanting. Delightful as her conversation was, her letters were equally so, and her presence in any house filled it with the "inextinguishable laughter of the gods." She was a discriminating critic of books and people and measures; she loved nature, poetry, children, and beauty in every shape. She kindled brightness in others, and you felt in her society that you were listening to the most brilliant woman of her generation.

In 1887-8 she visited Europe. She had already seen a good deal of America — Canada, California, the South and West. She enjoyed every moment of her trip, and of the coaching tour through England and Scotland, looking at everything from the new point of view of her own entirely original personality. During all these years she was continually publishing volumes of interest and keeping a large correspondence with men and women of note both here and abroad. Her last considerable work was her "Washington Bible Class," a book burning with a steady flame of genius; and she died just as she had completed her book upon the life of Mr. Blaine, which she alone could write as the subject demanded.

During the last three years she was also intensely absorbed in unavailing efforts for the liberation of Mrs. Maybrick from the prison to which she was sentenced for the commission of a crime for which, as Miss Dodge contended, she was never tried. Interested in everything, loved as few people have been

loved, and loving in return, appreciating the feeling she excited, alive to her very fingers' ends, she burned the torch of her life without sparing. She had gone to Washington with the last chapter of her work, well and happy, rejoicing in the beautiful spring of that beautiful town. Without any warning she slipped one morning to the floor, retained her intelligence vividly for some days, and then gently sank into a deep sleep, from which she woke to consciousness only some weeks afterwards, when she had been removed to her own home.

Here, under the most tireless care, she regained a great measure of her physical and all of her intellectual strength. She occupied herself with her work, her friends, and neighbors, who idolized her, her charities, the new books and public events, and in writing, and herself publishing a volume under the title of "X-Rays," of interest to all those who search into the mystery of a future life.

On the morning of the 16th of this month (August), without premonition, she fell forward unconscious, and remained so for a day and night, when her great starlike spirit passed.

I

CHILDHOOD

1833-1845

I

CHILDHOOD

1833-1845

DURING convalescence, after the completion of "X-Rays," it became the intention of "Gail Hamilton" to prepare her autobiography, and the following beginning was dictated at intervals in 1896 :

I died on the 10th of May, 1895.¹ It might be supposed that a life so private and uneventful as mine would not require or justify a biography. But when, after seven weeks' divorce of body and soul, a partial reunion was effected, I found the newspapers festooned with obituary biographical sketches wholly friendly and equally inaccurate. If my life is worth putting wrong it is worth putting right, and I devote the enforced leisure of this appendix to reminiscences.

My earliest recollections are of sitting on a braided mat before the hearth on which a bright wood fire was blazing and warming a porringer of milk. My mother sat near me with feet outstretched, on which I would at pleasure take a delightful ride. The close of the programme was invariably to throw myself across my father's knee, and order him "to rub my back." I was a docile child in general, but in this one thing

¹ See Sketch by Harriet Prescott Spofford at beginning of Volume I.

I was sovereign. I would not go to bed until his hand — more rough and hard than any other — had soothed my little back into tranquillity. My sister always went with me, so that I had no sense of banishment or solitude, and I have always a lurking pity for children who must go to bed alone. I was a little beast, enfolding but an invisible germ of humanity. I did not love father or mother, only the comfort and warmth which they administered. I had an attachment to them as the source and background of the fire and the bright porringer.

There was no family government. The only punishment I remember in a family of six children was when I for three Sundays in succession endured some light affliction for behaving ill in church. But there was no logical connection between the penalty and the sin. Our pew was in the gallery and was large and nearly square, — red cushioned and curtained, — a secluded and quiet room where play could be carried on comfortably without disturbing any one. The sound of my little finger-nails scratching down the long breadths of my mother's black silk gown amused me more than the preacher's voice. The rattle of the brass rings on the iron rods as I drew the curtains back and forth was my song of the sanctuary, but when I sat down upon the floor of the pew and began to take off my shoes and stockings, my mother hailed it as the dawn of the reformation, but its real *sunrise* was many years after, upon the occasion of a new pelisse handed down from my sister, with a "bodice waist" opening in front. So important an advance in dress demanded a corresponding dignity of demeanor. I was more than equal to the occasion. I not only sat quietly through the service, but at its close turned to

my sister and asked, "Don't you think we have had a short sermon?" The reader will readily perceive that I had jumped at one bound from childhood to criticism. I was not only able to sit still through the sermon, but I disdained to find any weariness in the effort, and so called the sermon short. My sister saw through the little subterfuge and did not hesitate to communicate the fact to me. Her only answer was to wrinkle up her nose in silent contempt, and I knew that my little ruse had failed. Perhaps I then first knew it *was* a ruse.

Parents and children formed one community, ate at the same table, of the same food — no hot or rich or unwholesome food was denied us because we were children. It was an event in natural history when I heard that the *minister's daughter* was not allowed to eat mince pie. I ate mince pie whenever it was on the table.

A vase which was in the spare chamber, I had taken for my own pleasure and, instead of replacing it, left it on the floor where I was playing and where my mother found it, and asked me if I had meddled with it. It was such a vase as I suppose might have been bought at the grocer's for fifty cents per pair, and it was unharmed, but I had a blind perception that somehow the universal order had been disturbed, and the quickest way to get into it seemed to be to deny that I ever had been out. I promptly answered "No." My mother must have known I was telling what is called a lie, but she did not embarrass me with unpleasant remarks, or pointed questions. I fought rather shy of her, avoiding *tête-à-tête* for an hour or two, but coming to no harm the *entente cordiale* was soon restored and we remained the best of friends.

I have heard my mother lament that the magazine day of Mothers' Assistants and Mothers' Societies had not come in season to help her in bringing up her children, and when I became old enough to write Mothers' Assistants myself, I made up for it by making my mothers give long talks to their children on the right and wrong of things, but my one real mother's way was far the best.

She did not lecture about principles or give rules — she expected us to do the right thing of our own free will.

Two kinds of cake were always kept in store, — fruit cake in a covered stone jar, and cup cake in a large covered tin pail, — both rich and delicious, but never appearing except for guests, when we had our fair share. If any broken slices were left they were fair plunder for the next day. No one ever told us not to touch this cake, and no lock and key were ever used, and I sometimes, when duty called me to the cellar, lifted the covers to sniff the fragrant odors, or spy a speck of white mould which might condemn it without impairing it to my young taste, but I should have no sooner thought of touching it than of breaking a piece from the round moon.

My sister had been awaiting with great interest the construction of a sled by one of my brothers. Just as it was finished and we were about to go on the hill for the first experiment with it, our mother sent for my sister and me to come in. I thought of nothing but to obey — my sister simply took no notice of the command. My brother, who I suspect was only too ready to have the sled to himself, undertook to take her in. She resisted at every step, and when in their forced march they reached the pump, she sprang for-

ward and clutched the nose, nor could he with all his superior strength dislodge her. How the fight ended I do not know, for being rather awed by it I trotted off into the house. My mother gave me some raisins, and glad of anything for a quiet life, I sat on the floor behind the door and ate them. I suspect my mother was aware of the fracas that was going on, and that the raisins were a reward of merit for keeping out of it. But she never spoke of it. She left war to fight it out at the pump spout, and peace to eat it out on the floor, and the true moral to burrow its own way into the crude consciences around her.

REMINISCENCES OF MY EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

[Found in a composition book, probably written while in Ipswich Female Seminary, 1849.]

Fifteen minutes before nine, on the 25th of May, 1835, at the patriarchal age of two years and two months, I first entered a village school-house. It was the great era of my life. For weeks and weeks I had thought of it — talked of it — dreamt of it. When at last the eventful morning came and I started for school with my brother and sister, I verily believe a happier heart beat not in the old Bay State. After a walk of some twenty minutes we reached the school-house. It was a little brown wooden building. There were three windows in front and two in the end. A white curtain hung at one of the front windows. Under another was the caricature of a man, fantastically drawn with red chalk. The decided preponderance of nose — the arms equal in length to the whole body — the hat like a slaveholder's conscience, "long and narrow," all testified to the skill of the young artist. It was with a mingled feeling of wonder and

awe I entered the school-room. The seats were filled with children of various ages. One seat was occupied by persons whom I thought men, though they were mere striplings of sixteen or eighteen. My heart sunk within me as I gazed around, for I felt that I was less than the least. However, it was not many days before I began to feel more at home. The teacher was a kind, affectionate lady, very fond of children, and I soon loved her.

At the breakfast table when we children were discussing the advent of a new teacher and the long list of names — six — with which we should burden his memory, the youngest spoke up: “*I shall say my name is Mary Abby Dodge. I go by the name of Abby — my father frequently calls me Polly,*” and the result proved her to be as good as her word.

Her first winter term developed great popularity with teacher, pupils, and visitors. One of the latter became so enamored by the proficiency of the bright little girl that he left a sum of money with the teacher to be privately presented her. Frequently during intermissions the older pupils, “the striplings of sixteen or eighteen,” with whom she was a favorite, would persuade her to repeat lessons from the Reader, and she would recite page after page of *prose*, naturally and fluently, which attracted the lesser lights, until the group became a crowd of eager listeners, standing upon the seats and benches to see as well as hear the young orator. She was

a pet of the school, as the many toys, medals, and jack-knife curiosities in her possession testified, and even to caring for her personal wants the strong boy would take her hand to lead, — and his handkerchief to smooth her hair when the wind blew it awry.

At two years of age she could repeat the whole of the Lord's Prayer, and before her second birthday she promised to abandon a baby habit when "two yea' old," and was never known, consciously, to "suck her fingers," after that date. At five she was studying Olney's Geography, and before her seventh year, at a school exhibition for "speaking pieces," when the school-room was festooned with evergreen, decorated with pine boughs, and brilliantly lighted, the youngest of the declaimers not only "spoke in public on the stage," under an arch of green, her one "piece" learned for the occasion, but aided and abetted by a fun-loving strippling, and encouraged by the teacher and an attentive audience, whose curiosity she had aroused, she was induced to go out and repeat any chance piece she had ever learned, until *nineteen* selections had been recited, when her mother forbade her again leaving her seat, — the quiet thus enforced, the little head soon rested on the desk fast asleep!

When a brother, seven years her senior, was required to write a composition, she asked permission for the same privilege (?) and wrote,

“The Character of a Good Scholar.” Pretty little rhymes about “The Rose,” at nine; a metrical conversation between “Industry and Idleness,” signed “Mary A. Dodge’s Scribbles,” at ten; “Lines supposed to be written by a Youth far away from the Home of his Childhood,” five stanzas of four lines each, at eleven; and ten verses on “Independence,” when twelve years old, are remarkable productions among many very clever examples of her ready pen or *pencil*.

When twelve years old she was sent to a school in Cambridge, to be under the instruction of Dr. Smith, that prince of teachers, *born*, not manufactured at Normal School, — and there her *first* letter was written in September, 1845.

II

STUDENT DAYS

1845-1850

II

STUDENT DAYS

1845-1850

MY DEAR SISTER: Here I am in Cambridgeport. I had a delightful ride in the cars this forenoon, though about the last part of it I had somewhat of a headache, owing to the continued noise. We walked directly from the cars to the ferry boat. I should not think it was much of a boat, for it appeared to be very large inside like a very large depot, and did not seem to be moving. When we came out our ears were assailed by "Will you have a cab?" We got into one all lined with red velvet, had a ride to — somewhere, I don't know where — and then we got into an omnibus and kept there until we arrived at Mrs. P's. But oh, Boston, Boston, such a sight of people and houses I never saw! I intend to go to a party this afternoon and A. is almost ready, so I must stop for the present.

Your sister ABBY.

Monday noon. Oh dear, the show is over. I have been to school this forenoon, and got along very well. They do not use any of the books I have brought excepting the Testament. Mother's prophecy has not yet come to pass. I have not been homesick. I occupy a room in the attic. The walls are all whitewashed and the floor painted blue and it gives it an air of neatness and comfort. I must now stop

again, and go to knitting, else I shall not get my stocking done this sometime. I have as many peaches and grapes as I wish. I have plenty of books too. Good-bye. — It is Monday night. This afternoon as I was in the school the girl who sat near me mentioned to Dr. S. that I lived in another district and ought not to come there or something to that effect. And said he, "If she lived in Halifax I should let her come. She is one of my old scholars and knows me well." "Does she?" said the girl in a very humble tone. "Yes, she does, and you'll find it out one of these days." She was silent, but afterwards asked me several questions about it and seemed quite surprised to think *I* had been to school to him. I have been as it were a dweller alone since eight o'clock this morning till this afternoon at recess, when two girls very kindly invited me to walk with them which invitation I gladly accepted and found them very pleasant and agreeable. Good night.

Tuesday afternoon and I have felt very badly nearly all day; I suppose I am homesick. I feel very cross about it, for I like the place, I like my home, I like the teacher and some of the scholars, but I can't help it. I won't come home yet at any rate. I suppose that you will laugh, but I don't care. I guess you know from sad experience how I feel, hoping to feel better tomorrow I will leave this till then.

Wednesday. I do not feel much better to-day.

Friday. There is a girl that goes to my school who says she has a grandfather and uncle in Hamilton.

Monday. It seems to me the past week has been very long, though I have in general passed it pleasantly. Saturday we did not proceed with the

exercises of the school as usual, but the principal thing we did was to read and spell. After they had spelt in classes, we "spelt down" as the term is; *you* know what I mean, I presume. The first time a little girl stood up the longest whose name I do not know. The spelling book they use I never saw, I believe, before I came here, and of course the chances were very unequal. I stood up longer than I expected, however. After they were all down, the Dr. said we might try it again; we did and a little girl whose name I believe is Mary A. Dodge stood up the longest. She was somewhat of a stranger in the school, and I think it was a pretty good "spoke in her wheel," as mother might say. I want you to look round and find J. R.'s arithmetic, and a book entitled "Charlotte Temple," and carry them down to Mrs. Rust's with my thanks, tell them I had forgotten them. I suppose you think I have not improved much in writing by being at a boarding school. Mother told me to write plain, but I fear I have not. It is not a fortnight since I came, but as I can finish this letter now I think I will send it. Love to all inquiring friends and sister.

Your affectionate sister,

ABBY D.

DESCRIPTION OF A CHURCH.

[Found in her own childish handwriting.]

The church in which I attend meeting is situated in Austin street, facing the north. It is painted white, and has a very tall steeple which is ornamented with carved work. There are two stories of windows in the belfry, and the lower story has blinds. When you enter the door of the church, you find yourself in a large entry extending along the whole length of the

house. The body of the church contains about sixty pews, in the form of slips, which will comfortably seat six grown persons. The greater part of the pews face the front of the pulpit, a few called the wing pews face the sides. There are no seats in the gallery excepting those of the singers, and there is a large organ there. The floor of the aisles is carpeted, as are also some of the pews. The pulpit is lined with red velvet. As I have attended meeting here but a few Sabbaths, this description is now as minute as I am able to give.

MARY A. DODGE.

The pastor was Rev. J. C. Lovejoy, brother of the Alton martyr, and during her attendance on his ministrations he gave her the "Life of Elijah P. Lovejoy" as a prize for some Sunday School attainment.

Many years later, Owen Lovejoy, M.C., became a much valued acquaintance and friend, and their exchange of literary products was highly instructive and entertaining.

HAMILTON, May, 1846.

MY DEAR SISTER: There is a great difference in the weather now and when you went away. Then the sun was sending his beams upon our heads, now his face is veiled in clouds and prognosticates that it will "wain pitsfoks!" Does that sound natural?

I had a good time in Danvers, was not homesick — can you say the same of Ipswich? We have one gosling, and I don't know how many chickens. There is no news stirring. I've drained my brain and can't

get much more out. Be a good girl. Mother says, "Why don't you enlarge upon your visit to Danvers? tell her where you went." So I will to please her. I went to Harmony Grove, went to Salem, went to — —, went to F. D's, went to B's, went to Mr. C's, went to Mr. F's, went to Miss M's, went to Mrs. A. B's, went to Mrs. G's, went to Mrs. DeM's — they are well; went to "Aunt Very's" to get some yeast, went to Mrs. B's to get some yeast, went to Mrs. R's, went to Dr. C's, went to Mr. L's; now you know where I went. Anything else, mother? "No," mother says, so I'll stop. Good Bye.

From I,

M. A. D. to H. A. D.

IPSWICH, June 18, 1847.

O DEAR MOTHER! Upham, Algebra, and French, French, Algebra, and Upham. What shall I do? Shall I study French or not? I finished Botany to-day, and Mr. Cowles thinks I ought to go right into French immediately. Mrs. Cowles says that I shall get so that by next winter I can amuse myself at home by reading French, and Mr. Cowles will lend me some books. Do come and see me and talk to Mrs. Cowles about it, for I'm sure I don't know what to do. So much for Frenchification. They have put me into Mr. Cowles' reading class, with the big girls. One of the girls in the class I have just left was speaking something about it, and Mrs. Cowles said that when she was as good a reader as I was, she should go into it too. Miss Dunning says I shall make a beautiful writer. She says she don't need to look at my writing, it always looks well. And she says — Oh! I won't say any more; it makes me feel

silly. I shall want my white dress pretty soon, I suppose. Do come and see me as soon as you can and bring it, won't you?

Here comes Fanny McKeen with, "How do you spell different?" Adeline says, "Ask the poetess." She says to me, "Tell your mother you go by the name of poetess and are rightly named." They say so for a silly reason indeed. Do come and see me as soon as you can. Where is Uncle George? I want to see him before he goes away. I wonder what he thinks of French? You know I told you I had to read a composition the other day. Well, I had to read another, and Mr. Cowles said he had no idea that I could make that house ring as I did. There! I have filled this whole letter with my nonsense. Do come to see me as soon as you can, and Uncle George. When you come bring me anything you think I should like. I want you to come very much, and very soon.

Yours, etc.,

M. A. DODGE.

AUGUST 4, 1847.

My vacation commenced two weeks ago. Eliza and Margaret, two of our school-girls, spent the vacation with me. We ate up nearly all the currants and raspberries, but probably you will find some blackberries when you go home. They began to ripen before I came away. I saw Lydia, your "friend Lydia," the night before I came here. She looked more charming than ever. However, I hope you will not let personal beauty outweigh mental accomplishments in your selection of a wife. I hope when you come home you will by no means forget my French Bible. I am studying Latin, German, French, Rhe-

toric, and shall probably take Butler's Analogy. When you come home I wish you would bring Comstock's Natural Philosophy and Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History, if you have them.

I came from Ipswich on Friday and found mother at home. Father and Augusta started for Salem, N.H., last Thursday morning. They arrived about sunset the same day, had a very pleasant visit, and reached home about nine o'clock last night.

By and with the advice and consent of the "Family Council" convened Thursday, this fourth day of November, 1847, I do hereby snugly ensconce myself in a large armchair with my writing-desk before me with the laudable design of penning a few lines to a far distant, but well remembered (must I say too well remembered?) brother. Yes, would that I could forget my last interview with you to efface from my mind the impression that your appearance made upon it. But it is impossible. The short blue frock, the suspenderless pantaloons, the green straw hat knocked into an undefinable form, all combined, presented an aspect which will never be forgotten by me. Obstinate boy! You do not deserve that I should ever write you another letter, but if we were all treated according to our deserts I ween there would be little happiness in the world; therefore hoping that you will take a realizing sense of the importance of the favor I am conferring, and also of your own unworthiness, I will conclude this long preamble.

Augusta and myself had the happiness of visiting the city of Boston last Saturday, met Felt at the depot, and Maria at the store, who had come to Boston in a private carriage with her father and mother. We visited the State House, and from thence we went to

see Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi River. I shall not attempt to describe it, I'll just say that it looks "as large as life and twice as natural."

Mother tells me that somebody took your umbrella when you were last at home, and so you are minus an umbrella, which is nowadays considered common stock among the whole family of Grandpa Adam. Father wants me to tell you that the guineas have grown speckled, and that the corn is all cut, and all but one load husked. We attended the Ordination of the Rev. Mr. Taylor in Wenham a few days ago. The meeting was without exception the most interesting one I ever attended. What greatly contributed to its interest was the fact that he is the youngest of four brothers, all of whom are ministers and assisted in the exercises.

HAMILTON, January 4, 1848.

[Not yet 15.]

MR. JAMES ALVIN DODGE: *Most worthy sire*: As there seems to be one goal which you are ever striving to reach; one focus, if I may so say, to which all your mental and physical powers are attracted; one jewel at the possession of which you are ever aiming, allow me as a sister, to lend you my feeble efforts to the possession thereof. Do you not know what that jewel is? Go then, read what the preacher hath written — "Who shall find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies?" Few, alas! how few, truly appreciate the worth of woman, but of that few, I flatter myself that my brother is one. From what you have written, and what you have said, I do believe that you think a good wife is one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of erring man,

and I scruple not to say that you are right. You have arrived at that age when love is no longer a thing to be jested and laughed at ; when the hallowed name of " wife " is no longer to be considered as faintly glimmering in the dim future ; it is now a matter of solemn and serious consideration of mature and deliberate reasoning, for truly they are both words of weighty import. How many have with heedless unconcern launched out upon the untried sea of matrimony, and have lived to see their fondest hopes blighted, all hopes of happiness on earth destroyed, and themselves the mere wrecks of what they once were ! And how do I know that my brother shall escape the rock upon which so many have been wrecked ? He will not, unless by a careful use of the means placed within his power, he secure to himself a wife, not merely for the beauty of her countenance, or the grace of her movements, for they are transient and fading, but for solid virtue, the beauty of the soul, and education and accomplishments, the graces of the mind. Other beauties decay, but age tarnishes not the lustre of the soul. Time with his inevitable stroke cannot divest her of the beauties of her mind. When the rose on her cheek has faded, and the light of her eyes is dimmed, they will remain immortal, unchangeable. Select not then, for your wife, one who by her frivolous conduct, if not by her words, says, " I'd be a butterfly born in a bower." I have no objection to a pretty face, if behind that pretty face there is stored a competent share of knowledge. But granting that your wife be a perfect gem, learned, beautiful, virtuous, still you may be unhappy. By indulging a cynical, fault-finding, peevish disposition, you may embitter a whole life, and even cast an

odium on that holy institution, founded in the earliest ages of the world. It is not always, it is not often, that the disturbances of domestic life are owing to women.

A fruitful source of domestic discord is the omission of many little endearments after marriage, which before seemed to spring up almost spontaneously. How often is it that the lady who is in the lover's eyes a perfect paragon of beauty and excellence, is in the husband's eyes the least of all. She is the last he thinks of pleasing. Let it not be so with you. I was reading but yesterday some "advice to a married couple," in which the writer spoke of woman's sphere as being one of perfect calmness and tranquillity. But he showed his utter ignorance of woman's duties. A woman has her peculiar trials and troubles, and though they may not be so important as those of men, yet they are quite as trying to the temper and should not be treated with disdain. You may give your wife an elegant house and luxurious apparel, and everything which money can procure, and yet if you withhold from her true warm-hearted sympathy, they will all be of little worth. Let your wife hold as high and, if possible, a higher rank in your estimation after marriage as before. Let her happiness be the ultimate end of your labour and your pains. Let her be sure of holding the first place in your heart, and, I doubt not, you will meet with a corresponding return of affection, and as "home is where the heart is," your house will be your home, and when weary of the troubles and turmoils of the day, you will return to your home, and there in the bosom of your family, with a wife who will be the delight of your eyes, though the clouds of adversity should lower

around, you will find a safe refuge from "the peltings of the pitiless storm." And now, hoping that you may not be wearied with this long letter, and that you may find a wife worthy of you, and wishing you a thrice happy New Year, I take my leave as ever,

Yours affectionately,

ABBY.

HAMILTON, January 4, 1848.

I believe you would have laughed if you had been at home when Master L— was here. I was writing to Alvin when he came. He commenced a long lecture upon the beauties of penmanship, its importance, etc. Then he asked if I had a Milton's "Paradise Lost" and wished me to get it; then he gave me a word to parse to see if I parsed it as he did. We agreed about it and I suppose that made his heart glad. Then he commenced a discourse upon Algebra, — mentioned his own algebraical knowledge, — fathomed my mathematical acquisition, then branched off in the line of school-teaching, spoke of the importance of correct classification of schools, and last, but not least, cited his own superhuman endeavors and success in the art, recounted the extraordinary feats he had performed, and, dear me, I can't go through the inventory, it is too tiresome. Master L. is a man of uncommon and extensive erudition, but he is a very small part of the material universe. He is a very little being of a very little world which is as it were but a speck of Creation. "These little things are great to little man."

We had little time to study last week, as we do not go to school, but study our six hours at home, that is, when we do not have company.

Poor Pinter met with a sad accident to-day. The cars broke his leg. I don't know how it was done, but father thinks the snow-plough did it. I get along finely in my studies, now that I don't have you to hinder me. I am almost through the Latin Lessons and Greek History. For Sabbath-School lesson to-morrow we have the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. You will remember your promise about writing, and you must tell me all about matters and things, whether I have asked you or not. Be a good girl.

Very affectionately your sister,

MARY ABBY DODGE.

JANUARY 1, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I believe that I do not owe you a letter, but that I wrote to you last, nevertheless as Augusta is gone I suppose I shall have to be scribe for the whole family and answer not only my letters but father's and mother's too. I suppose the next question you would ask, were you here, would be, "Where is Augusta?" To which I should reply — "A fortnight ago Wednesday, A.M., we were quietly wending our way up the hill of science in our own chamber, when our studies were unceremoniously interrupted by the calling of one Mr. M—, of Manchester, who came, as he told father, 'for one of his girls.'" To make a long story short, he wanted Augusta to take the school in Newport and she is now employed in the delightful task of assisting the inexperienced juveniles under her care, in their toilsome journey to the temple of fame, or rather knowledge.

I visited Bayne's Panorama of a Voyage to Europe this forenoon. At the request of my friends I accompanied them to Salem, and was well repaid by a sight

of the many wonders of art and nature in a small part, to be sure, of the Old World. The three hours' session in Franklin Hall gave me a better idea of London and its "suburbs," Liverpool, its commerce and shipping, etc., and the beautiful scenery of the Rhine, than many weeks of mere reading would have done. There has been quite an excitement here against the canine race. Humanity in Hamilton seems to have waged a war of extermination against that most unfortunate race of animals. It is reported that ten have been made to "pay the debt of nature by the cruel hand of rapacious man." So true is it that "man's inhumanity to man (dogs) makes countless thousands mourn;" still I suppose it is better that all the dogs in Christendom should cease to be, rather than a single person should suffer the agonies of hydrophobia. Do send my music box home as soon as possible, for I want to hear its pretty tunes again. Mother sends her love. Father is about to receive into his stomach his accustomed nine o'clock supper. Woe to his poor stomach, and alas! for his gastric juice.

Very affectionately, your sister,

ABBY.

IPSWICH, April 24, 1849.

MY DEAR SISTER: Here I am, I am here. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true." I have a sort of fearful foreboding of homesickness. I came here this afternoon with mother. We have about seventy-five scholars, mostly new ones. I am to study Paley's Theology, Logic, Woods' Botany, "Elements of Criticism," and Virgil. The school is going tomorrow evening to see the model of Jerusalem and

Belshazzar's Feast. We have no teachers except Mr. and Mrs. Cowles and Miss Robinson. Miss Dunning is coming the eleventh of May. I like very much, have not been homesick, though Virgil and I had a quarrel last eve.

PREFACE.

Pay the postage ! ! ! "No! Pay the dentist when he leaves a fracture in your jaw, and pay the owner of the bear that stunned you with his paw, and buy the lobster that has had your knuckles in his claw," but the Fates forbid that I should pay the postage on a letter!

JUNE 1, 1850.

We have about ninety-five scholars now in our school. It is more than we have ever had before. The tuition and board here is only twenty-four and a quarter dollars for a term of eleven weeks. Linear drawing no additional charge. Perspective, two dollars. French, Latin, and all the languages together only one dollar additional. I study French, Latin, and German, and only pay one dollar more than for English tuition. I do not recollect what is paid for instrumental music. Vocal music is taught for nothing. I should think, therefore, that this school was the cheaper, and I should not be much surprised if it were found to be the better. It is considered a very excellent school. The only English study which I now have is Hitchcock's Geology. Jane Hitchcock, the daughter of the author, is here at school, and is a very lovely girl. I have been through Alexander's "Evidences of Christianity" this term. We have a Composition Class, the members of which write a composition every week and read it to Mr. Cowles before the

class. I was just engaged in writing mine when your letter reached me, and instead of going on with the composition, I sat down to answer it. The subject was "Life on a Railroad." Don't you wish you could read it when it is finished? I am afraid it will not be worth reading. I don't feel in the mood to write a composition this morning. I do not think I shall go home to see the installation of Mr. M. In the first place I do not care about seeing him installed in Mr. Kelley's place, and, secondly, I cannot very well spare the time.

I have lately formed the plan of eating two meals a day. What do you think of it? I found that my suppers did not digest well and I, at first, tried to eat only a very little, but when you sit down to a table loaded with good things, it is difficult to tell how much a very little is. For several days I have eaten only a breakfast and dinner. After dinner I study till four o'clock, then go to school — am there about an hour — then remain at the seminary and study after school till little after six — then walk till half past seven — study again till nine — rise a little past four, breakfast at half-past six, go to school quarter before eight, stay till about half past twelve and then dine, etc. Now I have a good deal of studying to do, and could hardly find time to eat supper and walk an hour, both. But the walking is absolutely necessary to my health, and I must walk. As I study pretty much all the time, you will see that that is the only exercise I have. I think it is much more profitable for me to give up supper than it would be to give up walking. I am sure that I feel better. The people here opposed it at first, but Dr. Storrs of Braintree was here the other day, and it was mentioned to him, and he quite

approved it, so they don't say much about it now. When you write tell me what you think.

[TO A BROTHER.]

I am very glad that you have so pleasant a boarding-place. I think the company of women, I mean refined and well-informed women, exercises a very great influence over men who associate with them. I hope also that you will not omit the many little points (in society called etiquette) which go to make up your manners. Our old writing-books used to say, "A man's manners commonly makes his fortune." I did not understand it then, but I do now. I am sure that I, for one, judge of a man by his manners. And I think they are a pretty good criterion. Some affect to neglect all such things, but it is no good trait in their characters. I like to see every man or woman, high or low, rich or poor, gentle and polite in everything. I suppose you have some hope of being rich yourself, as so many of your predecessors have become so. I cannot say but that I hope you will, if you will make a good use of your riches. I hope you and I will be rich enough sometime to go to Europe. I should, and what is more I mean to, if I am ever able. I suppose you will say the prospect looks rather dark now, and so it does, but stranger things than that have sometime happened. By the way, have you seen the statement made in the papers, that a French chemist has discovered the secret of the crystallization of carbon, to form the diamond? You know the diamond is pure crystallized carbon, the same substance as common coal, only crystallized. It has often been resolved into coal or carbon, but no

chemist has yet been able to make a diamond of carbon. If this is a real discovery, it is a very wonderful one.

IPSWICH, October 3, 1850.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I left Ipswich last Friday, and reached home just as the family finished dinner. Found Mary there all ready to cut my white dress, *the* dress. She began it in the afternoon, and it was nearly finished when I came back to Ipswich. Mother, Mary, Augusta, and myself rode up to Uncle Benjamin's in the evening, had a pleasant visit. Father came up to go home with us. Last Friday afternoon, in company with Daniel Webster Stanwood, Uncle Isaac's grandson, a little boy of some four years of age, I started for South Berwick. It was nearly dark when the cars stopped at South Berwick. The depot is built of stone and seems to be situated in the midst of woods. It was rather gloomy that night, I assure you. I procured a carriage, as it was nearly two miles to Mr. P—'s. We rode in a common carryall with three seats. Daniel and myself had to get out whenever the other persons in the carriage wished to alight, which you know must have been very agreeable in the fog and darkness. However, we reached Mr. P—'s in safety. The next morning was unpleasant. J. had the sick headache, and my impressions of Maine could not of course be very agreeable. In the afternoon the sky was clear, and we walked nearly the whole time. J's academy is situated on a hill about a quarter of a mile from Mr. P's. The walk leading to it is very retired and pleasant, shaded by rows of fine trees. I should think South Berwick a very pleasant town. There are a considerable number of pretty houses, and what

I like very much, yards attached to them. There are also a good many trees, which always give a pleasant appearance to any town. Monday morning I went into J's school, and was there about an hour when the coach came for me, and at noon I found myself in Ipswich. This is the first time I have been farther towards Maine than Ipswich. I was very much pleased with my journey.

My school closes four weeks from to-day. Can you realize that your youngest sister is so soon to emerge from childhood and girlhood, and step out upon the arena of life? I suppose when you will look upon me as no longer a girl, and dependent, but as a woman and comparatively independent, I shall receive an accession of dignity and importance in your eyes. Well, I have clung to childhood as long as I could, and now that I must leave it and must take an active part in that society of which I have hitherto been only a passive member, I hope I shall be able to give back the good which I have received a hundredfold. I hope that I shall not disappoint the expectations which have been formed respecting me. I hope that when my life is closed, it may be said that the world is better for my having lived in it.

I am now studying Latin, French, Moral Philosophy, Taylor's General History, and Chemistry. The latter is Stockhardt's, a very large and very interesting book. I think you would like to read it, and I will lend it to you when I have finished it.

Yours very affectionately,

ABBY.

III

TEACHING

1850-1856

III

TEACHING

1850-1856

IPSWICH, December 6, 1850.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Mary Abby Dodge sendeth Greetings with Much Affection:

On Tuesday, the third day of December, in the year of our Lord 1850, I bade adieu to my home and friends and like Abraham of yore departed upon a journey to strangers. Several of my schoolm—, *pupils*, I should say, were on the train. We reached Ipswich and the station became one mass of girls, and band-boxes, and brothers, and fathers, and trunks and coaches. The rain was drenching everything and everybody. I jumped into a coach and was taken to my boarding-house, but found my new trunk had been left at the depot to enjoy a bath. I went to my room where was a good fire, and my trunk soon came, evidently refreshed and strengthened by the ablutions which it had undergone. When we went down to tea I had to sit at the head of the table. I don't think any of us were liable to suffer dyspepsia from overmuch eating that night. I slept very well until three o'clock, and suffice it to say I was dressed and had my room in order in season to go to school at

nine o'clock, and when the "good morning" was said I rose from my chair about so ————— much. I weathered the storm and reached the harbor in safety. We have about sixty scholars in school, and nine of the young ladies are in my house.

WEDNESDAY NOON.

It is a week to-day since I have been a *teacher*. I suppose you would like to know what my classes are. First, in the morning I hear Roxana C. and another little girl recite in history, read, spell, etc. Then I have a class in "Watts on the Mind," afterwards a class in French, then a class in Virgil. In the afternoon I have a class in Adams' Arithmetic and one in Euclid. I suppose you would like to know how I *succeed*, but I cannot tell myself whether I suit or not. I have not yet found any difficulties. The girls are all very pleasant and seem disposed to do right. There is not a girl in my house from whom I apprehend any trouble.

Thus before her eighteenth birthday was Miss Dodge the *teacher* at the boarding *home* of nine young girls, caring for them out of school hours, presiding at the table, conducting family devotions, and teaching several classes at the seminary.

IPSWICH, June 9, 1851.

You mentioned a wish that I could come to Worcester at this season of the year. I assure you that I should like it of all things. I verily believe that if I had money enough I would go out to Worcester in my vacation and spend a few days. I have a great desire to see the "Heart of the old Bay State," to

gaze on "rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose of sunny vales and springing woods the gentle Nashua flows, to where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain cedars stir," but all such pleasures I must forego for the present. Will my eyes ever gaze on the foam-clad torrents of Niagara? Will my ears ever listen to the thunders of its eternal storm? Oh, gold! gold! "bright and yellow, hard and cold" — "the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave," if gold were mine, earth should be one great museum for me. I would scale Alpine heights, I would look at the fires of Etna, I would sail on Winandermere, I would tread the paths hallowed by our Saviour's footsteps, I would tread every place where "Earth's great and learned ones" have trodden, I would stand where Avon winds silently along immortalized by "the Shakespeare of her tuneful clime," I would view the "banks and braes of bonny Doon," though they should bring "a nation's glory and her shame, in silent sadness up," for poor Burns was indeed Scotland's glory and her shame. But it is useless to mention particulars, I shall never probably go farther than our Western prairies, never step my foot on classic shore — and it is useless to regret. Perhaps you will.

You mention a variety of entertainments open at Worcester, some of which I should like. The excursions I think I should enjoy, but above all and over all, oh! that I might hear Jenny Lind, the "Nightingale of Song." This is another of the pleasures from which I am debarred, because my purse unfortunately has a bottom. However, I do not complain. Perhaps one of these days I shall go to Europe and hear Jenny Lind on her own native shore. Did you read the

anecdote of one gentlemen asking another how he liked Jenny Lind? "Why," said he, "I think if she ever gets to Heaven, she will be the leader of the choir." I am sorry you did not tell me more about the impression she produced on you, and I am afraid you were disappointed in her, that she did not realize all the expectations you had formed.

I was at home a week ago. J. was with me. I walked home in the morning, which is the second time I have done so this term. I enjoyed it very much, I assure you. There is nothing so quieting, so soothing, and at the same time so elevating (to me) as a solitary walk amid the beauties of Nature, when I can look "through Nature up to Nature's God." I had a letter from Mary last Friday morning in which she conveyed to me the intelligence of the arrival in Beverly of a young gentleman of eight pounds weight who made his debut into this world some four and twenty hours previous. Would not you like to have a peep into his little round face and listen to the Lind-like warblings of his harmonious wind-pipe? God bless the boy!

I have read the "Life of Franklin" which you sent me, for which I am much obliged both to you and your friend, Mr. Patch. I must say, however, that the immortal and world-famed Franklin has sunk immeasurably in my estimation since my perusal of his autobiography.

I think his moral and religious principles were very lax, and what is still worse, he speaks of his peccadilloes with the utmost indifference, as if he considered them mere matters of course. I cannot prevent the impression also that he was a heartless man, but

perhaps I am mistaken. The whole of his affair with Miss Reed, his wife, seems to me to be very business-like and philosophical. However, my strictures will not detract from his well-earned fame, and if they could, far be it from me to pluck one laurel from the unfading wreath of the illustrious dead!

OCTOBER, 1851.

MY DEAR SISTER: I am writing in Mrs. Cowles' desk. The young ladies are very quietly studying, coming now and then to ask me a question, leave to speak, etc., etc. I have no recitations from two to three, and consequently I spend that hour in reading, etc. The book which I generally read at this hour (Addison's "Spectator") not being here, I thought I would commence a letter to you.

I think the moral atmosphere of Cambridge must be uncommonly good for these degenerate days. How could you otherwise be brought to a sense of the duty devolving upon you as an elder sister? "Better late than never," is the old adage. I trust your new-found responsibilities will not sit too heavily upon you, but that you will be indefatigable in your endeavors to promote my good, remembering that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and perhaps the impression you make on my plastic mind may never be effaced.

I have a few things to say to you, some in severity, all in love. I will say them now before I forget them. You say you have joined a reading club. Good. You say you are reading Tytler's Universal History. Better. You say that yourself and Mr. Webster belong to it. Best. Now comes the "Tug of War." 1. Joining the reading club; I reiterate:

Good. 2. Reading Tytler's Universal History; I reiterate: Better with a few qualifications. You say "if we females," etc. Hannah Augusta Dodge, never let me hear you call yourself a female; never call me a female. Would you rank yourself with the brutes. *Are* you a female? So is a cow — so is a hog. Do not thus degrade yourself. Stand up in all the glory of your birthright. Call yourself a woman! Be a woman!

Furthermore, is it possible that you are as infatuated as you represent yourself to be? I know you have always disliked history. I know that reading through a large book of historical information is an undertaking — to you, herculean. It is no use to say you are not interested in the History. You ought to be interested. You are interested. Everything that concerns the world concerns you. Do not contract your soul to the time — a moment, and the space — a point, which your puny self occupies, "*Verbum sat sapienti.*"

DECEMBER 5, 1851.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER: I have been deliberating for some time as to whom I should direct my letter, and have finally come to the conclusion which you see. You both will want to know very much the same things.

Well! to begin the history of my eventful life since last we met: Firstly, I went into John's shop after I left home and bought a pound of sugar all in lumps, a very dignified purchase truly for a teacher. Nevertheless, almost all celebrated people have had their idiosyncrasies, and of course I should not be an exception, and you can both testify to my passion for lumps of sugar. When I landed at Ipswich I went

to Mrs. L's, and was ushered into my room. It is about as large as our front chamber. It has three windows with white corded cambric curtains and fringes. It has also a handsome new mahogany bureau with four large drawers and two or three little ones. We have six common chairs, a stuffed arm-chair, and a large-armed rocking-chair. We have moreover a little light stand with a drawer — very convenient, and a portable sink, also very convenient. Mrs. L. is going to make us some crickets as soon as she has time. We have a good woollen carpet, a new oil-cloth rug, a handsome air-tight stove, a mantel-piece, good clean, light paper (green and white) light paint, two large convenient closets, a nice white large napkin on our bureau on which I have put my handsome books, a looking-glass with a black and gilt frame, a pair of brass tongs and shovel, a basket for wood, a broom brush and dust pan, a bedstead something like that in your front chamber, etc. I must not forget to mention our canary bird, which my roommate brought with her, and which is a very fine singer. What do you think of my lodgings, mother mine? I never had such a room in Ipswich before. Mrs. L. is very kind — seems to think she cannot do too much — thinks I never eat enough, etc. She told Mrs. Cowles to-day that I had been a comfort to her ever since I had been here, and was worth as much as the whole house put together. She told me herself that she considered me the greatest catch she had had. Of course this is for your own private ear. My roommate is very agreeable and says she shall think nothing too much to do for me, and not only says it, but acts up to it. I am very sorry that Mrs. — does not know the reasons for my leaving. I hope the old

lady will rejoice in the full, glorious, unsullied, and unshared possession of her regal dignity till she "goes down to the grave like a shock of corn in its season fully ripe." We have a very pleasant school. Mrs. Cowles thinks we shall have about seventy all told. School commences at eight o'clock. I have a class in Colburn, Grammar, Algebra, Natural Philosophy, Virgil, and History — all recite in the forenoon. We are to have no recitations in the afternoon. This arrangement I like very much. Writing and drawing in the P.M., and at four devotional exercises.

JANUARY 15, 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER: I had a letter from Maria last Tuesday. She said she wrote with Josey pulling at her dress, and had hold of one corner of the sheet trying with all her little strength to pull it away. I wish she had told me which corner her dear little fingers had touched, but I kissed them all to make sure. Father was here about five minutes last Saturday, came to town to pay taxes; a short visit, but better than nothing. Mother and father talk of coming over to Ipswich one of these days for a sleigh-ride. I go to school at eight in the morning, have an Arithmetic class in Thomson's Large Arithmetic. General exercises at a quarter to nine, then a class in Grammar, one in Algebra, problems in quadratic equations, one in Parker's Natural Philosophy, and one in Virgil, which occupies the time of the recitations, an hour and a half. They are in the ninth book. After dinner I go to school again and study German with Miss Robinson. At three and a half I have a little class in United States History. At four I go to Mrs. Cowles to practise till tea time, after which I read,

study, write, etc. Prof. Laverner, of Hartford, gave us a reading from Shakespeare about a fortnight ago in the seminary, very good. I am reading Edgar Poe's works.

FEBRUARY 19, 1852.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER: Ellen Hobbs has come. Oh! ye gods and goddesses, all by whom Troy stands, and Neptunian Troy smokes to the ground. She has come to see me and is going to stay till Monday. Do not blame me for not coming home, you know I cannot leave Ellen C. after she has come so far to see me. I should be as much surprised to hear that you and father were divorced as to hear of ——'s broken engagement. I am very sorry for it, as I fear it will embitter and embarrass his whole life, and hers, too. This, however, is none of my concern.

Good-by.

From yours affectionately,
M. A. D.

JUNE 15, 1852.

Have you ever read "The Wide, Wide World," or "Queechy," or "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? If you have not, I advise you to do it, especially the latter. They are well worth your attention, though they are stories. If you ever want to read any English history, I desire you read Macaulay. Mr. Cowles gave me the books (two volumes); I have read them through, and Augusta has the first volume now, but I presume she will be done with it when she comes home in August. I think there are very few kinds of secular reading more improving than history. Macaulay is a standard author, the prince of prose writers, in my humble estimation.

JANUARY 12, 1853.

"I wonder as I gaze." Is it possible that twelve days of our "New Year" have already "gone to the slumber that shall know no waking," gone with their burden of testimony for and against us, sealed up till the last great day, gone, gone? "*Tempus fugit.*" When I was young, a summer seemed a great while — a year interminable, but now spring treads on the heels of summer, summer hurries to autumn, and winter is here before "Brown October's sere and yellow leaf" has fairly won a place in our memories. I sit down to your letter with some embarrassment. Ellen has had a letter from E. A. Rollins proposing that he should spend next Sabbath in Ipswich if agreeable to her. She is now here doing a variety of undignified things to show her joy and vainly trying to stir up my imperturbable nature into a corresponding *yeast* of enthusiasm.

You inquire the state of my mind while thus viewing the exit of my companions from the stage of single life. I have, as you may suppose, thought and reflected much on this important subject and have at length come to the following conclusion:

" Man is a vapor
 Full of woes,
 Cuts a caper,
 Down he goes.
 Woman is a bubble
 Light as air,
 Makes man trouble
 Then don't care."

You speak in your letter of a headache arising from a rush of blood to the head in a warm room. Alas! infatuated girl. Do you not know that a rush of blood

to the head is owing to a rush of food to the stomach? Take care of the pies and cake, and the head will take care of itself.

FEBRUARY, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. CONNER: I have just heard that you have really and truly reached Cincinnati, and I am so delighted with the information that I must take the liberty of writing a letter of congratulation. If you only knew the visions of bursting boilers and sunken steamers, of shattered cars and overturned coaches that have flitted before my eyes during all these weeks, I am sure you would excuse what may seem to you presumption. To all my inquiries after you, nobody could give a satisfactory reply. All I knew was that you were gone, and that Mr. Conner was gone, intending to make Cincinnati your tarrying place, but weeks passed away, and not a word was heard from you, so that I was forced at length to the conclusion that you had either gone to Australia or — to the bottom of Lake Erie. Neither of these, I am glad to learn, is true. You are still in the land of the living, and not in the land of gold. I am also glad, delighted, in ecstasies, to hear that you do not like your new home very well. I hope you will never like it any better. I hope your disaffection will increase every day, till you find Cincinnati no longer endurable, and will be fain to see once more New England hills and New England faces — but I forget myself — I am not writing to a “Yankee,” the first and last article of whose creed is that “our country is a great country,” who thinks America the only decent country on the face of the earth — New England the only civilized part of America, and his own homestead the fairest spot on which the sun shines.

FEBRUARY, 1853.

I am very busy indeed this term. Besides teaching six or seven classes, I am myself studying Greek and German, and of course I wish to keep up my knowledge of English, so I peruse a few English books. I am passing my time very pleasantly and happily. I do not think I have enjoyed so much since I have been teaching as I do this winter. I go home every two or three weeks.

I feel very much interested in the subjects treated in the papers which you have sent, though I cannot confess myself particularly pleased with the manner in which they are handled. I do not see that the dispute makes very rapid progress. It is very absurd to suppose that the spiritual manifestations are all what is vulgarly termed "humbug," but it is equally difficult for me to believe that the Infinite God, or the holy angels, or disembodied spirits will come to the earth to lift tables, twist silver forks, or tear dresses. Is it to be supposed that the Judge of all the earth, whom no man hath seen or can see, will condescend to such performances? Is it to be supposed that they who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and have gone in to His marriage feast, should return to earth to answer the impertinent questions of ignorant blockheads as well as "earth's great and learned ones"? Furthermore, how is it that the communication of such men as Socrates, Washington, Franklin, etc., are not one whit above the common run of a schoolgirl's composition? How is it that, having added the wisdom of Heaven to the wisdom of Earth, the sum of both should not be so great as the original stock? What is the use and aim, moreover, of these spiritual com-

munications? I have never in any one of them seen a great truth, before unknown, brought to light. I have never seen any new light thrown upon a hitherto obscure truth. Do they say that the great doctrine of love is promulgated? but so it was in the New Testament fully and forcibly, and even in the Old also, and if men believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead. Is it possible that the Bible is so imperfect a revelation that in these latter times it should be necessary for tables and chairs to dance about to a new song of Redeeming love? Do not think me irrelevant. I do not mean it so.

The phenomena have not been satisfactorily explained. But man who has made earth, air, and water subservient to his will, who has "bottled up the thunder" for his own private use, need not soon despair. Holy Writ tells us of a time coming when "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Truly, the first part of the prophecy will apply to the present day; may not the last also be hastening to its fulfilment? The last half century has witnessed many interesting discoveries in the science of matter; may not the present be also fruitful of equally interesting discoveries in the science of mind? The dominion of reason over animate matter has been always known; may not mind also have an ascendancy over inanimate matter to a degree hitherto unsuspected? However, let us not yet decide, but wait the fulness of time, and in the meanwhile let us never give up the Bible lest we be given over to the cunning craftiness of men who lie in wait to deceive.

APRIL 7, 1853.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter awaited me on my return from Boston last night. I am very much obliged for the trouble you have taken to procure the situation for me, but I regret exceedingly that I cannot accept it. I decline it, because I do not think it would be quite right to leave Mrs. Cowles at this time. I think the place very desirable indeed. The salary would be no object. It is about the same as my present one, with perquisites. But I am so tired of Ipswich, not of teaching, for I like it, not of Mr. and Mrs. Cowles, for I love them, but of the same white houses and the same black barns, the dreary, monotonous intolerable sameness. Mr. S.'s scruples about my age and qualifications are quite amusing. What I am, and what I can do, he wishes to know, does he? Verily, I am a damsel of just twenty years, and can do anything I undertake, inasmuch as I never undertake anything which I cannot accomplish, "which is an excellent thing in woman." My birthday was last Thursday, did you remember it? I cannot blame the good man for not divining that I was the *rara avis* that I am, considering he has never heard of me before, but I respect him all the more for his scruples.

APRIL 22, 1853.

Mrs. — and Miss — honored us with a visit one day last week. Mother had seen Mrs. — a few weeks before and asked her to come sometime for my sake. Did you ever hear her talk? Her conversational powers are very fully developed. She is not troubled by an embarrassing timidity, nor does she fastidiously seek to clothe her sentiments in the conventional garb which disguises their real worth. She has no prudish

scruples about inquiring as to the extent of your financial operations, nor does the "unexpected" visit of any one in any way disconcert her. In short, she is unique, — she is a prodigy, — and I trust she will be "equal to the angels" as to her visits.

Mrs. C. said that Mr. Wells wanted to get me to assist him in the Putnam Free School in Newburyport, but she told him I was too young.

APRIL 26, 1853.

I received an answer from Mr. Sweetser in due time. There are several things about the school which I liked, particularly having only one session a day, and no care out of school. I am very happily situated now. I came with a strong determination to be homesick, but have been grievously disappointed, and unless some unforeseen circumstance occur, I don't see now how I shall be. I have a room-mate not yet fourteen years old. Did not anticipate her coming with very pleasurable emotions, but when I saw her little pale face my heart went out towards her. My classes and my boarding young ladies are very pleasant. I have not yet said anything to Mrs. C. about the Worcester affair. She and Mr. C. came to our house the very day I received the letter from Mr. Sweetser.

Doctor Lambert spent the day here yesterday lecturing on Physiology. I liked him very much. He is simple, sensitive, practical, and unaffected. The Court is in session here this week, — and the Methodist Conference, — so we are quite lively.

JUNE 29, 1853.

I have adopted the plan of walking half an hour or so before breakfast, which I like very much. I have

finished my picture in colored crayons, and it is put in a gilt frame and looks very pretty.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1853.

I have concluded to tell you a few of the events which have banished "sleep from my eyes and slumber from my eyelids" for the last few nights. As Sterne says, "I cannot endure the scene which my fancy has drawn." "How can I leave thee," Ipswich? Indeed I cannot. My soul shudders to contemplate the dreary expanse that opens before me on leaving this my Alma Mater. I return to Ipswich again next winter.

By the way, while I think of it — ask if they have any message to send to Mr. and Mrs. Conner, as I expect to go to Cincinnati in a week or two, and will be happy to carry anything. Oh, I have not told you about my going to Ohio. Mrs. C. came up in the evening, and asked me if I did not want to go to the meeting of the American Board, in Cincinnati. She said they would manage to take care of my classes while I was gone. I did not decide that night. She said that they did not wish to put me under any obligations, but of course I should not accept the proposal and be gone three weeks and not come back. Now I expect to go, then come back here and stay for the present.

BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.

We started from the Beverly station in due time. In Boston we walked around an hour or two, also over Worcester a little while. At half-past seven we took the cars for Norwich and Allyn's Point, which we reached about ten, and here we embarked on board the steamer "Connecticut." One of the young men was

pushed off the passage-board into the water by the crowd, but they threw ropes to him and soon drew him out.

OBERLIN, OHIO,
MONDAY MORNING, October 3.

Wednesday evening I started with Messrs. Merwyn & Wood and a Miss Gallagher, a young lady who was going to Alton as a music teacher. We had a very pleasant party. The rest of the party stopped in Cleveland. I came from C. to O. alone. I am intending now to leave for Cincinnati to-morrow morn.

OCTOBER, 1853.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER : Have you begun to be alarmed because I do not come home ? What do you say to my spending a few months here instead of a few days ? I will not now tell you about my journey, but reserve it for another time. I will only say that last Monday found me in Putnam. Here they told me that Miss G., the Principal, had written to Mrs. C., asking her to let me stay here and teach. She was to send back her answer by telegraph. Now what do you say ? The term closes next January. It seemed to me such a good opportunity, seeing I was really here, to see a little of Ohio life — and it don't seem like going out West. The boarding-house and school room are all in one building, so that I shall not have to go out in rainy weather, and the church is but a few steps away. I cannot tell whether I shall stay or not until Mrs. C.'s letter comes. If she thinks I ought to come home, I suppose I shall. If she is willing, and you are, I should like to spend the winter, or a part of it, here in Putnam. I want you to write me

as soon as you can on receiving this, and tell me what you think of it. Direct to Female Seminary, Putnam, Muskingum Co., Ohio.

IPSWICH, October 22, 1853.

MOST ELOQUENT SISTER MINE: I shall have to brush up my talents, or you will leave me in the lurch. I write now merely to inform you of my safe arrival to the land of my fathers. You wish me to give you an account of my journey. I will just give you an outline, and fill it up when I see you. On the reception of Mr. Cowles' letter, I thought best to start immediately for home, which I did on Wednesday morning, little more than a week from the time of my arrival. I came by way of Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Albany, and reached Ipswich in due season, where I received the warmest welcome it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Yes, here I am again, but whether for life or not, the sequel must show. I went home in the noon train to see my friends there, and mother brought me back again — but dear me, everything does seem so tame here. I have had the most gorgeous time. The English language is so utterly inadequate to express the enjoyment I have felt, that I despair of being able to give you any adequate conception of it. Perhaps I will try it, however, *viva-voce*, when I have an opportunity. I suppose you would like to know whether I am to return to Ohio. I have not yet quite decided, but think I shall not, as father and mother are so unwilling.

DECEMBER 20, 1853.

I have improved some of my spare time this week by reading. Yesterday I read "The House of the Seven Gables," a romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne,

the scene of which is laid in Salem. You know he has been a resident, and, I believe, is a native of Salem — is now Consul at Liverpool. I think you might be interested in it, as some of your peculiar views are introduced. I have finished Beecher's "Conflict of Ages." The book is startling, comprehensive, liberal, and generally very interesting, with some dry details.

CHURCH STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.,

February 1, 1854.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I have been here perhaps fifteen minutes, and supposing you will wish to know of my whereabouts, I will take this early opportunity to inform you. It was nearly eight when we arrived in Hartford, left Boston at four. I felt a little lonesome when getting out all alone, but a hackman came, and I gave him my checks, and he brought me up here without any further trouble. I went into the parlor; Miss Crocker came down, and we introduced ourselves. She is a very gentle, pleasant-looking lady — perhaps thirty years old.

FEBRUARY 5, 1854.

I am now comfortably settled in Hartford. Of course I do not feel at home as in Ipswich, but the change is very agreeable. I am boarding in a house with fifteen pupils and five teachers. The family is very pleasant. The school is about the same size as at Ipswich. I have five classes: three in Latin, one in Algebra, and one in Geometry. I have no care out of school. Hartford was a delightful city when I was in it last summer, but it has been so cold since I have been here that I have been out but very little. I shall expect a letter from you soon; direct to Hartford Female

Seminary. You must remember that I am now entirely alone, consequently letters will be doubly welcome.

Last evening Miss Chollet (pronounced Shollay) was in my room, and insisted on my spending a part of the evening with her. She is a fine study for me; is the niece of Professor Guyot, of Cambridge University, author of "Earth and Man." She has lived in Poland, Prussia, Paris, Switzerland, London, and I don't know where else. Her father was, I believe, a Prussian general, but is now dead. Her mother and sister live with Professor Guyot in Cambridge.

Sunday morning I attended Reverend Dr. Hawes' church. Our seat is in the gallery at the extreme of one side. I could see every motion of the Reverend gentleman's fingers and feet, and that always annoys me. He is, moreover, rather an awkward man, which made it all the worse. Then there was a young lady sitting downstairs with a bonnet half way off her head, as bonnets are nowadays, and the top of her head was half bald, and that annoyed me too. However, I got along very well. Dr. Hawes is by no means an eloquent man, but he is earnest and practical, and I have no doubt sincere.

This evening Miss Crocker had the girls all down in the parlor, and she read to them for about an hour. I was amused at finding them gathered around me not five minutes after she had done reading.

FEBRUARY 14.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: You cannot tell how glad I was to receive your nice long letter to-night. I have been here thirteen days and have received thirteen letters all told, but not one of them

gave me so much pleasure as yours, the last and best. I go down to school at half-past nine and stay till half-past twelve. There are four series of classes, but I am employed during only three of them. Consequently I have some three-quarters of an hour's rest after hearing my algebra, which comes first. Algebra is so familiar to me that I do not study it at all out of school. My next recitation is a class in Latin Reader. On this I spend, perhaps on an average, fifteen minutes out of school. Next comes a class in geometry. This I need to study, but do it when I am not employed, the hour after algebra. I go to school again at half-past two, hear a class in spelling for ten minutes, then have a class in Virgil. This I have taught so much that I study it but little myself, say from twenty minutes to half an hour. Then I have a class commencing Latin, which of course requires none of my time out of school. I reach home anywhere from four to half-past four. All my time at home is my own. I do what I choose, go where I choose, and when I choose. I have not opened a single book to study (except my school book) since I came here. My reading consists mostly of the "Tribune," "Independent," and the chance papers that come in my way. My literary efforts consist mostly in writing letters. I spend a good deal of time, in fact, on my pocket handkerchief, which really begins to look as though it might some day be finished. I do not go out very much, because it is so cold. When the warm weather comes, I mean to take much exercise. Now do you think I am in any danger of injuring myself from over mental exertion?

The boarding-house where I am used to belong to Miss Strong, who was at the head of this Seminary till her death last summer.

“Do the girls love me and do I love them?” My dear and “excellent mother,” knowing my characteristic vanity, I wonder you should give me such a tempting opportunity to display it. Do they love me? Well, I don’t know, but I think they rather like to be around me. As for my loving them, of course I do not love them so much as I did the girls I left at Ipswich. I do not expect I ever shall any others, but I am always interested in my own pupils, and these are, almost every single one, so gentle, kind, polite, and attentive, I could scarcely help loving them some. I like the school better, much better than I expected.

FEBRUARY 20.

Last Saturday Miss Holbrook invited me and one or two of the young ladies out to drive. We went up by the Orphan Asylum (Augusta will know where that is) to two green-houses which we visited. The beautiful array of roses, heliotropes, and various other plants would have gladdened your eyes. I send you a leaf of geranium to gladden your nose. We also passed the Charter Oak. The house and grounds on which it stands are owned and occupied by Mr. Stuart, brother of Mrs. Phelps, the authoress of “Sunny Side,” “Peep at No. 5,” etc. The drive was very pleasant. To-night there is to be what they call “The Old Folks’ Concert,” which I think you would like to attend. They sing all old tunes such as used to be sung perhaps a hundred years ago, and such as were in vogue when you were young. They are sung partly by old people. At the last one there were several old ladies on the stage. These concerts are very popular. One gentleman came clear from Albany, in New York, to attend the last one. He

said he went a hundred and fifty miles and paid five dollars to hear Jenny Lind sing, and was glad he did it, but this was worth more than that.

FEBRUARY 29.

Dr. Bushnell's name you have probably seen in "The Independent." He is somewhat different in his theological views from the rest of the Orthodox ministers, and he has been talked about much, particularly two or three years ago.

My dear sister, you are a fine woman, a capable woman; you have talent which I honestly think is more and more developed the older you grow; but, my dear, why will you distress yourself by continued endeavors to make yourself equal to me? Why not do as well as you are capable and give up a struggle which must be fruitless. I should not dare say this if many a broad acre did not stretch between us.

Dr. Nichols from Haverhill came to Hartford last Tuesday to deliver a course of lectures before the young ladies. He tried experiments with the electric and galvanic apparatus, air-pump, etc., explained the electric telegraph — and, by the way, Aug., do you not remember noticing and speaking of the three wires that we saw all along the road last summer? These, he says, are separate telegraphs, as there is so much business done that one wire is not enough.

MARCH 15.

I had a letter from Fanny Goodale yesterday in which she says: "I am most agreeably disappointed in your cousin. In the first place, she is not more than half as large as I thought. The girls like her very much. Abby, I wonder if you continue to grow hand-

some as fast as ever. I have heard more remarks upon your beautiful complexion since you left than a few. Flattery is beneath either of us, but agreeable truth may be safely spoken to one with a 'well balanced mind' like your own." Speaking of Miss Robinson, she says: "I am glad Ama is going to marry him. He is such a fine man she cannot be unhappy with him, it seems to me."

APRIL 10, 1854.

Amanda Ferry was going to call at a Judge Terry's and wanted me to accompany her. I did not want to, but she insisted and I went. Mrs. Terry was not at home, so we sat down and had quite a pleasant chat with the old Judge. After a while a gentleman came in whom I recognized as the Rev. Dr. Walter Clarke. I had heard him preach once or twice. He married Judge Terry's daughter. He passed through the room, but soon came back again, and then Mr. T. introduced him to us. He came and sat on the sofa by me, asked me if I had a pleasant school, and then said suddenly, "Can't you see out of that eye at all?" I was so amazed that I could not believe I had heard him right, and he repeated the question. I was so indignant that I scarcely knew what to say, but finally said, "No, sir." I think he might have seen that I thought it rather strange, for he instantly explained by saying that he was in the same condition, that he could not see from his right eye, etc., and asked me if I had noticed it.

The "reminiscences" to which you refer are by no means as graphic or as interesting as those which I wrote. Mrs. Cowles omitted a great deal of what I consider the best part, though of course *she* did not. The beginning is all left out, and the first sentence,

as it stands now, is extremely flat and commonplace. I trust you will not help to extend the fact that I was its author. I did not intend to have the date given.

Mr. Cowles writes: "Last eve I sent you a copy of the April No. of the 'Teacher.' You will find your article in it, not quite so 'large as life,' but I hope you will think it quite as natural." (I don't by any means think so. Mrs. C. has not put anything to it, you must understand, only taken away from it.) "We think it is like you, and we like the thing itself much. Wife says it reads better in print than in manuscript, and I say to you, write on and keep your pen busy. With practice I am sure you can become a writer with a name, though that, indeed, is no great motive, only as it is a power for good. Please at all events to cultivate the gift that is in you. You will never regret it, and the good hand and counsel of Him who is over us, and in whose eye we all must act, will have good, and happy, and useful work for you one day, without the least doubt. I only wished I had helped and encouraged you yet more when you were with us. Can you take that wish now for an encouragement?" Afterwards he says, "Let us know all your history if you will, for nothing of yours certainly is foreign to us," — alluding, you will perceive, to a sentence in the last part of my "article." Now, mother, I have hesitated some time as to whether I should write this to you or not, because I knew you would think so much of it and fancy I was going to become an authoress right away; but, my dear parents, I beg you to remember that to be a good writer, one must have time to think and correct and alter, and how do you suppose I can teach all day and then have energy for mind work in the evening? Be-

sides, you must remember that Mr. Cowles is prejudiced in my favor almost as much as you are, and rates me much higher than I deserve, so you need not look for the "Hartford Transcript," or any other paper as long as I teach. You ask me about staying in Hartford. If I intended to teach anywhere next winter, I should probably stay here, but I do not desire to teach anywhere. It is nearly four years I have been at it and I am tired.

APRIL 19, 1854.

Last Sunday was celebrated by Catholics and Episcopalians as Easter Sunday, the anniversary of our Saviour's resurrection. Mrs. Perkins is a member of the Episcopal Church and invited me to go there with Miss F. I was very glad to accept the invitation. There was a very beautiful bouquet in front of the pulpit larger than a water bucket, which is not indeed a very pretty thing to compare a bouquet to, but it answers my purpose very well. I would not by any means intrude so far on your patience as to give you a description of the exercises, only saying that I enjoyed them more than any since I have been in Hartford.

MERIDEN, CONN., May 3, 1854.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your letter, and was of course very glad of it; also glad to learn that you had concluded upon a place, though I think it was well for you to travel as much as you did. In fact, I think travelling is one of the best modes of gaining information in the world, and to me, at least, it is one of the most pleasant. As to Louisville, I do not know whether or not to like it, knowing but little about the city. I do not feel very much alarmed on the score of its being in a slave-holding State. I trust

your principles are too well-founded and too deeply-rooted, to be very seriously altered by mere proximity to the evil and crime which we all deplore. I do not think, moreover, that you are likely to be in circumstances for the present which would have any tendency to make you connive at a system which degrades labor. I expect you will not only conserve but increase your tendencies to "Liberty for all." I think you will have a fine opportunity for observation, though of course you will see slavery only in its modified aspects — where liberty and slavery, freedom and despotism grapple in such a hand-to-hand struggle as they do in the States that border the free States, you cannot expect such developments as where there is the blackness of darkness unmitigated. I am afraid you are somewhat fatigued by my long letter, yet I desire you to know that I, for one, do not expect any change for the worse in your principles. If you should be somewhat qualified in regard to Spiritualism, I should be glad, not that I would wish you to disbelieve in the agency or the presence of spirits, perhaps I believe it not less firmly than you, neither would I desire you to pronounce modern Spiritualism all a humbug, for I cannot conceive of any candid, reasonable person doing so, but I would have you more cautious in building up theories, in deducing inferences from facts. Our knowledge of all science, and of all sciences, is very imperfect, and particularly at the first introduction of one you well know how little truth is often mixed with how much falsehood. I trust we shall one day be so happy as to see face to face, Him whom we now see only through a glass darkly.

I was somewhat alarmed about your being in Ken-

tucky on account of the cholera, but I think it is scarcely worth while to be anxious about that. I hope you will take all care to preserve your valuable health, and you are none the less in the hands of our Father there than here. Even death itself should not be a terror to us who profess to have laid hold on eternal life. I hope you will not be so occupied in the business of life as to neglect moral or mental improvement. There is so much intensity in Western life that I think you are somewhat in danger of being hurried down the current, and forgetting that "it is not all of life to live." Allow me also to suggest that you pay a closer attention to the "small, sweet courtesies of life." No man is any the less manly for being gentle and polite; not that I mean to insinuate that you are ever impolite; above all let me entreat you never to indulge in that most filthy, disgusting, intolerable, and abominable habit of spitting. There is no need of it—it is only a habit, and worthy of none who claim a rank above the savage, though I dare say a savage never did such a thing in his life. There is a work just published that I think you would like. I refer to Hugh Miller's "Autobiography." He was a workingman, a stone-cutter, and now ranks high in the literary and scientific world. One thing more, I hope you will not only cultivate your morals and your manners, but also your beard, that you will not every day, or every other day, defy Nature, but adorn your face with that most manly and noble of all ornaments,—you understand what I mean. There has been a great deal of excitement in Hartford. The water of the Connecticut comes nearly to the foot of the garden where we live now. There are several streets navigable from one end to the other. You

can just see the tops of the posts to which horses are tied. The street lanterns are above water. No mails had been received yesterday from the north. I came to Meriden yesterday, where I am spending my time very pleasantly. My friend, Miss Ferry, is associated with Miss Swift, and both with Governor Slade, who sends out teachers twice a year to the West. These teachers, twenty or more of them, come to Hartford and stay six weeks, and receive lessons in drawing, etc., and then Governor Slade takes them out.

MAY 10, 1854.

I have adopted the plan of going to bed at nine and rising at five, in order that I may use my eyes by daylight and rest them at night. Hartford is very beautiful now, wrapped in green. Our Seminary is behind some shade trees. My unknown friend continues to favor me with wild flowers — another little bouquet was brought to the door for me last night, just as pretty as it could be. They now adorn my table. Miss C. and I went to a shoemaker's to-day and bought patterns for which we paid *ninepence*, and are going to try some shoes for ourselves. It is an experiment, and I don't know how we shall succeed.

I was gladdened yesterday by the sight of your handwriting on my return from Meriden, where I have been spending the past week very pleasantly. My vacation commenced a week ago last Friday noon. I remained in Hartford a few days, partly to be with my friend, Miss Ferry, and partly to have the pleasure of seeing her friend, Mr. Hale, from New York. I also had the pleasure of being here during "the flood," and really do not regret it, as it may be some time before I ever again see boats navigating streets from end to end.

I send the enclosed ten dollars to Felt. Miss Crocker has paid me, so that I do not need it, and if I keep it I shall be sure to spend it, so I return it and shall feel better prepared to call again in case of necessity. Tell Felt I am just as grateful for his kindness as if I had used it. My brothers are the best in the world, not to mention my sisters.

I was surprised to hear of Charlotte Waterman's death, though I knew she was sick. I saw her the day I came from Ipswich to Hartford. In such a death as hers there can be no bitterness, for she was always ready — and her rest shall be glorious.

Friday evening, May 19. My boots are nearly finished, that is, the part I am to do. I am quite pleased with them, only I am afraid they will be too large or too small, I cannot tell which. He told me to allow for seams, but I don't know whether he meant in cutting or sewing. I am quite in love with city life. It is so convenient. You can get anything you want without the trouble of *going to Salem* after it. A fast next Friday on account of the Nebraska Bill. I am rejoiced to know that *my* minister dares to open his mouth against this most enormous iniquity in high places. To-morrow is the day when the question is to be decided, and I greatly fear that I shall blush for the fallen glory of my country. If the Nebraska Bill does pass, I believe I would almost as soon have the Union broken, yea, rather, than to have the North let the South rule and triumph over it. We shall see!

JUNE 5, 1854.

I took a class in Sabbath School last Sunday. It consists of three little boys from the Orphan Asylum. I took occasion to give them a little information and

instruction touching the Nebraska Bill, etc., etc. They were quite valorous. One of them said he was going to be a soldier. The other two thought they should be farmers. I asked one of them from whom we all descended; he replied "Adam." Another one cried out "Eve too" — which I was not disposed to gainsay. My term closes three weeks from to-day. Mrs. Perkins seemed very glad to see me, urged me to stay to tea and said Mr. Perkins would go home with me, but as I am not used to suppers, I thought I would not. She took me out in the garden and cut me a pretty little bouquet, asked me to call often and be sure and come next week and she will make me a "nosegay" of roses, of which she has more than fifty kinds in her garden. I had my silk dress on, which is too long, and she told me I must not wear it so, and wanted me to bring it down to her house and she would help me to take it up round the waist. I mention these little things that you may see how kind she is. In fact, almost everybody is kind to me. I don't know whether it is because they think I am a poor weak creature without sense enough to take care of myself, or for some other reason.

JUNE 9, 1854.

A few days ago two or three carriage loads of us took a drive to Wadsworth mountain, about seven or eight miles from the city. On the mountain is a tower nearly a hundred feet high, and from the top can be seen one of the most charming landscapes in the world, the Farmington valley on the one side, the Connecticut valley on the other. The river can be traced all along its beautiful winding way by the trees that line its banks. The land is highly cultivated,

and the scenery rich and picturesque beyond description. Mt. Holyoke can be seen in the dim distance. A little lake lies quietly almost on the very mountain top, calm as if its fair bosom was never ruffled by the storm king's breath, sheltered on every side by the great forest trees beneath whose shade, and through whose paths, impassable to us, the Indian has doubtless often marched with his tomahawk and war-club. On the shore of the lake is a boat-house, where we carried our refreshments and strengthened ourselves after our five hours' wandering. We started about half-past three and reached home soon after nine.

I wish you would once in a while send me a Kentucky paper — Pro-slavery if possible — I think it is well to look at both sides of the question. My very soul has been stirred within me the last few months by that most unmanly, demoniac Nebraska Bill. I cannot believe that men who have trodden our free Puritan soil, and breathed our free mountain air, can suffer themselves to become the minions of slavery. It is bad enough for the South to "roll it as a sweet morsel under her tongue," but there are mitigating circumstances in her case. The enormity cannot strike so forcibly those who have grown up under its influence, but that men who have never been surrounded by any but free institutions should defend this monster iniquity is indeed incomprehensible! "In their proper position" indeed! If the life, the energy, the hope have been crushed out of them by long years of bondage, is that to be thrown in their face? The very fact that they are happy is the most mournful comment. How degraded must a man be before he can be happy in a life which offers to him nothing but a subservience to the will of another,

which takes from him the God-given right to his own conscience, and places him in the power of another. It is a bitter mockery! worthy of Satan himself. I have no doubt that, as a class, the slaves are far below the white man, but let the case be changed, let the white man have occupied the place which the negro has done for centuries, and I have as little doubt that he too would be considered as occupying his "proper position." The early history of the world shows that Africa was prolific of great men.

Before America was ever heard of, Africa was civilized. Her statesmen, her generals, her bishops, her libraries were renowned over the then known world, and because this fallen queen now mourns in sackcloth and ashes, little souls insult her and declare her incapable of being exalted. I believe the time will yet come when she will again sit among princes, "clothed and in her right mind," and glorious in majesty. God speed the day! Certainly our "free Republic" seems not disposed to speed it. I believe we have the sole honor of standing before the world as the champions of slavery and defenders of liberty. I have no patience when I think of it. Even for the Boston riots I cannot be so sorry as I suppose I ought. I lament the loss of life. I lament the lawlessness of mobs, nor do I deem it efficient, but whose fault is it that the passions of our steady and quiet people have been wrought to frenzy? Who is it that has stirred up this agitation? Not the abolitionists certainly, and after all I cannot but hope that out of this present evil the great God is working his own good purposes, that the crisis has at last come, and that the giant of the North will shake off now the chains which have so long bound him, and rise up in

the might of his conscious strength, saying to this terrible scourge, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." I am afraid I have tired you, but really when I once begin to talk about it, I don't know when to stop.

JUNE 10.

As our great orator said, "Let me recur to pleasing recollections." Last Wednesday night I went to a little musical party at a Dr. Jackson's. I have an invitation to attend a wedding reception next Wednesday, but I scarcely think I shall go. I have turned my attention to manufacture lately, and have cut out and sewed a pair of gaiter boots of brown linen. I did everything myself except the soling, and succeeded admirably. My term closes on the twenty-ninth of June. I do not intend to return here. Do you take the "Tribune"? I wish you would. I think it a most excellent paper — a little ultra perhaps in some things, but right on the two great questions of the day, slavery and temperance.

My nose has formed a habit of bleeding lately, once in a while, and I dare say it does me good by removing the surplus blood from my head. Write me as soon as you have time, and tell me as much as you choose to have me know of your business and your friends.

May the good hand of our Father guide you in the way which He shall choose, grant you a life of usefulness and happiness in this world, and fit you for a more glorious lot in His more immediate presence whenever it shall be His will to call you to Himself. To those who humbly trust and believe in a Redeemer and another world, death should have little terror. It is not death, but a birth into a higher and holier state of existence.

JUNE 20.

Would you go back to Hartford next term, or would you not? I want advice on this point. Let me have the united wisdom of the family. Miss Crocker never said anything to me about returning till last night, when she urged me quite strongly to return, expresses herself more than satisfied, says the girls are anxious to have me return, besides many other pleasant things too numerous to mention. She says if I will return, I need teach nothing but Latin. I told her I would not decide definitely till I had heard from home.

AUGUST, Friday, 4, 1854.

Yesterday Mother A. and I went to Danvers. Last week Monday, I went to Salem, to visit at Mr. Fox Worcester's, with whose daughter I am acquainted. Spent one day and night there, and then went over to South Salem, and spent a night at the house of Mr. D. B. Brooks, the book-seller, with my friend Amanda Ferry, one of my warmest friends. She is engaged to a gentleman of New York.

Last Saturday mother carried me over to Ipswich, to make a short visit. I found the girls at the Seminary busy as bees in making mottoes and wreaths of evergreen to adorn the old Seminary for the ensuing Monday and Tuesday examination days. Augusta and I have made our arrangements to go to Providence, R.I., next Monday to stay about a week. The United States General Teachers' Association meet there. You know we went to one last summer in New Haven. I have no place in view to teach at present. If none present itself by next spring, I shall probably turn my attention westward.

AUGUST 31, 1854.

You remember I told you about going to Providence a few weeks ago. There are a few little items connected with that trip which you will perhaps be interested to know. As we were getting into the cars at Hamilton, we met a gentleman coming out. I said to A. that he looked like Mr. Curtis, of the High School, Hartford. I had seen him, but was not acquainted. We went on to Boston, saw F., did some shopping, and finally went to the Boston and Providence depot, and were talking away, when some one touched me. I turned and saw F. with this gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Curtis, of Hartford. He told me that when he met me in Hamilton he thought I might be the one he wanted to see. He asked Mr. R. where I lived and was told I had just gone on in the cars. They told him F's address, and he took the next train, went to F., and they both jumped into a coach and drove post-haste to the depot where they found me. I saw him half an hour or so there, and several times afterwards, and the result is that next Saturday I am to go to Hartford, to teach in his school. So your next letter to me must be directed to Hartford, but not to the Female Seminary.

I have been riding horseback this vacation, and went down to the post-office alone yesterday. It is the first time I have ventured into the public walks of life, and I like so much that I think I shall go on. Augusta went to Beverly, horseback, the morning that father went in the chaise to Salem. A. and I went out making calls a few days ago. Intended to call on Mrs. G. A., Jr., but, on inquiring, found she was not at home. As the conversation took place

with Mr. A. peeping on one side under a suspended ox and Miss D. on the other it was of a commendable brevity. Miss S. A. we had the pleasure of finding at home. She was engaged in crayon drawing.

HARTFORD, September 4, 1854.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Now how you *do* want to know where I am, and how I am. Let me begin at the beginning, and first for my health. I think I was never so tired in my life as I was when I reached Hartford, at about eight o'clock, feeling as if I would as soon lose my baggage as go to look for it. As I was going into the ladies' room, I saw Mr. Curtis walking very leisurely along, and examining the cars very closely. I never was before, and never shall be again, so glad to see him. We drove directly to my boarding-place very near where I was, and I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. O., who seem to be exceedingly pleasant people, somewhat in years, and very fine looking. They wished me to take supper, but all I wanted was a place to lie down, and so Mrs. O. showed me to my chamber. I am the sole occupant, straw carpet, white quilt, toilet table with white covering, washstand do., a bureau with four drawers all to myself, and fringed white cover, a closet, a chair, an ottoman, a nice lounge and pillow, and gas, white muslin curtains, etc., — there, didn't I tell you I wanted a sofa and gas, and you thought rather foolishly? I must not forget to mention a most cunning little alarm clock, also a few pictures. I shall let my own clock stay in the trunk, I wish now I had not brought it. I thought, when I was in bed Saturday night, I wished you could know exactly where I was and how I felt. I did not sleep much

and of course was not particularly brilliant, but last night I made up for it all and feel this morning quite well. I have plenty of water, and crash and other towels at my disposal.

HARTFORD, September 5, 1854.

I enclosed my letter yesterday morning, and with some trepidation prepared for school. I did not go till about half-past nine. Rung the bell at the school door and inquired for Mr. Curtis. A lady came and said she would show me to the dressing-room, where I took off my bonnet and shawl and then went upstairs. "Aunty's many boys and girls" were all assembled in formidable array, but I was very much pleased indeed with the aspect of the scholars. The other assistant is very precise, and proper, and judicious, and good, and altogether a very exemplary person. I trust we shall harmonize admirably, being entirely unlike each other. Mr. Capron is very good-looking, what there is of him, but he is small, wears whiskers and glasses. I don't know much about him yet, of course. Miss Hooker is the old teacher who is staying here a week. I like her very much indeed, and wish she were going to stay. We did not have any recitations, the time being occupied in arranging and organizing. I am to have three classes in Grammar, one in History, and two in Latin. Most of last evening I spent lying on the lounge — now trembling at the thought of my next day's recitations, now laughing at the mathematical and correct assistant, now wondering how Mr. Curtis will turn out, and so on in a variety of equally interesting and important ruminations. The school-room is a particularly large, cool, and airy room, and everything about the building

seems convenient and comfortable, and as if people were interested and spent their money freely. My health is, I think, perfectly reëstablished, only this excessively debilitating weather does not make me feel very energetic.

SEPTEMBER 7.

If I survive till next Monday, I think you may safely conclude that I shall live out my day and generation. It is warm, warmer, warmest — it is hot, hotter, hottest. I am evaporating as fast as possible. I have not been to the post-office since I came here, and have not written to anybody but you. It has been so hot that I could not. The excitement of the school has been enough without any extra labor — good-by.

SEPTEMBER 15.

To go from Miss Crocker to him is like going from — well, I don't exactly know what it is like — it is going from one who ignores your existence to one who feels that you are worth at least a three-cent piece. My only trouble is that I know I shall not be what he expects me. He seems to look upon me as if sent directly from Heaven, but don't pray say this to anybody, because it would sound so silly. I am sure he thinks I am going to be and do a great deal more than I am. However, I shall certainly do my best. I will, however, just tell you that my principal said to me to-night after I had been helping make out his roll-books, that he wished he could be of as much worth to me as he foresaw I was going to be to him. I am exceedingly sorry that I was not present last evening, as the subject of slavery was discussed with some warmth — lasting till half-past eleven.

OCTOBER 6.

I am low-spirited to-night, lower than the Connecticut river before the rains came, lower than Frank Pierce when he was signing the Nebraska Bill, lower than an Englishman in November, shockingly, gloomily, desperately low-spirited. I dare say this you will consider the very worst of reasons for writing to you who have such a penchant for happy faces; nevertheless because my thoughts turn yearningly to you-ward, and because I make a point of yielding to my moods and tenses, here I am. Now lest you think I am growing sentimental, let me tell you of the disasters that have been heaped upon my devoted head, and see if they are not enough to make "L'Allegro" himself low-spirited. In the first place I tumbled down-stairs and broke my neck a week ago to-day, or as that is rather a bold assertion, considering I am not employing an amanuensis, I might modify it somewhat by saying that it was not my neck that was broken but my foot, and that was not broken, I hope, but sprained. In my riotous joy at being let out from school, I always jump over the last three stairs or so at the High School. This time, being especially "glorious," as Burns says, I forget that the elasticity of my soul might not have communicated itself to my soles; I bounded over from five to fifteen—I have forgotten the number exactly—and instead of coming down like a cat as I ought, on both feet, the whole force was concentrated in one, which very naturally gave way, consequently for several days I could not walk a step, and even now my gait is a cross between a shuffle and a hop. All this time I have loco-moted with every bone, muscle, fibre, joint, nerve, and sinew in my body except the right ones, till I am all un-

hinged, unjointed, unoiled, and in a snappy, squeaky, creaky condition pitiable to behold. Secondly, my under lip, in a fit of disgust at the course things were taking, began to pout yesterday in the most approved style, and after increasing to about six times its usual size is energetically blossoming out a cold-sore. This you know always imparts a very decided and agreeable tone to one's physiognomy. Thirdly, I have and have had all day and a part of yesterday, a ranting, rollicking, raving, raging toothache, a ceaseless, merciless, inexorable thump, thump, thump. Now without going farther into the detail of my distresses, have not I made out a case? And do you wonder that "Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale"? Oh! for a dentist, yet I don't know that he could give me any relief, for two have made a desperate assault on my poor tooth before, and been obliged to raise the siege. Don't wonder if my similes smack of battle, for I have a class of loyal boys who wax enthusiastic every day over Yankee prowess and British pusillanimity, as displayed in our impartial American histories. I have studied about wars and rumors of wars, till I have become quite pugilistic myself. Did you ever teach boys? I cannot tell you how strange it seemed to me at first. Great burly fellows; they poured into the recitation room the first day, coming down upon me like a seventy-four-gun ship till I almost gasped for breath. They frightened me out of my senses. I walked about in a dream the first week. They seemed so like men. Every time one of them rose to answer me, it seemed to me as if he was going to make a speech. For a little while I thought I had mistaken my calling and looked forward to Thanksgiving with

inexpressible longings, but I am now fain to say that these boys have diminished very perceptibly in size and numbers and, taken together, are really a very gentlemanly set, though I find them in their classes much more restless than girls, or perhaps it is because when they do move they make more noise about it than girls. The high school house is a fine large three-story brick building, classical department on the first floor, general assembly room on the second, gymnasium on the third, laboratory, dressing-rooms, etc., in the basement. Everything is entirely different from any private school I was ever in, though I cannot tell the reason why. There seems to be much more machinery. There are five teachers, three gentlemen, one lady, and Abby Dodge, all excellent in their way. Did you know that the teachers have to be examined? What an idea! They thought they were going to examine *me*, but they didn't. I told Mr. Curtis in Boston that I would not be examined. I repeated it in Hartford with an emphasis. He called with the other teacher at my boarding-house, was to take us both to the "Fathers of the School" to be tested, analyzed, twenty-five per cent. Arithmetic, fifteen ditto Geography, etc., bottled up, labelled and prepared for use. I protested. He spent half an hour in reasoning and entreating. I was convinced by his argument and moved by his eloquence, but at the end of all remained in *statu quo ante bellum* and parried all his shafts with the clear simple forcible English declaration, "I won't go." So I didn't go, so he went without me, so the committee did not have the pleasure of dissecting me, so it is laid down as a law for all future teachers, that if they prefer to be examined by their classes, or in their classes, they

can. How grateful ought all my successors to be to me! Do you think I did wrong? I did not parry or evade anything. I told him I was willing to suffer the penalty of the law, to go home the first morning, or I could be hung if indispensable, but that one solitary thing I could not, should not, and would not do. I was quite willing they should come in and hear my recitations every hour in the day, for every day in the week. "Anyway," I have not yet repented, and would do just so again.

Mrs. Cowles — what a loss you, and indeed all of us, have sustained in dear Celia's death. I cannot tell you how much I have thought of *you*. I cannot and do not wish to think of her as dead. It seems to me I shall always be better for having known her, at least I shall have more confidence in human goodness. Sometimes I am afraid I did wrong in leaving you, but you don't think so, do you? And if all my anxieties are needless, it will be — well, funny, to say the least. Notwithstanding all my, — everything in short, — do believe that I am not ungrateful for the kindness of years, — words do not trip like nimble servitors to do my will, but I none the less remember the past and shall bear it in my heart forever. I have such a cosy little room all by myself. I should like to have a "nice" chat with you in it this evening.

HARTFORD, CT., October 21, 1854.

I went chestnutting with a party last Saturday, drove some seven or eight miles out of town. Did not get a great many chestnuts, but had a grand time. The men built a fire and made a great kettle full of coffee in the woods. The ladies spread a tablecloth and we had a sumptuous dinner. I went part of the way in

the carriage of Mr. Gillette, the new Member of Congress from Connecticut, with himself and wife, though I did not know at the time that he was the M.C. I do not think I am in school any more hours than is customary. At Ipswich I used generally to go down at eight A.M., and stayed as long as I do here. At Miss Crocker's, to be sure, I was out much more than now, but it is not customary. I like here very much indeed. Never enjoyed myself more. My boarding-place is very pleasant and quite homelike. They are very kind and do a great deal to make me comfortable. I have plenty of callers, but have not yet returned many calls on account of my lameness. Mr. Curtis is very kind indeed, and does a great deal to smooth away all the difficulties. As you take the "Tribune" you have probably read letters from Paris signed "Au revoir." They are written by a Mrs. Hitchcock, formerly Miss Stephens, who was a teacher in the same school where I am now at the time Rev. Thomas Beecher was Principal.

RECITATION-ROOM, HARTFORD HIGH SCHOOL,
Friday, December 8, 1854.

DEAR "OLD FOLKS AT HOME": I suppose you will be glad to hear from me, though it be only with a lead-pencil. We all arrived safely in Boston, baggage, etc. By and by a gentleman, who had been standing by the stove, came and sat down on the same seat with me and we presently entered into conversation, he, of course, taking the lead. We talked of a great many things, Russian war and those general subjects disputed a great deal. He was very pleasant, and made the time pass away very agreeably. It was after ten o'clock before we got here and when I got

out of the coach to go into the house I went half under in a great snow bank, and what with a lame foot and a lame hand it was as much as I could do to get out. When I went into school Tuesday morning it had begun. I took my seat as usual. I don't think anybody noticed my hand, as it was concealed by the desk, and Mr. Curtis was conducting devotional exercises, but after that was through he began to talk about matters and things, and then chanced to see my wrapped-up member — "Hurt your hand?" I said nothing, and after a moment's silence we both burst into a laugh. The girls and boys kept asking me what ailed my hand; some I told one thing and some another, that I scalded it when I was out skating, that it was cold and I wrapped it up to keep it warm, that I had an invitation to a wedding and wanted to make it white, etc. One of my boys gave me a beautiful pearl-handled, two-bladed penknife, something like the one in my writing-desk, for a Thanksgiving present, he said. Tuesday we did not have any recitations. Henry Ward Beecher was engaged to lecture Monday evening, but the train was delayed, much to my delight, I must say, till ten o'clock at night; consequently the lecture was put over till Wednesday evening, and Mrs. O. and I went out to hear him. There were a great many there. I was very much pleased, but still disappointed, not so *carried away* as I expected to be, perfectly calm all the time. Last evening we were all invited to Mr. John Olmsted's. It is the first time I have been there and I enjoyed it much. Their parlors are the cosiest, most homelike I have seen in Hartford, full of books, pictures, nooks, and corners. They are very cordial. I am to change my boarding-place on

Monday. I am sorry myself to be obliged to go and shall expect to come back again with the spring, should I remain in Hartford. I shall always consider this one of my homes, as everything has been done to make me feel at home. I am going to Asylum street, where Mr. Curtis and his two brothers board. The room I am to have is very pleasant, much larger and lighter than the one I now occupy, — French bed, drapery, curtains, centre-table, bureau, etc. I dread going exceedingly, that is, I mean the first of it. I wish I was all there and settled. My hand is getting better slowly, the swelling is nearly gone, though the *colors* remain and will, I suppose, for some time. I am going to have a fire in a fireplace in my new room. I can have a stove if I want it, but I like a fireplace better. My fingers and thumb feel rather achy, and I must bid you good-night, hoping you are all well and happy.

Affectionately.

DECEMBER 14, 1854.

MY DEAR PARENTS: I suppose likely you will be glad to learn of my whereabouts. I have found another very pleasant home and esteem myself particularly fortunate in this matter. The house is on a very noisy, busy, bustling street, but I scarcely hear of it. The back part of the house is as quiet and pleasant as need be. There is a conservatory which is quite charming this cold weather.

I am attending a course of geological lectures by a Dr. Boynton, also the Institute Lectures and the Arts Union, which make three series, so my time in the evening is somewhat occupied. My hand is much

better. I have left off the bandages. I can run upstairs, too, with considerable ease.

Saturday evening. My heart has been gladdened by a good long letter from you to-day which I will not now stop to answer, only saying that I shall expect an answer to this very soon.

JANUARY 1, 1855.

MY DEAR A.: With many good wishes I commence a letter to you on this first day of the new year. The bells are ringing merrily. The air is clear and cold to-day and sends the blood leaping and dancing through the veins. A sad day I am afraid it is to many, to some because the old year has brought sorrow to their hearts, to others because the new year has nothing but sorrow to offer. "The poor ye have always with you," but this year, many who have always lived comfortably are brought very near to want, because they have been thrown out of employment. I went to hear Colonel Benton, "Old Bullion," lecture the other night. I see that I am drawing near the end of my sheet both by the diminishing paper and the increasing fatigue of my lame hand. I am almost well, hand and foot, but cannot yet bear so much as formerly. Trusting that the New Year upon which we have entered will be one of pleasure and profit to us both, bringing us higher and still higher in the scale of life, whether it leave us in this world or another, I bid you,

Very affectionately,
Good-by.

JANUARY 6.

I mean to come. I won't stay another minute after this term. As for wearing out my life, and soul, and

brain, and lungs, in teaching and getting just enough to keep body and soul together, I won't do it any longer. If I stay at home I shall be some company for you, and I can try for one year on Mr. Cowles' plan and see whether my pen may not do something for me. I can at least be no worse off than I am now. I have had it on my mind to write to you about this for some days, as I did not know but that you supposed I was getting rich with rapidity. I am glad, however, that you are not deceiving yourself in this respect. I have tried teaching some four years, and I think it is quite time to see whether something else will not be as profitable and less wearisome and wearing. Still I am not insensible to the many pleasant things I shall give up with my situation here, many advantages, kind friends, society, etc. I don't believe I shall ever be more happily situated. Oh, dear, how I should like to be rich, but I don't suppose I ever shall be. I wonder if I am always to be in such an ado about the wherewithal to eat, drink, and wear. But I have said enough about this. Don't imagine that it makes me unhappy, not a bit of it. I am only in a worry because I don't know exactly what course to take, but I am now pretty much decided.

Saturday eve. After nine o'clock. Long looked for, come at last. Dr. Curtis has just handed me a check for one hundred dollars. You may be amused to hear that the other night I was walking to the lecture with Mr. C. and Mrs. W. I was busy with my own thoughts, when suddenly I found myself all alone and had not the slightest idea where I was, or how far I had gone. I turned back and found that I was

not so very far by the lecture room. They were watching me and enjoying a hearty laugh at my expense.

JANUARY 20.

You know I told you about my wearing that ninepence around my neck; the other day one of my boys, a great tall fellow, came to me and wanted me to let him take the string a few moments. I was afraid he was going to play some trick, as the scholars laugh a good deal about my ninepence, but he said he would not, and I let him take it. In a few minutes he came and put it on my neck again, and I found that he had put a gold dollar on by a little ring, so you see my salary is already increased.

I came very near being smashed the other day up in the gymnasium. Mr. Curtis, Alden, and two of the scholars were up there with me after school and it was nearly dark. We were in the circular swing and going at full speed, when somehow or other I let go my hold and went head first, striking the floor, of course, with a great deal of force. The weight of the blow came on the side of my head. My elbow also was considerably bruised. For two or three minutes it seemed as though my skull was cracked, but I guess it wasn't. They were all sadly frightened, more so than I was, and it was so dark they could not see, and thought of course I must be faint and ran for water and began to rub me and try to get me downstairs, but I was soon on my feet again and snow-balled coming home as vigorously as any of them. The swelling on my head has not quite subsided, and it is a little sore; in fact, I am sore and lame all over, partly from the fall and partly from the exercise.

Mrs. Taylor, a sister of the Curtises, has been visiting here a few days. She is a pretty, careless, agreeable little woman. In fact, I think the Curtis family altogether are quite remarkable. They are very affectionate. Alden is a noble fellow, and so are they all.

JANUARY 27, 1855.

Last evening I was called down to a game of blind-man's buff which lasted from ten to eleven, after which I sat in the sitting-room and read "Pendennis" till about one, when I opened the doors that lead to the conservatory, turned off the gas, and went to bed. I like very much to sit up so after the rest of the people are gone to bed. It is very warm and comfortable. A good fire is kept in the furnace all night, and it is so quiet. The conservatory opens from the sitting-room by two large double glass doors which are thrown open every night to let in the warm air. Mr. C. was down part of the time and wanted me to read aloud to him. I was half scared out of my senses and stumbled breathlessly along, called half my words wrong, and was heartily glad when he went off to bed.

You cannot tell how dream-like everything about Ipswich seems to be. I don't believe I shall ever go back there to teach—not for the present, at least. It is so different here. My home is very pleasant. I do not believe I could ever be so happy as I have been in a house with boarding-school girls. I enjoy my out-of-school life here more than ever before. Alden Curtis is a character; I think you would like him. I should like to have you and him together a little while. He is a very skilful drawer and de-

signer. He engraved the portrait of Rev. O. A. Taylor which adorns, or rather forms, the frontispiece of his memoirs.

SATURDAY, February 3.

You may be interested to know that I am writing to you on a very pretty new portfolio which Mr. Curtis has just given me.

HARTFORD, CONN., February 7, 1855.

MY DEAR BROTHER: You can't think how pleasant everything is here. There are several families with which I am becoming acquainted, and I like the school vastly. I think, too, it is rather pleasant to live in a city on some accounts in the winter. I have attended some very fine lectures this winter, particularly one by Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn, N.Y., on "Work and Labor," and more particularly one by Geo. Wm. Curtis, of New York City, on "Success." The latter is a young man, but I think one of the most promising in the country. He is the author of the "Potiphar Papers," which were first published in "Putnam's Monthly," but are now collected in a book. I had a letter from Augusta a day or two since, spoke of father's having visited in Cambridge, etc.

I hope you clapped and cheered at Seward's reëlection. I look upon him as one of our first statesmen in point of principle, good judgment, good sense, and unwavering adherence to the right, as well as in point of intellect. I went out to make a call on a Mrs. Hooker at Nook farms about a mile and a quarter from here. She is a sister of Henry Ward Beecher — her husband is a direct descendant of the Hooker of Puritan remembrance, and is a lawyer of this city.

Mrs. Wingate, my landlady, went with me. Mrs. H. insisted that we should stay to tea, which we did, and had a very pleasant time. Mrs. Hooker gave me a dress which she had made several years ago, in order to practise in at a gymnasium. It is a kind of bloomer, full Turkish trousers, etc. I think I shall wear it down to our gymnasium when I begin to practise much. She sent us home in the evening in her own carriage. Mr. Gillette, the United States Senator from here, is her brother-in-law. We have grand times once in a while playing blindman's buff. It is a good thing to get your blood warm this cold weather. I don't suppose I take so much exercise as I ought. Mr. Curtis is half sick. Mr. Capron went home six weeks ago, but I am tough, as I always was. Good-night. I hope you will sleep warmly and dreamlessly. I have taken to sitting up late — go to bed about twelve, rise after seven, and like it much. Good-night again. From

Your affectionate sister,

M. A. D.

FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

MY DEAR "DADDY AND MA'AM": It is Saturday night, but unlike my Puritan ancestry, and not in accordance with my Puritan education, my labors do not cease with the going down of the sun. I have just finished one piece of work, and am going to take up another, but shall first take a kind of recess by commencing a letter to you. You will understand that by work I mean head work, not hand work. I scarcely touch a needle from week's end to week's end. Oh, dear! I wish I had a negro to do my mending for me, and take care of me and my clothes gen-

erally. I was rhapsodizing on the blessings of wealth yesterday to Mr. Curtis, and said if I were rich I would not even comb my own hair! "Yes," said he, "I believe you. It is as much as ever you do it, now you are poor." I do, however, every day. At present I am very much occupied. Twelve o'clock scarcely ever sees me in bed. Mr. Curtis and I have been talking over some old matters and things — says he don't know when he was more in doubt than about taking me after he saw me in Boston, should not have risked it if he could have found anybody else, but thought Mr. and Mrs. Cowles must be persons of good sense, and trusted to that, said they had spoken so very highly of me, compared me with Miss Crocker, etc., and when he saw me he did not perceive anything extraordinary, and consequently so much the more disappointed. He was so impertinent as to say (speaking of the letters which he received from various applicants) that he did not believe I could write a letter which would be satisfactory to him — there would be some freak-ish expression in it which would make him afraid, and he should want a personal interview, and if he could not have it should be afraid to run the risk of employing me. What do you think of that? I was rather indignant. By the way — you wonder that I received the portfolio — so I will just tell you how I received it. He came into my room one day, bringing it in his hand, and asked me if I should have any use for it. I told him no I did not want it, and should not use it. He threw it across the room on the bed, and there it lay. I remonstrated, and said, "Now, what did you buy that for me for?" And he said, "Because I had a mind to." I shall always look upon this as one of

my happiest winters — thanks to Miss Crocker, as if she had been a little more agreeable, I might have returned there and gone on for an indefinite period of time.

FEBRUARY 25.

I called on Miss Ferry at Mrs. Perkins' this P.M. I made two other calls, went to the young men's Institute, changed some books, looked at the "Illustrated News" pictures, did a little mending, took a sleigh ride, had a call from a Miss Conner, ate supper, read a little, wrote a little, and have been playing ever since. Last night we made molasses candy — tried my hand at pulling it for the first time in my life. Never was such a time. Molasses all stuck to my hands. When I stretched open my fingers my hand looked like a duck's foot — *nathless*, we had some good candy. The others knew how to make it, if I did not. It seems to me you are turning over a new leaf in life, theatres and dancing-school in the same week. Perhaps I ought not to say anything, at least you might say so were you to see me luxuriating over the wine cup. Nothing warms you up so this cold weather like the juice of the grape, sweetened down to my unsophisticated taste. My honored principal tosses it off unadulterated, but dilutes it slightly when he puts the glass to my lips.

As for money, I have had nothing but charity money this long time, but console myself with the reflection that pay-day comes in April, when I suppose I shall have the pleasure of paying my board and other bills, and have, I hope, money enough left to get home with. I have given up all thought of laying up money. If I spend my youth and health and strength in a good cause, I trust He who provides for

the ravens their food, will not give me over in my gray hairs.

APRIL 2, 1855.

You will perhaps be interested and pleased to know that my salary has been raised a hundred dollars this spring, so that I now have five hundred a year. I wonder also if you knew that last Saturday was my birthday. I had a beautiful book of ballads, gilt edition, cream-colored paper, pictures, etc., for a birthday present. Drove out last Saturday into the country, the first time since sleighing went away. I hope you are well and happy. "Live I, so live I — to my Lord heartily, to my Prince faithfully, to my neighbor honestly — Die I, so die I." Write to me about your everyday life. I hope you are not devoting yourself too closely to business.

Ever your,

Affectionate sister.

HARTFORD, CONN., May 26, 1855.

I put my letter in the office to-day, so it seems rather early to begin another. Nevertheless, thinking you might all be enjoying yourselves at home, I take the next best thing and write

TO MY DEAR "HAWTHORNE" ON HER
MARRIAGE-DAY.

They brought him a chalice of wroughten gold,
And brimmed it with southern wine
Pressed by the dark-eyed Doric girls
From the fruit of the Cyprian vine —
The delicate leaf of a snow-white rose
He dropped on its glowing breast.
It fluttered and swayed in the fragrant air,

Then sank to its ruby rest.
 But the goblet's brim of wroughten gold
 No drop did overflow —
 So gently the Cyprian wine upbore
 The rose-leaf white as snow.

Thy heart, O friend, is full of love to-night,
 All quivering with its over-weight of bliss,
 Yet mindful of the Past's evanished light
 I humbly, Hawthorne, dare implore thee, this,
 That, as I lowly kneel before thy shrine
 And unto thee my humble tribute bring,
 Thou wilt not spurn from thee this heart of mine
 But kindly take the simple offering —
 So shall my love lie lightly upon thine
 Like snow-white rose-leaf on the Cyprian wine.

You perceive I send you another of my effusions — saves paper, not to mention your own delight in reading it. This is the one I intend to send.

I, last night, had the pleasure of seeing an eel for the first time in my life. I was walking away off out of the city and saw some little boys fishing — asked them what kind of fish they caught and they said eels. So I waited a few minutes, and up came one wriggling and writhing, poor fellow, but they soon cut his head off, and put an end to his troubles. A little farther on were some Germans — men, women, and children out doors having a real “old country” good time. The men were shooting, the women talking, knitting, etc. They seemed to be enjoying it vastly. Foreigners live in the open air much more than we Americans.

JUNE 7.

Last night I went to the annual meeting of the Colonization Society. Mr. Orcutt is agent for it. This, you may perhaps know, is a society for sending

blacks to Liberia in Africa, where they have a Republic with a President, Legislature, etc., all in due form,—composed entirely of negroes. The position of the black man there is of course entirely different from what it is here and gives him an opportunity to rise in the social scale. The meeting was addressed by Governor, who is also Rev. Mr. Binney, who has just returned from a visit to Liberia. He has been staying at our house, and is an agreeable man. He spoke of several negroes who went there from Hartford. One of them who went about ten years ago sent word by Mr. B., to his friends in H., that he would not sell his farm there for ten thousand dollars. Mr. B. said he saw some of the finest coffee farms there that he had ever seen in his life. The trees produced ten and fifteen pounds of coffee apiece. In the West Indies, the average produce of each tree is a pound and a half, and four pounds is considered a great yield. His remarks were very interesting, and rendered more so by his easy and fluent style of address.

JUNE 12, 1855.

You need not be alarmed about my ruining my health by sitting up late at night. I can scarcely keep my eyes open till ten o'clock. I go to bed early and often do not rise till half-past six. I need more sleep than I did before I came here. My whole nervous system is so exhausted at night that I need all the recuperative power of sleep which I can get.

JUNE 15.

I bought some black lace, and have made my old mantilla all over again, turned and trimmed it and finished it by noon, — don't you think I am growing

smart? It looks better than when new, I think. I wish when you see Dr. Kittredge you would ask him whether it would do any good to continue to apply to my foot what he gave me. It troubles me very much, that is, not the foot itself, but the whole limb above it. I think it is only weariness, as Sundays and Mondays it seems to be as well as usual, but by Tuesday it begins to grow tired and toward the last of the week I really don't know what to do with it. It is not actual pain, but such a tired, achy, nervous feeling.

I have been reading a book called "Chemistry of Common Life," in which some facts are stated which rather surprised me; for instance — that our common wheat bread is nearly half water, and that old stale bread is really no drier than new, that is, it contains just as much water — a proof of this is that if you put a stale loaf into a closely covered tin, expose for half an hour or an hour to a heat about the same as that of boiling water, then remove the tin and allow it to cool, the loaf will be just as good as new. I should like to have you try it some time. I should think it would be very convenient, particularly in the summer. Did you know also that the shells of eggs are full of little holes by which the air gets in and feeds the little chicken — and also makes the eggs decay — so that if you rub the fresh egg over with fat, it will keep to an indefinite length of time? When you boil meat, do you plunge it into hot water, or put it in the cold and let them all heat together?

Miss Crocker's graduating ceremonies are to be to-night. I hardly think I shall go. Professor Silliman is to address them — of Yale College. One of my boys brought me, I should think, nearly two quarts

of cherries the other day, all strung on a stick with a kind of hook at the end of it, so that they looked like one solid cluster, and rich enough they were. I attended the exercises at the Centre Church Thursday evening, as Mrs. Wingate wished very much that I should go. The house was crowded, the lecture not particularly interesting, and rather long. Twelve young ladies received diplomas, among whom was Lizzy Hale, John P. Hale's daughter. They looked very pretty, all of them, in white dresses and plenty of flowers.

JULY 9.

Saturday here was a rainy day. I read the greater part of the time, ironed my muslin dress, took a two hours' nap after dinner, embroidered a little, mended a little, went up street about four o'clock and bought a pound of candy, which was all gone the next morning, except three little balls. Mrs. Perkins called on me after tea, and brought a long letter for me to read which she had received from Mrs. Hall, informing her of the circumstances of her bridal tour. Among other things, she said that while they were at Quebec, one of the largest cities in Canada, the Lord Mayor had a banquet at the hotel where they were. About eight o'clock Mr. Hall and Mr. Holton, a gentleman who was travelling with them, thought they would go down and take a look at the company for a few minutes; Amanda stayed behind. They did not return till eleven o'clock, and it seems that while they were standing at the door among a number of others, the Lord Mayor noticed them, sent a message to them. They were brought and introduced to him, and were invited to take seats at the table as guests from the United States. Soon after they were seated, a toast was given com-

plimentary to the Union, and Mr. Holton replied very ably and was much applauded. Mrs. Hall says they passed everywhere for old married people, and one lady, after a few hours' acquaintance, asked her if she left any children at home.

School closes in about three weeks. Be ready for me any time, by which I do not mean, cook a whole houseful of provisions. I want plenty of bread and milk, currants and berries and lemonade, but no cake or meat or anything of the kind, so I beg you not to waste your strength in vain and unprofitable laboring for the meat that perisheth.

HAMILTON, August 9, 1855.

Really, Mr. T. W. T. C., in the first burst of indignation, I had a great mind to take your letter down to the minister's and have it "read to the church," then, considering that the novelty of the thing might be considered incompatible with the sacredness of a house of worship, I concluded to content myself with putting it into the publishing-box. By the time I had ascertained that that interesting relic was a relic only, my temperature had subsided, and I laid the offending document quietly in my portfolio. I do not know but that your digest of epistolary laws may be quite just and strictly constitutional, yet I may as well frankly confess that I have always broken through them. I think I have not in my possession a single letter, except yours, of which my good mother has not heard or read a part or a whole. I do not think my correspondents have generally or ever taken umbrage thereat, though I think it a fact of which they are all aware. Do you remember what a tempest there was that evening? There wasn't any where I was, but it

looked as though there would be one, and the premonitory symptoms are to me much more agreeable than the "*in medias res*." I like the darkness, the blackness, the flashes in the rough, terrific clouds that precede, but when it has all expanded into one great gray sky, it becomes commonplace, and the beauty is all on the earth. Mary Olmsted and I went out one evening to walk up and down the street, bare-headed, as is the wont of the dwellers on that street. We had only reached Chapel street when a woman leaped from her place of ambush, and tried to get us into her house to hear her daughter, or niece, or somebody sing. We resisted manfully. I struggled to the last — the idea of *my* holding coroner's inquest on the body of a singer. Her voluble tongue at last proved too strong for my wearied organ, so I dragged my reluctant feet parlor-ward. Miss — began. I sat close by Mary O. and "took my cue" from her. If she said "sweet," I said "charming." If she pronounced it "beautiful," I echoed "elegant." If it struck her as "sublime," it produced upon me an equal impression of "grandeur." I flatter myself that my diplomacy was successful eminently. I have no doubt that when I was permitted to depart, I left behind me the enviable reputation of a musical connoisseur.

Now I am at home, — "Hamilton and Wenham" staring me full in the face, — I was never so in love with it in my life; I mean with this particular part of it. I have a kind of personal love for this earth; such a dear, good old mother she seems to us all; such a great, round, green, rich, luxuriant, voluptuous, dewy, dreamy, liquid, moonlit earth. Never was there such a wealth of beauty in landscape and sky-

scape, such fulness of outline and richness of coloring, such sunset and starlight, such freshness of life.

I am riding horseback, too, notwithstanding your ridicule, Monsieur *mon frere*. Give me a good horse, sir, and I will show you some equestrianism that shall put you to the blush, sir. Di Vernon would "hide her diminished head." I am eating bread and milk, too, with a gusto that shows "I give my mind to it." As for sleeping, I flatter myself I do as much in that line as anybody, excepting my sister, who is a very Rip Van Winkle. Do you know I have adopted Greek again? I am going to study it next term. I suppose you will laugh at the idea, but I assure you I used to study once, and I mean to try it again for the sake of variety.

Evening. The day is done, and a day to be remembered—a very panorama of beauty. In the morning the rain came down frantic and furious; then it died away in gentle showers, and little cool drops fluttered rustlingly down, and all the blinds were fringed with silver; then the clouds rolled up and sauntered over the sky together, and in the clear sunshine everything looked as if it had been washed, and rinsed, and clear-starched, and ironed, and put out to air; then the clouds came round again, and "Wind, the grand old Harper, smote his thunder harp of pines," and we had a "Harrycane;" and in shutting the windows, my clean white spencer became wet through, woe is me! then the clouds rolled themselves up and trotted off again, and "far in the west in vermilion and gold sank the sun to his rest." Did you notice the peculiar mellow tint in which the earth seemed to lie as in a battle? Now it is night, "the world is in dreams and asleep, love,"—the stars do

not sparkle, but glow, and the south wind comes to me softly as a breath; so I commission it to bear to you all health and hope and happiness. I remember reading from Longfellow, yesterday, where he speaks of the silence of the night, how it is audible, how you can hear the crumbling and falling away of the earth, but the night has no such voices for me. People talk very slightly about natural religion as if it were a thing to be guarded against, but I for one do not believe it. I think it is just as good as revealed religion, as far as it goes. It seems to me that God is just as truly worshipped and loved through His works as through His word, and they certainly speak to us when other voices are hushed. I hope you are not asleep while I am writing, but I dare say you are "snoozing" away for dear life, and it vexes me to think you are not listening to what I am saying. On second thought, however, I do not blame you, for I know I have written an unconscionably long letter.

There is no telling how much my dreams of bliss to-day are blended with visions of the peerless mackerel, the inapproachable hasty pudding, the ineffable custard, the luscious doughnuts, and the gorgeous "slap jacks" that have wended their devious way down my unreluctant throat. I have been a very gourmand to-day, with shame be it spoken. I took your letter from the office and read it "under the shade of the broad-spreading beech tree," in the most romantic-looking place in the world, with the most pastoral of cows grazing around me, and the most musical of birds above me. What could you ask more? Good night. To all that I can do for you by word or deed, in earth or heaven, you are a thousand times welcome — alas that it is so little, I can ask for you

nothing which I have not asked before. If earnest wishes could avail aught, life should be to you only "a sunny spot of greenery." Yet though clouds and darkness should be around, he shall be kept in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on God. I have far more need of your prayers than you of mine. Your foundation is sure, but mine is rocked by every breeze. God help me. I was born with my fingers all thumbs, and I do everything in such a left-handed way, and everything I say, though it starts from my heart all right, is topsy-turvy by the time it gets to my tongue, so when I open my mouth to drop pearls and diamonds, out leap the hideous frogs and toads. Pity me, do! I am a wonder to myself.

I am going to take a long walk through the woods to carry this letter and another to the P. O. Don't you think I have improved in the matter of chirography? I think my hand-writing is so elegantly feminine. Good-by.

Very truly, etc.,

M. A. D.

MY DEAR: On the morning of June 18 I went to Boston, to the Fitchburg depot, and amused myself with an "Atlantic" till the train started. At that moment Miss Tallant came in, and rode to the next station with me. After she got out at Porter's, I proceeded to Concord. Rose Hawthorne met me at the station, and I was cordially welcomed. A very urgent invitation to attend class-meeting the next day from a Mr. Higginson, awaited. Mrs. Hawthorne did not care to go, but would go if I would like it. As I had been the year before, I did not care to go again, so Una, the oldest daughter, went and we

stayed at home. Thursday evening, Emerson, William Ellery Channing, and "Conversation Alcott" and his daughter called. Emerson and Alcott occupied me the most of the evening. Emerson has the sweetest smile possible, is very courteous, speaks slowly but distinctly. We did not get very near each other, however. One hardly can in a room, and with listeners. Mr. Alcott is an older, white-headed, tall man — lives next house to Hawthorne's. After they were gone, Mr. H. took out his watch, and with an indescribable look towards me, said, "Only half-past nine, and we have been through all this siege." Friday, Mr. and Mrs. H. and I rambled through the woods to the old Manse, Concord Bridge, battle-ground, through the village, etc. Saturday, Mr. H., Una, and I walked to Walden in the morning, went to Mr. Emerson's on the way to get his oars and thole-pins. The philosopher took us out into the barn, and climbed over old sleighs and wagons, dug down under old boards, brought up one rusty thole-pin, one short oar and one long one, and transmitted us through the back bars to Walden. His sister-in-law told me afterwards that she asked him when he came in if he had been shutting Gail Hamilton up in the cow-yard, as she saw him putting up the bars. We had a charming walk to Walden Pond, surrounded by trees, with a railroad cutting one corner of it. All that is left of Thoreau's house is a little pulverized brick and coal. The boat we found, but padlocked to a tree; the oars, stool, thole-pins, and everything locked down. We lamented the inhospitality of the owner, and Hawthorne said, "Miss Dodge, get into the boat and sit down on this seat. Perhaps he wouldn't like it!" After walking half way around the pond and

sitting on the grass, and talking and listening, we discovered another boat at another landing, which proved to be Emerson's, and which we accordingly upset to get the water out, and then manned and rowed around to our heart's content. That is, they rowed and I enjoyed, and then we walked home another way through the woods. At five o'clock Mr. Frank Sanborn came by appointment with his wife and a friend, and a carriage, and took me to Mr. Channing's back-yard, where we entered Mr. Sanborn's boat, and he rowed us up Concord river through the trees and the birds and the sunset, and it was very beautiful. Frank Sanborn is the one whom there was such an ado about in the John Brown times.* The Senate wanted him for a witness, and he would not go. The two officers took him by force, and tried to put him into the carriage, but he braced his two long, strong legs against the carriage, and they had to give it up. The people around there hid him, and he never went, I believe. Miss Elizabeth Hoar spent the evening with us. She is one of your lay angels.

. I really want to do something in the world, that it may be the better for my having lived in it.

SEPTEMBER 22.

I have been reading "My Bondage and my Freedom" by Fred. Douglass. It is worth reading. I think him an extraordinary man. I have also read "Sydney Smith's Memoir," by his daughter, which I also recommend to your kind notice and consideration. I have bought a "Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe," in two volumes, have sent for Pascal's "Provincial Letters," Percy's "Reliques of English Ballads," and Ellis' "Specimens of Ancient

Metrical Romances," all of which I shall be very glad to submit to your judgment when the time shall come. I walk out almost every morning before breakfast. My health is excellent, appetite ravenous. Sweet potatoes disappear with marvellous rapidity. Have a quarter of a dollar in my drawer and defy the world. I have all the comforts and privileges of a home. My scholars like me. In fact, I think almost everybody likes me, so if you are all happy and well-to-do at home, you need not fret about me.

SEPTEMBER 27.

Mr. Orcutt was in to see me to-night. He has been up from New Haven to-day, but returns to-night. They will probably come back again in about a fortnight. Mr. Beadle came to see me the other day at the school-house, that is, he came into Mr. Tucker's and Miss Hunt's class. I asked him to come into my recitation room to see me, as I had no recitation that hour, so we had a quiet little chit-chat. He said that he wanted me to board with him last winter, that he took a liking to me from the very first, and had a great mind to propose it to me, but was afraid I should think him officious. He said they had a little room which they would have fitted up for me like a princess, and many other things, etc. I declare! do you suppose he was flattering me? I had a thought to that effect, for I don't see how all he said can be true, but then he is a good Orthodox minister.

OCTOBER 5.

I cannot refrain from informing you of the important business I have been concerned in to-day, which is no less than trimming my new bonnet. Yes, I

have done it all myself, lined, trimmed outside and in, and I think you would say it is prettier than the one I had a year ago which cost about five dollars, and this only ninety cents in all. I like it much better.

I was going to drive to-day with Charlotte Davis, but it was so very muddy her father thought we would better not go. It was quite fortunate we did not, as it has been rainy ever since ten o'clock. We have had a grand time at home. The Curtises, take them together, are as unique a family as I ever saw in my life. I have laughed and cried half the evening over "nuts and cider," etc. Mrs. Pillsbury in particular, the one who lives in New York, is a droll little body. Agnes I like very well. I think she will be a very useful and pleasant girl to have in the family.

OCTOBER 20.

Last Thursday eve. I found Charlotte Davis in my room on my return from school, and so walked home with her, and was entertained with fruit, etc. That evening I found some beautiful little rosebuds on my pillow which I put in water. They opened, and still rejoice my delighted nose. The next evening I sent her a little note, should you like to read it? Well, I think I will copy it and send it to you :

TO YOU—IF YOU UNDERSTAND THEM.

Roses budding and blushing

When "the skies are ashen and sober,"

June's young fingers wreathing

The swart brows of October—

The dewy light of the morning

Gilding the evening hours—

Age bright with the smiles of life's dawning—

So whisper to me your flowers.

Childhood's mysterious slumbers,
Wonderful, dreamy, deep —
Before the gaunt fingers of care
Have plucked at the robes of sleep —
Faint notes of a distant lyre
Struck by an unseen hand,
Vaguely remembered journeyings
Into a far-off land
Over the sunset hills,
Over the ocean billow,
Such are their whispers to me —
The flowers you strewed on my pillow.

I accept the omen, and pray
That their warm and roseate hue
May be but a beautiful symbol
Of the future that waiteth for you —
That their purity, fragrance, and sweetness
May circle your life till it closes —
And we trace out your path to the heavens —
My love, by the scent of the roses.

How do you like it?

Last night, being in rather low spirits, and in fact having been so for several days, I took it into my head to go over to Mr. Beadle's, and see if they could not comfort me up. I found them both at home and told them in the first place what I had come for. They were inexpressibly kind. Mr. B. sat down on one side of me, and Mrs. B. on the other, and talked, and laughed, and consoled till I felt "better now." Mr. B. offered me everything he had, told me to come there whenever I wanted to pass a pleasant hour, to eat, drink, or sleep, or anything I liked, and to consider it a home. From there I went to Mr. Olmsted's to tea, and had a pleasant time as usual. This morning Mr. Beadle came down to my school room to see me. He stayed during part of a recitation, and as he was

going out said to me quietly in an undertone — that from the appearance of my recitation room, he judged the sun rose clear this morning. Did I tell you that Mr. Capron, the gentleman I met in Providence, and who once taught here, is engaged to Miss Hooker, my predecessor? It is a great secret, though everybody knows it. Some think he is too good for her, others that she is too good for him. Mr. Curtis thinks it a grand match.

Somebody said the other day that I was pretty, and somebody else said to-day that I was interesting-looking. There, now, beat that if you can! How fares it with your infant scholars? Don't take them. I shall give up teaching here before long, likely enough, and then we will go West together and found an Institute that shall astonish the world.

Miss Hooker, of whom I spoke in my last letter, was here an hour or so. She is a very interesting woman. Is in some expectation of going to the Armenians where Helen Worcester, now Mrs. Pollard, is going, and will very likely be acquainted with her. She has promised to talk with her about me should such be the case. She will not go, however, till next year.

OCTOBER 27, 1855.

I read the report of Edward Everett's speech, which was very fine. We had a State Fair here about three weeks ago. It lasted four days, three of which we had no school. I went one day. There were thirty acres of land fenced off about three miles out of the city. We went down in a kind of cart with rude seats brim full. It was the first time I was ever at a fair, and I was quite interested, though I should not

have gone but for the intervention of others. I saw a cucumber some five feet long, squashes that weighed one hundred and sixty pounds produced from one seed, grapes, apples, pears, etc., in tempting variety. I was also considerably interested in the horse racing. There were some of the finest horses I ever saw, and they flew over the ground like birds. Last Saturday I went to Newington, where one of my scholars lives. His father is a farmer with some three hundred acres of land. One acre he told me produced one hundred bushels of corn—I had a very pleasant visit. He rowed me round in a boat nearly two hours—the pond or river winds about among the grand old woods, and the trees, in robes of scarlet and gold, seemed to be holding high carnival. I came home loaded with berries, apples, leaves, etc. We are living here very cosily by ourselves, “keeping house.” You know Mr. Curtis is married. His wife is a gentle and lovely woman. As for the vanity of the world you must remember that though “all is not gold that glitters,” yet a great deal that does glitter is gold. Because you see a woman ill-dressed, you do not necessarily suppose her to be a fool, neither should you deem a lady elegantly dressed necessarily one. Many a one in velvet and satin thinks less of dress than some in calico and linsey woolsey.

DECEMBER, 1855.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I suppose by this time you have received our joint letter giving a brief account of our Thanksgiving festival, which, pleasant as it was, would have been still pleasanter had our family circle been complete. There are few stronger ties than those that bind members of the same family

“ . . . who played
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee,”

and they will bear much stretching before breaking, but nothing will so polish the links of the chain as constant little acts of kindness, showing a thoughtful consideration. The older I grow, the more firmly do I believe that Christianity, fully developed, will not be revealed in signs and wonders, but in the peace and love and harmony that will make the whole world one great family, and all the nations but as children around one hearth-stone. Let us both never cease to press forward towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. It is but a little way at the longest to that other world where we hope to have fewer clogs to our onward going, and where we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. The time of “Peace on earth and good will to men” does not seem to have come yet. Wars and rumors of wars show that man is not yet ready for the millennium. I watch with much interest the accounts from Kansas and from Washington. If Slavery triumphs in this contest, I shall lose heart and hope, — not losing faith in the ultimate triumph of Freedom, — but only fearing that our beloved country may not be the chosen scene for so glorious a victory. God speed the right! If I should tell you I had ordered a white satin bonnet with feathers and flowers, would you think I was utterly given up to the vanity of the world? We are having the most delightfully mild, sunshiny weather, not at all like our New England winter. I have been quite comfortable in my room without a fire. Mr. Curtis has just brought me

in a dipper of sweet cider, wherewith I drink your health. We had plenty of it at home.

I must tell you first a little event which has this minute come to a conclusion. You have heard me speak of Agnes. She is a very fine girl, an uncommonly respectable girl about my own age, a great singer, with not an overabundant stock of pecuniary means. I heard her saying the other day how much she wanted a "Plymouth Collection," which is Henry Ward Beecher's new Hymn Book, so I thought I would give myself the pleasure of surprising her, and bought one. Do you want to know what I wrote in it? Well, here it is. I don't suppose you will care much about it, but I will run the risk.

I pray not that the years may pass
Unnoticed o'er thy brow,
That the burden of life may never weigh
More heavily than now.
'Twere wishing the pulse of a selfish heart
Or the sloth of a sluggard brain,
For the careless joy of thy childhood hours
Shall never return again.
And the mind that thinks and the heart that feels
Bears ever a secret pain.
We *must* pass from the mystery of to-day
With a pang of nameless sorrow,
Into the greater mystery
Of the unrevealed to-morrow.

Nor do I pray that thine onward way
Shall demand no earnest toil,
For how can he reap in the harvest time
Who has never prepared the soil?
Or the cry of a wailing world be hushed
By sitting in silence down —
Or they who have never borne the cross
Be fitted to wear the crown?

Nay, thy strength shall wane, and thy light grow dim,
 If thy soul at ease reposes,
 For the stout of heart and the strong of limb
 Rest not on a bed of roses.

But I pray, Agnes, that thy life may flow
 Harmoniously along,
 Like the grand and perfect symphony
 Of a noble and stirring song.
 That thine earnest work and thine earnest rest
 Thy joy and thy woe may be
 Commingled in a choral tide
 Of spirit-full melody.
 And thy voice attuned 'mid many tears
 In the darkness of Earth's long even,
 Ring out with the rapture of new-found bliss
 In the glorious dawn of Heaven.

JANUARY 12, 1856.

Yesterday noon I took my carpet sack and went to Meriden. This morning as I was sitting on the lounge without any dress on, as I wore my shawl and skirt for a morning dress, Dr. and Mrs. Hatch drove up to the door. You must know that the said doctor has taken a fancy to me! and evinced it in very many ways. I met him at a picnic when I was in M. a year ago last summer. I thought, however, that at this time I was not in the most advantageous circumstances to keep up the impression. The room, too, with the three children, their various clothes and playthings, was not quite in the best order, but under Abby's energetic hand the things disappeared under the lounge and into the kitchen with astonishing rapidity. I gave one leap nearly across the room, and was upstairs in the twinkling of an eye—whence issuing, robed and combed, I extended to Dr. Hatch

as warm a welcome as was becoming, and spent a cheery half hour in discussing the affairs of the nation in general.

HARTFORD, CONN., January 17, 1856.

MR. BAILEY: *Sir*, — If you are not in a mood to be disturbed I beg you to take out the postage stamp which I enclose with this — burn the whole package, and send me word immediately that you have done so. Direct, if you please, to Box No. 747, Hartford, Conn.

If, on the other hand, I may be allowed to occupy a half hour of your valuable time — allow me to say at once that I desire to become a contributor to the “Era,” if I am worthy. It is quite useless to mention the agency of friends in inducing me to this step, as you have probably heard that a thousand times, and moreover all the friends in the world could not move me to it against my own sweet will. Neither do I write entirely for money, as at this particular juncture I am tolerably well off, though an income of five hundred dollars and an expenditure of one thousand will sometimes produce embarrassment. But I wish to measure myself by a new standard. I have been flattered from my youth up till I have perhaps learned to flatter myself. May I beg that your practised eye glance over the pages that accompany this and see whether they be of sufficient merit to interest your readers, or whether the hand that wrote them is capable of producing anything of real worth?

I hope I am not misunderstood. I do not ask for charity, nor for a friendly judgment, but for a just one. If you think the pieces worthless, you will not hesitate to say so and I promise not to drown myself

thereupon. If you think they are good, but not adapted to your paper, I shall be glad to know even that.

If you consider them worth insertion, but not worth remuneration, I shall be glad also and willing to send more on the same terms as long as you think best — or as shortly.

If they are worth being paid for I shall be happy to receive their market value.

I want an end and aim in life, and see no other way to obtain it.

May I request an answer, even if you should decline any farther communication?

I have occasionally "rushed into print," but have never made any stated engagement. The prose article was written more than a year ago and has been seen by several persons. If you print it at all, pray say nothing whatever about it, and of all things do not say anything about this to anybody in public or private, as my happiness in life will be blotted out forever if this circumstance should ever come to the eyes or ears of any of my friends. The utmost secrecy is the only thing which I insist on. I should be very glad to withhold my name, but if it is at all necessary to the transaction of business, I will divulge at once. If you would not deem it impertinent, may I request a reply as soon as your convenience will allow?

I am a woman, twenty-two years old. Direct to Box 747, Hartford, Conn.

Yours respectfully,

SEVEN FORTY-SEVEN.

JANUARY 17, '56.

(P.S.) I do not take the "National Era" and have not seen it for a year. If my articles are published, will you send me a copy? Do not fail to reply privately to this letter even if your engagements give you time only to say "no" and I shall be placed under everlasting obligations.

The printed *morceau* was printed without my knowledge or consent, but I have seen it copied into four different papers in as many States, which was one encouragement for me to make this attack on you. Will you be so good as to return it to me, as I borrowed it from a friend.

JANUARY 23.

My DEAR PARENTS : I wonder what you would say if you knew what I have been doing. Something I never did before in my life—even dancing! Waltzing! What *will* come of it? Health, I hope. When I boarded at Mrs. O's, they used to joke me about a young man who belonged to the firm, and say they should invite him there to see me. Shortly after, however, he married a Southern lady. About a week ago the wife died, three days after giving birth to a beautiful little girl. Mrs. O. has taken much care of her, and is nearly tired out. The lady left letters to her child—one for every birthday from her tenth to her nineteenth, also for the day she should join the church, and for her wedding-day. A lady has been here, sister of one of our scholars, from Pennsylvania. She is anxious to get a teacher to return with her to take charge of their school. I don't know but that I should go myself if music were not requisite. I had a letter from Amanda Hall this morning. I had

asked her advice about choosing a blue or a black silk dress. She advises a black by all means, as do all my friends here. Black, then, it must be. Flounces, or double skirt, mother, which? One says three narrow flounces trimmed with gimp. Another says a double skirt trimmed with broad plush. Another still, flounces patterned, etc. Abby Dodge says a plain skirt with no trimming at all — and plain it shall be. It is nearly eleven and my fingers are somewhat stiff, not to mention my wrists, which I tried with Mr. Curtis a short time making futile attempts for an hour or so to box his ears, and getting my own soundly boxed instead. It was grand exercise, however. If I could have as much every day I should be the better for it. Good night. May God bless you and keep you!

Affectionately,

M. A. DODGE.

JANUARY 30, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I generally sit down and answer your letter immediately upon receiving it, but I have of late been so busy that I was quite unable to do so. I have four classes — all extremely interesting. Two of them are in English Literature, extending from the first history of Great Britain to the present time. All the books of any note through all these hundreds of years pass in review before us, and I need a hundred eyes to read them. A good many of them I have read, but by far many more I have not. Of course I wish to prepare myself as well as possible. In addition to this I am studying German, and have a great many little cares in school which no one but a teacher — and a good teacher — knows.

There is, moreover, once in three weeks, a paper issued from the High School, edited nominally by members of the school, but really by your humble servant and affectionate sister. You will at once see that I have no superfluous leisure. Twelve o'clock P.M. finds me quite as often with wakeful as with closed eyes. I have taken little or no exercise, but finding that this will never do, I am — guess what! Learning to dance! It is even so. It is the best of exercise.

We took a Saturday evening a week or two ago and visited Waugh's Panorama of Italy. It is certainly well worth seeing. I felt enkindled in me the old longing — smothered but not extinguished — to visit those classic lands "famed in song and story." "To stand one moonlight eve by Tasso's bower — From Virgil's tomb to pluck a single flower." It is sad to look upon the ruins of a mighty and splendid Past, to think of the skies that once arched the noble forms of the proud children of art and song, now but the pall of their dead glory. After the exhibition, a puppet show brought me down with a jerk from the regions of romance to reality.

You spoke in one of your letters of Fanny Fern. She is the daughter of Mr. Willis, the editor of the "Youth's Companion," whom I believe you knew. She is consequently the sister of N. P. Willis, of the "Home Journal." When a girl she attended the Seminary here, the one where I was before I came to the High School. She married one husband, who died; a second, and separated from him. She has lately married a Mr. Parton, who wrote the "Life of Horace Greeley."

I am afraid I run the risk of losing your friendship

entirely if I tell you that, in addition to the "white satin bonnet with feathers and flowers," I have bought a black silk dress! Well-a-day, it is the first new dress I have had for nearly two years. How many of your acquaintances can say the same? I have as many as I want, however. Do you still take the "Life Illustrated"? If you keep the numbers, and will look at No. 61 for Dec. 29, 1855, you will see a piece of mine, headed "I didn't know what it meant." I have seen it copied into several different papers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., though I don't know how it got into any of them. Good night, and may God bless you and keep you, is the prayer of your affectionate sister!

FEBRUARY 6.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I took your letter from the office yesterday. I read it at school. Miss Hunt was sitting by me. She said, "What pretty writing that is!" I said, "It is from my mother." She was surprised, and said *I* could not write so well. I am so tired. I gave up entirely this morning. Sent my class out at half-past eleven, and had a cry. I am not sick, nothing in particular is the matter, but I am so tired, tired of learning lessons, tired of teaching them, tired of going to school at nine o'clock every day, tired of never visiting anybody, tired of going from one thing to another just as fast as I can, tired of being in a whirl all the time, tired of school, tired of everything — almost. It is of no use for you to say "don't do so" — as long as I teach, I shall do so. It amuses me to see the scholars when anything is the matter with me. They are so accustomed to see me gay and lively and cheerful. One of my boys came

into the recitation room this noon — my face was invisible, but he saw there was something wrong — “You are not well to-day, Miss Dodge.” No reply, and away he went. Presently another comes, a tall, handsome fellow. He stood in perfect astonishment. “Miss Dodge. Why, Miss Dodge! Show me the man! Where is he? I’ll fight him.” Girls are less chivalric but more affectionate in their demonstrations. Mr. Curtis came — I assured him that nothing in particular was the matter, only everything in general. He strokes my hair, and says, “petty ittil keeter,” and punches, and pokes, and comforts, and scolds, but is evidently glad it is only a “tantrum,” a “woman’s fit.” Oh! dear. Now don’t make yourself unhappy about this, for I dare say by the time you read it I shall be right side up again.

I was in particular need of exercise, but have now benefited by the exercise. I had a little walk with Rev. Dr. Hawes, to-night, and a pleasant little chat in a book store with Judge Parsons. I went to a lecture a night or two since with Mr. Tucker, to hear Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, who knows fifty-three languages. Last Saturday I spent partly in making a purse for which Mrs. Warburton gave me some silk for a lining. Agnes has just put up her writing, for she says two write so fast that she can’t write at the same time. Mr. Beadle sent five dollars the other day to be given for a prize for the best composition to be read at the spring examination. Mr. Curtis told Mr. Smith, and he gave fifteen more for composition and declamation. Tace Wardwell, and a cousin of Miss Crocker’s, came to the High School last Friday, P.M., to hear my class in English Literature, but as it does not recite Fridays

they came in and heard the declamations, and the paper, and also a dialogue from Shakespeare spoken by several of the boys, and were very much interested. Mrs. Judge Matson was there also, and gave me a very warm invitation to visit her. I hope you go out whenever you can during this weather. I suppose it must be pretty cold, as your furnace does not warm the whole house. I do not think we shall have a vacation, though it does not seem to me that I can keep on ten weeks longer. Would you come back in the spring?

IV
BEGINNINGS OF AUTHORSHIP
1856-1858



IV

BEGINNINGS OF AUTHORSHIP

1856-1858

FEBRUARY 15, 1856.

MY DEAR SISTER: I am going to tell you a story. You know I went to Meriden a few weeks ago. You know also that our cousin is somewhat of a literary person. She wanted me to write — for the public; thought it was a sin that I should not improve my talents, etc. I said Well, what shall I do? She said, "Write at once to Dr. Bailey of the 'National Era.'" I thought upon her words, and after I came home wrote to the gentleman aforesaid. I sent a copy of "Hair," and several pieces of poetry. Well, one, two, three weeks passed away and I came to the conclusion that my letter and its valuable contents were consigned to oblivion, but last night I took a letter from my box addressed to "Seven Forty-Seven" and mailed "Washington, D.C." You see I had not told my real name, but directed him to address Box 747. I walked leisurely home, went upstairs quietly, lit my gas composedly, and then — I opened the letter and read:

"Seven Forty Seven" must pardon the delay in answering her delightfully independent letter. My answer will be a short one. Your contributions are acceptable and accepted worthy of a place in the "Era," and filed for

insertion. But the compensation is another thing. For cogent reasons, which I need not now specify, I have been obliged for the last year to be rigidly economical. The same reasons compel me to pursue the same course the present year.

After that I shall be easy and be prepared once more to be liberal. If you can afford to wait I will on the first week of next December send you a remittance of fifty dollars, for which you may send me whatever you please in your best style of prose sketches, at any time between this and then. When I tell you that I have on hand articles already paid for enough to fill fifty columns, and that my list of paid contributors is never crowded, you will not wonder at my proposition. But the truth is, your pen is not a commonplace one.

I hope now that "Seven Forty-Seven" will introduce herself to me with her own name, which I am sure must be a worthy one.

With friendly sentiments,

I remain, yours etc.,

G. BAILEY.

This is the substance of the letter. I was quite overwhelmed by such an answer, besides being frightened out of my senses. I never can write fifty dollars' worth between now and December, for I don't have time. I am just as busy as I can be with school duties from morning till night. But don't you think it a generous offer? You see they say I may send just when I please. I ought to send enough to make it about five dollars a column, I think. Now don't tell anybody of this. I hesitated about telling you, but finally concluded I would as a proof of my love for you and confidence in you. I have told Mr. — and shall tell A. R., because she induced me to do it. You may send this to father and mother, and upon

no account is anybody else to know anything about it at present. I have also entered into an engagement to write for the "Independent," for which they will pay me three dollars a column. The first piece was published a week or two ago. I sent the paper to mother. Mr. — says it is too little, but I am perfectly satisfied. A. R. says the honor of writing for the "Independent" is enough without any money. If I once get my name up you know I can do anything. This, too, is a profound secret. I did not tell A. R. Now don't suppose I shall do any great things all of a sudden. With all I have to do it is impossible for me to write much, but it is something to have an outlet provided in case I do overflow. The "National Era" is no mean paper. Grace Greenwood and John G. Whittier write for it, and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first appeared in it, and *I* feel quite complimented to be received so cordially on my own recommendation. If I had time I think I could do something in the way of writing.

HARTFORD, CONN., February 18, 1856.

MR. BAILEY:

DEAR SIR: I am astonished! I am overwhelmed! I am on my knees to you (metaphysically)! I am blushing furiously at the savage ferocity of my last letter. I can never write fifty dollars' worth in the world. I must say, sir, I think you have made a very rash bargain. I don't believe you consulted Mrs. Bailey. Why, suppose now I choose to send only one article between now and next December, don't you see you will have to pay all the same? I have always considered myself a genius. My friends have uniformly cherished the same belief, but now this temple of faith is shaken to its very foundations, and I am under the calamitous necessity of classing myself with the common money-

making herd. For, sir, Genius is always repulsed, always Genius goes clad in russet fluttering with rags, only Mediocrity rustles in silk. When Genius is the centre of the wheel of life, gold has a far greater centrifugal than centripetal attraction. But if Gold and Grandeur are to be my fate, I will endeavor to bear it with a very great degree of Christian resignation.

I have not the slightest objection to waiting till next December. I am in no particular need of money. But I am really afraid I shall not come up to what you desire. I have no idea what my "best style" is — in fact I am quite unconscious of having any style at all. The cordiality and kindness of your letter, for which I do assure you I thank you most heartily, have quite banished every thought from my head and left it in the precise state of a squeezed orange, but I will do my best, and if you are not satisfied it shall be all the same as if you had never written — only you won't have poetry — that is too bad, for it is a thousand times easier to write than prose.

If you really have any curiosity to know my name I will tell you, but it is a shocking one. I mean to change it as soon as possible. It is, however, a consolation to reflect that if the name confers no honor on "my family," "my family" make the name respectable.

And I remain, sir, yours very truly,

MARY ABBY DODGE — but don't tell.

Miss Hunt took me aside yesterday and said she had something to tell me — that she had seen two pieces of mine in the "National Era," that her sister knew they were mine because one of them had appeared in the school paper and they both had the same signature. As my articles are printed, or being printed, I shall have to bestir myself to get something more ready for forwarding. One of our old graduates has just called on me. I cannot yet tell how

matters and things will go in the school, but at present they wear a promising aspect. I should like a hot brown-bread cake for breakfast, if you please, with good fresh butter melted in and a good deal of it. Good-night, my dear father and mother. The mother of two of our pupils called while I was gone, told how much their boys liked the teachers, and "as for Miss Dodge — she was an oracle."

There's something for you to sleep on.

Yours very affectionately,

ABBY.

MAY 20, 1856.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I snatch a moment before going out to tell you that I do not study at all after school, that is, I do not study *for* school. I go to bed early and rise early. I do not intend to work as I did last term, and I do not. I shall take it easier a great deal. My classes are interesting, and the scholars interested. I heard Edward Everett deliver his lecture on Washington, Wednesday evening. It was a splendid thing — very characteristic. Tuesday evening I attended a chemical lecture. Last evening a church lecture. This evening another chemical. So you see I have been somewhat dissipated this week.

MAY 24, 1856.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Yesterday morning when I put my letter into the office, I took yours out. I think it was very kind and motherly for you to begin to write that very day. It is the better way, because a great many things that are really interesting fade away from the mind immediately, are pushed

aside by the little things of the next day. In the evening I went to another chemical lecture. The experiments were very interesting. Mr. Beadle was standing by the door when we came in and he joined us and sat with me. They had a bullock's head just cut off, with the horns and all on, to illustrate the galvanic battery. I am afraid father would not like to have so many fire experiments in his house. Some of the light was almost as bright as the sun, making gas-light look red and dull. After dinner Mr. Curtis came and called me to go to drive with himself, wife, and Mr. Beadle. So Abby Dodge, in a white waist, plaid silk skirt, white bonnet, and silk mantilla, started. It grew cooler, but was dusty. We went to "Rocky Hill," particularly to see the geological formation. It is one of the best places in the country for that purpose. We found several interesting specimens — one in particular we brought home with us about a yard long, a foot wide, and perhaps half a foot thick. It was the shape of a parallelogram. They all have a tendency to break off in this shape. It was somewhat heavy, requiring the strength of both men to get it into the carriage. Its particular interest was this: Thousands of thousands of years ago, this rock was sand on the sea shore — that is, the sea came up to where the sand of this rock was. Of course it was damp and soft. Well, there came up a little April shower, such as we often have, and of course the drops falling made little dents in the soft sand. Of course it was not a very heavy shower. Well, this sand in process of time hardened and became rock, but the little dents are still there! made nobody knows how many years ago. One of my boys brought me to-night a ring which he had made himself

with a penknife from the tooth of a whale. He had also carved a little anchor on the outside of it. He is one of the ingenious kind. What do you think of Senator Sumner's being beaten so in the Senate Chamber? I don't know what we are coming to. We are in great indignation here. Dr. Hawes made a call here last evening. I went up to Mr. Capron's Tuesday eve. and had a long talk with him about the existing state of affairs in the country. Lamentable, to be sure! I don't think it is of very much use to stay any longer in the High School, as the boys would better be learning to hold muskets, and the girls to make bullets. Did you see in the paper a copy of the resolutions of the Connecticut Legislature? "Connecticut sends to Massachusetts fraternal greetings." I shall send with this a paper containing a notice of a new story by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Augusta: I don't know when my mind will be sufficiently calm to spout for your rising generation, but, just at present, my thoughts all tend politics-wise.

Good morning to you all, from

Yours affectionately,

ABBY DODGE.

JUNE 10.

Col. Sam. Colt was married last Thursday to a Miss Jarvis, of Middletown, and I had the honor of eating some of the wedding-cake. He chartered a boat to take his Hartford friends to the wedding, and a train of cars to bring his New York friends. He gave her a diamond necklace and each of the bridesmaids a diamond ring. She is the daughter of an Episcopal minister. Her dress was white moire antique silk, with two flounces half a yard wide of point

lace, cape, veil, etc., all of point lace. Col. Colt was confirmed at the Episcopal Church the Sunday before he was married. They sailed on Saturday for Europe to be gone a year; one of her sisters accompanied them. Mr. John Olmsted with his family is going to Europe the first of July, and he said he should like to have me of all persons go with them, because I had an inquiring mind, and my young head would see a great many things which his would not. I was up this morning at half-past four, determined to get my piece done if I did not go to school for the morning. I finished it, however, carried it to the office, and reached school just in time.

JUNE 21.

MY DEAR: My heart was made glad by the reception of a letter from you last evening, and really I must say I was astonished by the criticism of the "Biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan" — so much good sense, right feeling, correct principle, and practical woman's insight into the hidden nature of things, and all so well, so nervously and clearly and tersely expressed. Why, I think you might excel as a reviewer would you but turn your attention that wayward. I am forced to confess that your opinions concerning Sheridan coincide very nearly with my own. His life affords another lamentable example of great talents misapplied, great powers perverted, and the inevitable and distant future absorbed by the present. But is it true that in all this there is no lesson for us? Is it not from the shipwreck of others that we must learn to steer our own barque from the rocks? Moreover, there is an intrinsic value and there is a relative value. A rosebud is a beautiful

thing, but there are thousands of them, and one rosebud is just like another, and we wear them till they are withered and then fling them aside. But ah! the rosebud that Corydon plucked, and with his own hands placed in Chloe's dark hair, is to her the dearest thing on earth — to be treasured in her memory and her heart, and the secret place where her soul abideth will be filled forever with the fragrance of its perfume. So of Sheridan; the interest which his life and character failed to impart will be found in the position he occupied. Standing as he did foremost among orators, foremost among dramatists, he filled his two-fold niche to the glory of his country. Nor must you judge his life by his death. Success is not the criterion of merit. Jesus Christ died upon the cross, yet He is exalted above all that is called God. It will always be pleasant to you when you see or hear the name of Sheridan to recognize him as an acquaintance. I read your letter to Mrs. Warburton and Mrs. Curtis, to their great satisfaction. My money is like the Widow Cruise's oil. I have very little and have had very little, and keep spending, but somehow there seems to be just about as much now as there was before.

I went to a party last evening. By the way, I had five invitations for last evening, one from Dr. Hawes to take a "drive," one from Mr. Owen do., one from Mrs. Warburton to tea, one from Judge Perkins do., and to the party. I accepted the latter, as it came first. It was given by the graduating class of '56. Do you want to know what I wore? White muslin, white kids, a braid of hair belonging to Mrs. Hall, white flowers in my hair arranged by Mrs. Curtis, hair necklace with a heart belonging to Mrs. Hall,

gold necklace wound twice around my left arm for a bracelet, belonging to Mrs. Hall, hair bracelet, corresponding to the necklace, on my right arm, belonging to Mrs. Hall, bouquet in front arranged by Carrie Curtis, white satin sash tied in a knot with long ends, belonging to Mrs. Curtis, elegant ivory fan belonging to Mrs. Hall, bouquet of beautiful flowers plucked from her own garden and arranged by Mrs. Perkins. *Did we apples swim?* Didn't we, though? Coach came for me about half-past eight. We had tableaux — very beautiful ones, refreshments, plenty of talk, and a very lively and pleasant time, much more so than is common at parties, which I think are generally very stupid things. Mr. Curtis implored me before we went to come home early. I said, "At what time?" He replied, "Nine." I said well, I would start about ten, but we did not leave the house till after twelve. I was not asleep till after one, and was up again by half-past four, and over to Mrs. Hall's soon after five. Yesterday was the anniversary of her wedding-day. Her husband came down Wednesday evening and gave her the gold necklace I spoke of, Friday morning, as an anniversary present. She desired me to wear it to *consecrate* it. Mrs. Curtis was not well and did not go to the party, but they sent her two beautiful bouquets. Have you seen Charles H. Branscomb's name in connection with Kansas meetings, etc? He is a brother-in-law of Dr. Curtis.

There is to be an indignation meeting to-night on the Sumner affair. Do they have one in Hamilton?

SEPTEMBER 22.

The sweet fragrance of a beautiful bouquet gladdens my sense as I write to you. It was left me by

Miss Davis, who called while I was out. I wish you could know how happy I am here ; not but that there are a thousand and one petty vexations, as there always must be in this world, but I think I never have enjoyed myself and my situation more since I began to teach. A great many little things combine to make it agreeable which cannot be mentioned and are not worth mentioning if they could be. My funds are down almost to zero. My personal property in current coin could be bought for considerably less than a dollar.

I have just come in from a most delightful drive round the city. It is so warm and pleasant and gay ! One of my pupils called for me. Lizzy Hale (daughter of John P. Hale, of whom I think you have heard me speak) called to-night with a Miss Low. I was very glad to see them, and they appeared glad to see me. Lizzy Hale said they had thought of coming down to the High School, and taking me away by force. In my grammar class to-day I had given for a lesson, sentences to be written and handed in to me containing certain kinds of words as adjectives, pronouns, etc. One of my boys, some sixteen or seventeen years old, had not written his, so I told him to make up one. He said he should think the one on the board was an example. I turned and looked at the blackboard and saw written on it — “Miss Dodge is beloved by all her pupils,” written, I suppose, by some foolish school-girl with an eye single to my gratification. I felt rather silly for a minute or two. One of the boys marched into the school-room this afternoon with his arms full of two great bundles of grapes done up just alike in white paper. One he presently carried to Mr. Curtis, and

the other, when I went into the library an hour or two after, he brought to me. Well, these things are not much to write about, are they? Nevertheless, if I were to see you, I dare say I should tell you of them, so as I have nothing of particular importance to communicate, I write about them. Besides, I believe you do not scruple to tell me when my letters are uninteresting, so I suppose you will not fail to inform me if such be the fact in the present case. Remember, all these things are for your private ears, but are not to be mentioned.

HARTFORD, CONN., October 11, 1856.

MY DEAR MRS. DODGE: As your devoted daughter is writing you upon a subject of deep interest to me, to our High School, and to our entire community, I have asked her permission to add a few words.

I learned from her a few weeks ago, that when she left home there was a general understanding among her friends that she would close her engagement with us at the end of the present term. It was certainly a painful surprise to me, as she had rendered herself so necessary to us that she had come to be regarded by the community and myself as a sort of permanent fixture of the school.

She tells me that she has expressed to you a doubt whether it will seem best for her to adhere to her former decision, and I perceive that it gives her some concern lest she should be thought unduly variable, not to say fickle, in her purposes. Let me assure you that she has lost nothing, by leaving home, of her fervent love for those who are there and especially for yourself, whom she loves, I believe, with a fondness and an affectionate devotion which few daughters bear their mothers. It is these considerations of filial and affectionate obligation which have been almost the only source of perplexity and hesitation with her in seeking a *right* decision. She feels that if the happiness

of her parents would be materially lessened by her remaining she certainly ought not to do so; and so I think her first duties, next to those she owes to God, are to you.

In respect to all other considerations, the convictions of her judgment and conscience, I *think*, incline her to remain. She cannot be ignorant that she has opportunities of usefulness here most precious and inviting, that even the present results of her labors are abundant, and that she is doing much, very much, for the permanent good of multitudes. I think it proper that you should be assured that she is filling a sphere of useful labor here which no one before her has yet done, and which I sincerely believe we can find no one else to fill.

With great respect,

T. W. T. CURTIS.

NOVEMBER 12.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Your long letter came to hand last Saturday. I was glad to receive it. You advise me to devote myself to writing more entirely. Well, I should like to do it, but it would be a very bad time to commence now. I assure you in hard times it is a mighty fine thing to have six hundred dollars a year. No newspaper would be likely to pay for some time to come any more than it could possibly help, so I think I shall continue to teach for the present, but I do grudge the time. A year of leisure would be the most valuable present any one could make me just now. I never can do anything in the way of writing so long as I have to teach. That is a settled thing in my mind. No man can serve two masters.

Saturday Mrs. Owen called in her carriage to say she would go with me to call on Mrs. Sigourney if I would like. In the afternoon I went. Mrs. Sigourney is a very affable, sociable lady, with old-school man-

ners, courtesy (curtsey?), and that sort of thing. Kept her knitting going all the time we called; has a parlor full of little knick-knacks. I went to Dr. Bushnell's church Sunday morning, to hear Prof. F. D. Huntington preach. He is in Cambridge, used to be a Unitarian, — some think he is now, — but he is Orthodox enough for me. Mr. Curtis and Mr. Wilcox were both there. We all liked his sermon and prayer very much. Mr. Owen was quite enraptured. I went there to dinner and to Dr. Hawes' in the afternoon.

JANUARY 2, 1857.

Mr. Curtis brought to school a letter directed to Mrs. Gail Hamilton, Box 747, Hartford, Ct. It proved to be from Mr. Ladd, proprietor of the "Independent." Do you want to read it? —

MRS. GAIL HAMILTON, "Box 747":

MY DEAR MADAM: Your favors of 2d inst. to Editor of "Ind." came duly to hand. Your articles were very acceptable and shall be paid for at the rate of \$3.00 a column — *when* we know who you are, for, my dear Mrs. Gail, or Girl, we don't pay "nobodies," we don't — If you will let me into the secret of your name I will be very whist about it, and send your money promptly. Am sorry you have got fifteen children (is that all?) to support at this inclement season of the year, and wonder, as that is the case, you have so much time to devote to literary pursuits.

Hoping you will no longer persevere in your attempts to preserve an incognito,

I am, yours truly,

J. H. LADD.

So this morning I have written him a letter. Want to hear it? —

MR. LADD:

MY DEAR SIR: Awful! awful! awful! To go and put "Mrs. Gail Hamilton" right on the outside of my letter, and the Post Office Clerks know my box, and they will go and tell the P. M. General, and he will go and tell Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Buchanan will go and put it in his inaugural address, and so you have released grimalkin from her confinement. And then again the Mrs. Why I am not married. Well — really — did I say I had fifteen children? It was a wicked story gotten up for effect — a poet's license. I have only seven — no three — well there, I may as well make a clean breast of it. I have neither chick nor child in the world. Did you ever here of the "three black crows"?

I have not the slightest objection to telling my name, only it is such a shocking one. It actually hurts my mouth to speak it, it is so rough. But, as there is no prospect of changing it I may as well tell you at once it is — Oh, I wanted to say I am very much obliged and very grateful. I think \$3.00 a column is quite enough for such quality of writing. I expected you would say they weren't worth anything, and you wouldn't pay at all. That style does not require thought and labor like some others. It is just like telling stories to little children, and I feel absolutely mean about receiving money for them, but then, oh dear, the flesh is weak, and if I were only rich I would be awfully indifferent and noble about money matters. I shall be rich one day, when I am become famous, and then I will always write for nothing. There! I have not told you my name yet, but I am just on the brink of it. Now — don't you tell, will you? Don't.

Yours very truly,

MARY ABBY DODGE.

"Phebus — what a name

To fill the speaking trump of future fame."

Mrs. Bird said my name was very familiar to her. She had heard a great deal about the Miss Dodge who

taught at the High School, but had always supposed I was tall and very dignified and between thirty and forty — so you see I must have a very dignified reputation, notwithstanding you think I am slightly harum-scarum.

JANUARY 15.

Tuesday evening went to hear Mr. Capron deliver a lecture on Ancient Architecture at the school-house to the Sigma Phi Society, formed of some twenty-five of our boys. Received another letter from Mr. Ladd. Want to hear it? —

MY DEAR GAIL: For I do not believe "Mary Abby Dodge" is your true name. However, it matters not. I will send your money, as you insist on your incog. and aliases. You have written thirteen and a half columns, which at three dollars a column, amounts to \$40, for which amount I enclose my draft to Mary Abby's order. You need not expect to come any of your "Dodges" over me. Who is T. W. T. C.? I believe him to be your paternal parent. [Mr. C. spoke of his being my literary "pa" in what he wrote to Mr. Ladd.] I am a Yankee and have as good a right to guess as you wooden nutmeg manufacturers. I would like to see you when you come to New York. I have had the honor of an occasional call from some of our lady correspondents — on business of course. Don't fail, at all events, to let me know your address, Mary Abby, when you are in town. Excuse the familiarity of my style. It is no more so than your own. I imagine you a young lady — I won't say how old. I should like to know, as bachelors are, you are aware, very curious about such matters.

I remain, Mary Abby,

Yours faithfully,

J. H. LADD.

Wednesday after school at night found a letter from Dr. Bailey, of Washington. Want to hear it?—

Will Miss Dodge pardon my delay in remitting? It will be a particularly gracious act on her part, as the only excuse I can plead is negligence. I enclose a draft on New York for fifty dollars. Need I say that I like your contributions? The promptness with which they have appeared is enough. Many have inquired, Who is "Gail Hamilton"?

You will probably continue occasional communications for the "Era," but I cannot offer you a regular engagement. This is my misfortune, not my fault nor yours. But the truth is, I cannot command the means, just now, to commit myself to any stipulated amount for contributions. I may be able to give you something in the course of the year, but I cannot say what, or when. I am sorry, but so it is; the only consolation is, so will it not be always.

Truly yours,

G. BAILEY.

I heard the other day that "The National Era" had "broke"—and I know they are very poor. It is an anti-slavery paper in a slave State and slave city, and of course receives no local support. I only wonder how it has been able to keep above water so long. It is said to be the only paper published in Washington without any aid from the government. Do you think I ought to send back the fifty dollars? It is too late though, now. It is gone, all gone. "Dear pa," he took it and gave it to Mr. Warburton, and Mr. Warburton put it in some place or other, I have forgotten where, if I ever knew, all but eight dollars, this and the other bringing the whole up to three hundred. I wish to make this statement of

affairs, and now you know me possessed of \$300 bank stock. Salary, \$600 per year, paying \$4.50 per week for board. Please after this not try to take my reckoning, or to keep the run of my money matters, as I should be vastly more at ease and more independent if you would exercise your practical mathematics on somebody else's purse than mine. If I don't give you the precise data, therefore, to reason from, you will not think it from any want of confidence in yourselves severally and collectively. I intend to answer Mr. Ladd's letter to-night, Mr. Bailey's to-morrow. Want to hear them? I am afraid the former will be too long, as I want to say "a thing or two."

JANUARY 16, 1857.

MR. LADD:

DEAR SIR: You do not believe my name is "Mary Abby Dodge," not you! The fleece of the sheep is not to be extended over your organ of vision. Go to the little village of Hamilton, in the State of Massachusetts, ask the worthy priest who presided at my christening what was the name wherewith my parents endowed me at the baptismal font — ask the sober deacon, who holds in his hands the village chronicles, what name was recorded on those Sibylline leaves when my father announced to him, with devout thankfulness, the birth of a seventh child, "Heaven's last best gift," and my word for it you will return six inches shorter, on a moderate calculation, than you were when you left the metropolis of this new world.

Secondly, you believe T. W. T. C. to be my "paternal parent." My dear friend, sit down to a cup of smoking Mocha and find it to be nothing but dishwater. Pop the question to Miss Malinda very tenderly in the twilight, and find when the gas is lighted that you are bound for life to her maiden aunt, "fair, fat, and forty." Sit three

hours to witness the unrolling of a pickled princess and "fall to cursing like a very drab-a-scollion" on finding that there is no princess after all, but only a mummy of the baser sort; and in all these you will not be any more out of your reckoning than you were when you drew your bow at a venture and appointed T. W. T. C. my father in the flesh. T. W. T. C. is not my father, but I will tell you what relation he does bear to me. His wife's father's father's brother married my minister's sister. Now you know who *he* is. But you do not know him as one of the best friends a careless, wilful, headlong, headstrong girl was ever blessed with. I sit in sackcloth and ashes every day because I make him so much trouble, and every day I think I will reform and be so docile and calm, and self-possessed; but dear me, when the temptation comes, it seems just as if I could not help it, and generally I do not think how undignified I am until it is all over.

You judge me a wooden nutmeg manufacturer. It is an unmitigated falsehood. Would I stoop to be born in any other State than the one that came out to meet Fremont with 50,000 men.

Fourthly, you want to see me when I come to New York. I am not going to New York, and all the world could not induce me to see you if I were. The very thought of meeting a live publisher, editor, printer, face to face, would drive me "daft, clean daft." I was brought up in the depths of the country, and never saw any one till I was fourteen, and then I was sent to school and never saw any one again till I left it, and I am terribly afraid of people — strangers particularly. You imagine me a young lady. I am not a young lady, by any means. I am twenty-three years old, sir — I almost forgot the very thing I was writing for, to acknowledge the receipt of a piece of paper which you said was \$40, but the only thing I saw was my name, and the "Independent," in great flaring letters, so that all the bank people will know that "Mary Abby Dodge" has been writing for the "Independent," and that is the wages of her

iniquity. What shall I do with it? I am just as badly off now as I was before. I can't really think I am writing to the Joseph H. Ladd whose name figures so formidably every week at the head of the "Independent." If you *are* the staid gentleman in unexceptionable cravat and gold spectacles, that so prominent an individual ought to be, then I am not writing to you, but to a good-natured man who wrote me an off-hand letter.

Very truly yours,

Well — GAIL HAMILTON

(I think I like that best on the inside of my letters, not on the outside of yours.)

JANUARY 22.

At the date of my last letter I was at Mrs. Owen's. By the way, she I find knows about my writing. She and her husband were at Dr. Bushnell's, who is their pastor, a few weeks ago, and he asked them if they knew who Gail Hamilton was. He had been in New York and seen the editors of the "Independent," and they asked him if he knew anything about me, as they wanted very much to find out who I was, and spoke very highly of my pieces, etc.

Saturday I read and wrote as usual, walked down town in the afternoon. Sunday I was taken sick, and have been sick ever since, so you see I cannot have much to write about. I suppose I took a sudden cold. Several causes, no one of which was sufficient, but all combined were, to produce the effect. I did not go to church in the morning, but went in the afternoon; was quite ill there with headache. Mr. Curtis came home with me, Mrs. Warburton part of the way. I was very ill that night with fever, had the doctor three days, and am now decidedly on the mending hand. A regular allopathic drug doctor,

hurrah! I'll give the *modus operandi*. Dr. — comes in, sits down by the bed, and takes my hand, pulse 110 or 12, asks a few questions as to time when, pain where, etc., says, "I don't think it is anything but a cold, if it is, I don't know what it is." There's frankness for you. That suited me exactly, and I began to have confidence in him. "But I can tell you one thing you are not going to have, and that is smallpox." I was glad to hear this, as there is a good deal of smallpox in town; in fact, I suppose there is always more or less, but I happen to be hearing of it now more than usual. "What I shall prescribe for you is masterly inactivity. I shall not give you any medicine to-night, as I think Nature will do the work with rest, and I will come and see you in the morning." Could the most ultra reformer do more? But the fact is, the trouble is the people. They are not satisfied. They don't feel as if they are going on right unless they have medicine. Mrs. Huntington now said "she should have been much better pleased if the Dr. had left me some medicine to take." I was much better pleased as it was. So, my young friends, when you complain as you may justly do that doctors are often humbugs, you must take into account that people *will* be humbugged. The scholars and other friends have called to see me during my illness, and I have been supplied with flowers very bountifully, considering it is winter. One little orange flower in my thimble for a vase diffuses a very tropical fragrance through the room.

MARCH 6.

I also wrote a letter to Miss Hunt. Do you want me to transcribe a part of it? —

TO E. A. H. IN ALABAMA.

The balmy airs of the South-land
Are stirring the locks on thy brow,
The perfumed scent of her orange groves
Meet fragrance for such as thou.

Hath the sunny South-land a charm, Nelly,
To lure thy longer stay?
From her velvet turf and magnolia breath
Dost thou shrink to turn away?

Our skies are leaden and gray, Ellen,
Our winds are fierce and wild;
And ghostly and cold are the mountain snows
Which they in their fury piled.

But the hearts are warm and true, Nelly,
That are throbbing with love for thee —
That are keeping time to thy morning song
Wherever its warblings be.

And the void which thy going left, Nelly,
On that chill November morn,
Is a void to-day — and to-night, my love,
The merry-voiced spring is born.

A light went out on the hearth-stone,
A tint from the blue of the sky;
A tone from the voice of singing —
Full only when you were by.

A sense of what might be and is not —
A dreamy and vague unrest,
A longing and waiting and watching —
These were thy parting behest.

But our hills shall be crowned with greenness,
Our roses shall flush in the sun —
Come home, come home, O fairer than they!
That the spring be indeed begun.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 15, 1857.

YOU DEAR GRACE GREENWOOD: I think you are just as splendid and kind and dear and delightful as you can be. I have just received your letter. If you had not answered mine at all I should not have blamed you in the least; I know your time must be so occupied, and I have no claim upon you, but you have written me, and such a kind letter. I understand what *nous venons* means on a mother's lips. When I was a little girl and used to ask my mother for anything, "I will see about it," was always equivalent to a downright affirmative.

Suppose you were a little bit of a writer — a *very* little bit of one, without a reputation, without much experience, but with the *cacoethes scribendi* strong upon you, what should you do? That is the question.

I have been writing a little for about a year, chiefly for the "National Era" and "Independent." I shall probably continue to do so this year, but that does not use up half my writing material, and I don't know what to do with the rest of it. Is there any good-sense, respectable newspaper that you would like to write for, supposing you were in my place. Perhaps you may think I am too fastidious for a tyro, but I think it is better to have your standard too high than too low. I am poor enough, to be sure, and generally in debt, and would be glad to get money for writing; but I would rather write for a *good* paper without pay, than for a foolish one *with*. If I become a good writer I shall be rich enough one day. Dr. Bailey, of the "Era," made a regular bargain with me, and he expressed himself more than satisfied. He has treated me very generously.

I will send you the only article of mine that I have on hand (out of my scrap-book), and you can judge a little from it. I will follow your advice in anything unless you advise me not to write at all. Write I must. It is absolutely essential to my happiness.

My dear friend, — mine though I never saw you, and dear whether you will or not, — don't write to me again till you can almost as well as not. If you do not write to me again, I shall know you are blessing some one else; and shall not bate one jot or tittle of the regard, the love, I now bear you.

Very truly yours,

GAIL HAMILTON.

On looking, I find two pieces and send them both. You will see that the rhymes are in answer to one of Jenny Marsh's poems.

JUNE 9, 1857.

MY DEAR: Your letter received last Saturday gave me great pleasure. I was in an exceedingly uncomfortable state of mind. Do you wish to know what was the reason? Well, nothing in particular, only I was so tired, tired of spending my life in school all the while when I so much want to be doing something else. When your letter came I determined at once to act. I told Mr. Curtis last night what I wished to do. He does not blame me at all. My plans at present are to remain in school as usual this term, next term to teach only in the morning if it is possible to do so, if not, to remain till next spring as I am now, because I should be unwilling to leave till *my* class leave, then quit entirely. A year would rest and recruit me. At the expiration of that time I

shall be able to decide whether a school life or a literary life suits me best. If I prefer the former I can go back with renewed vigor and shall not by any means consider the year lost. If the latter, I shall have made a start and be prepared to go on. Last Thursday the State Teachers' Association convened at Meriden. Mr. Philbrick was President of the Association, but you know he has left the State, is in Boston, and Mr. Curtis, who is Vice-Pres., officiated. He is elected Pres. for next year. Mr. Curtis' lecture came first. The next morning I did not attend the lecture, but stayed at A's. We went out over the farm. They have a beautiful brook winding through it. I took off my shoes and stockings and waded in it. When I grew too cold I would run out on the grass, which was very warm, for a little while. I was barefoot nearly an hour, I should think, but did not take the slightest cold. In the afternoon we went down in season to hear a part of Mr. Elbridge Smith's lecture. Sunday Mr. Beadle baptized seven little babies. Monday morning Rev. Dr. Hawes came into school, stayed through devotional exercises, offered prayer and addressed the school, so we may be supposed to have received the stamp of respectability. Miss Tallant is going to leave at the end of this term. She is a superior teacher. Miss Snow *may* do so. Moved with pity for the forlorn situation of my principal, also with a reluctance to separate from my own classes, I asked him if it would be any relief to him to have me stay till next spring just as I am, and I rather think, unless provision can easily be made, I shall do so. I would rather do it than leave entirely before my pet class graduates. I have sent two pieces to the "Little Pilgrims," but I cannot at all tell

whether they will be printed, as I have not read that paper enough to know what kind of pieces are adapted to its pages. The signature, however, is not yet altered. I thought of taking Erl Stanwood, but shall not take the last name, as that would lay me open to suspicion.

JULY 1, 1857

Saturday morning I went to ride. I did not enjoy it so much as before. My horse was not in so good a condition and did not go so well. Monday Mr. Beadle came into school a little while. One of my boys brought me a little bit of a bouquet of which a moss rose-bud was the prominent flower, and asked me if I would wear it for a breast-pin, and also if I understood the language of flowers. The moss rose-bud means, "you are one of a thousand." The scholars are very generous in the matter of flowers and bring a great many. One in particular, one of the boys brought me, consisted entirely of rose-buds and green. It was "beautiful sunset." I had a letter from Grace Greenwood yesterday acknowledging the receipt of the sketch I sent her. She says: "My dear good friend, I thank you very much for the 'Little Brother.' It is a charming sketch, admirably adapted to the picture, as you will see. I think it will not appear till September or October. We wish to have our fall numbers particularly good." She also says she expected to be in Hartford this summer, and hopes I will drop my veil and give them a sight of me. I should be very glad to see her, but I am afraid she will come during vacation and I shall be away. I shall write to her. I have about twenty sheets nearly ready to send to Dr. Bailey of the "Era."

One of my girls came to me the other day saying :
“ Oh, Miss Dodge, are you Gail Hamilton? I read a piece by Gail Hamilton that took me wonderfully, and the girls say it is you.”

HAMILTON, MASS, July 21, 1857.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I was amused at your asking me if I had not a word of advice to give before you took the last fatal step. Now that is precisely the way men do. Here you are all ready to be married, the year, the month, the day, the girl, all chosen, and then you turn round and ask advice. What good will it do now, I beg to know? Suppose I should say I think it is a bad plan for young men to marry, or that I think Alice is not the right kind of woman for you, do you think it would make a hair's breadth of difference in your plans? Well, I shall not try the experiment, since I do not think it at all necessary. And as to advice I have little to give that your own heart has not already prompted. I should wish you to remember that the little acts of courtesy that tend to foster love before marriage, will equally tend to preserve and cherish it after, that you are not to cease to be a lover because you have become a husband, and that you will both have sometimes to sacrifice your own inclination to each other's wishes, or your happiness will be shipwrecked and your lives ruined. One thing more, let me advise you always to be polite to your wife. Show her especial respect, and never allow familiarity to degenerate into rudeness. I returned last Saturday evening. I started from Hartford at six o'clock in the morning. I met Augusta in Boston. You may be interested to know that we went shopping. I was very tired, as

I had not slept much for several nights preceding, but whenever I lagged in talk, Augusta would say: "Come, talk. You can, I know. Rest after you get home." So finally, when I did get home, I was nearly "used up." A night's sleep, however, did wonders. I found father and mother in good health and spirits. I don't see but that father is out and at work as much as he was when he had the farm on his hands. He points with great pride to his sixteen cocks of hay, and his bit of garden containing corn, potatoes, and half a dozen bean-poles. Hires Parkman's horse to go to church, and altogether lives very comfortably on the interest of his money. I went to a party the night but one before I came away, at President Goodwin's, of Trinity College. It was commencement evening. About three hundred there. Went at nine, came away before eleven. Was out to tea the same afternoon at Hon. Mr. Gillette's, with Miss Catherine Beecher and some others. Was also out the evening before and was invited to Dr. Hawes', but did not go.

AUGUST 20, 1857.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I hope that by this time you are in "the land of the blest" (?), and enjoying the society of — Alice! Enjoying it so much perhaps that you won't care to be wakened from your dream of felicity, into the rough and tumble of Bay State life. Nevertheless, I shall give you a concise account of the "manners and customs" of the House of Dodge during the last four weeks, and you can read it or not, at your pleasure.

SEPTEMBER 12.

I also had that day a letter from Grace Greenwood, enclosing the picture for which she wished me to write

the story. She says: "This picture, like the other we sent you, is from an English book where it illustrates an extract from Southey. If there is anything in the story which can be told well in prose, just use it, merely simplifying it. But it seems to me you can better trust your own beautiful and ready fancy. Send it to me, please, as soon as finished. Do excuse my writing. God bless you, my dear unbeheld. Ever warmly yours, G." I sent her a letter the next day telling her that I would do it in three or four days. I have been greatly bothered in writing it, first by one thing, and then by another. Finally, in despair, I took it down to school with me yesterday afternoon, determined to finish it after school before I went home. Mr. Curtis said he would go home with me if I could not get it done before dark. You remember, perhaps, yesterday (Friday) was a very warm day, so after the scholars were all gone, I took my writing materials and locked the door and went out into the school-yard and sat under the trees. I had scarcely begun when lo and behold! in walked a young lady, not one of the scholars, but one who seems to have taken a great fancy to me. I was on the brink of giving up. She had been in the school that afternoon and returned to see if she had dropped her veil. I gave her the key and she went in and found her veil and came out again. I told her I was in a hurry to send out in the next mail, and she had the sense to stay but a few minutes. I wrote till it was dark and then went over to Mrs. Warburton's and finished and came home about nine.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER: It may be interesting to you to know in what manner your youngest daughter lately

made a fool of herself. Dr. Bailey and his family are visiting at Mr. Gillette's for a few days. Lilly said that he and Mr. Bailey wanted very much to see me, and they were invited to Mrs. Hooker's that evening, and Mrs. H. sent a special invitation to me. Mr. Hooker is brother to Mrs. Gillette, and Mrs. Hooker is a Beecher. The Perkinses and the Hookers and the Gillettes all live out there together on a place called the Nook Farms. I told Lilly that I could not go — would not go for anything — should be scared out of my senses. She was so concerned about it that she went home at noon and had them come down a few minutes in the afternoon. He stayed in the entry downstairs. I stopped on the stairs, would not go down. Mr. Gillette and Lilly both came for me, so I dragged myself down, could not speak a word, stammered, blushed, almost cried, and acted the dunce generally. I told them I should not go over in the evening. They said I should. Mr. Gillette said if I did not, he should take me by force of arms. Finally I said I would go over to Mrs. Gillette's before tea. I did so, and of course they made me go to Mrs. Hooker's. I said to Mr. Gillette that I did not think in the afternoon I should be there, and I meant not to come. He said, well, he meant to have me there. There were only their own friends there — two editors, a lawyer, and a member of Congress! besides a couple of authors!! and all the children. Never, never, never, was I such a perfect fool as I was all the time. I lost my self-control in the first place and did not recover it all the while. It is well that Dr. B. has some regard for my writing, for he certainly can have none for me, judging from my exhibition of myself yesterday. I have not one pleasant

feeling or recollection connected with it, only that everybody was so kind to me, and tried to make me easy. Of course I don't mean that I was in an equally flurried state all the time, only that I was not myself at all. Anyway, Dr. Bailey said he considered me one of the most valuable contributors to his paper, and a good deal of that sort. Said he had not read the last piece, — "What is it, Mr. Gillette, 'Brown Bread'?" and Mr. G. said it was "Brown Bread Cakes," — so I found out two things: one that that piece is published, which I did not know, as I have not received the last two "Eras," and another that I have the honor of having Mr. Gillette for a reader. Ah! well, it is all over now, and I have survived it. I drove home with Mr. and Mrs. Hawley. He is editor of the "Press" in this city.

Monday, Dr. Murdock (D.D.) was in my Logic class, and stopped talking with me at noon till nearly one. Said he hoped now I had given up all thoughts of leaving, and considered myself settled here for the present. I asked him what made him think about any such thing. He smiled, and said he had heard of my leaving on account of the inequality of salary; said he thought it was wrong, and should not respect a woman if she quietly submitted and thought it right. Still he thought I ought to stay for the good I could do. That afternoon about four o'clock a young lady came to me and said that Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, of Mauch Chunk, were at the door, and would like to see me. So I went to the door, and afterwards I went to the station with them, as they were going to Windsor. They renewed their proposition very urgently, particularly Mr. Douglass. Asked me to set my own price, etc. I went back, told Mr. Curtis. He wanted me

to go over to Dr. Murdock's, so we went; had a long talk. Dr. M. thought I ought to stay — miserable little coal-hole was Mauch Chunk. Great city was Hartford, better for me, for the school, etc. The next day he wrote a little sermon and sent me. It was capital! Text, "Stay where you be." Regularly divided and all. I should like to have you see it. Finally I concluded yesterday that if they would give me three additional weeks of vacation, I would stay. So it is settled. I wonder what the next flare-up will be. I have been in a fever the last two days. It is very pleasant once in a while to find out how much people think of you.

OCTOBER 16.

All the banks in Hartford but one have suspended, — in fact, all over the country it is the same, consequently merchants look brighter. The bills of the suspended banks pass perfectly well. The chief difficulty is scarcity of change, specie being locked up. I consider you rather a fastidious correspondent. You don't care to have me write the events of every day, but what, I beg to know, do you expect me to write? I have very few stirring adventures, or hair-breadth escapes. There is no civil war or revolution. I could write you an essay on Logic if you wished it, or a Treatise on Educational Institutions, but I think that would not be very interesting. I am sorry you are grown so ambitious as not to be satisfied with common things. As for me, I am content to walk in the path of duty, be it ever so humble.

OCTOBER 17.

I want you to send that ten-dollar bill back to me. I have had the credit of my generosity and now I

want my bill. Seriously, I wish you would send it to me in the course of a week, as I can use it advantageously at its par value, and when money gets agoing again, I will send you a bill in exchange. All the banks but one in H. having suspended, one is just as good as another. I have about five dollars in silver which I have to use in an emergency. If I lose, and if you lose, our property — we *will* “travel on the continent” sure enough. I am not afraid, however. Now that the banks have suspended, business men seem to look brighter.

Sunday, Dr. Hawes preached a sermon on “the times.” As it had been announced in the papers, a good many from other churches were present. Mr. Warburton did not like it. “How hardly shall they that have riches, etc.” Mr. W., however, does not like Dr. Hawes over-much at any time. In the afternoon there were two strangers, ladies, in the pew. I was there first. I stood to let them go by me. Only one attempted it. I had on hoops. She had on hoops. I compressed. She compressed. Tug — squeeze — push — there we go. No, her shawl has caught in my palm-leaf fan. Can’t move — won’t come off. Oh, dear! what a time. The next time I shall not try to let a lady go by.

OCTOBER 19.

Thursday I received a letter from Dr. Bailey, in which he says: “Dear Gail: The author, a Virginia woman whom I know not, wishes me to send this to you. After reading it you may blow a hurricane rather than a *Gale*. Abominably yours, G. Bailey.” The woman goes on to say: “Dear Gail Hamilton: Pardon the familiarity of my address, but I have read you smilingly (you gay, merry sprite) for so many

pleasant autumn evenings, that to address you as a stranger just now seems to be a moral impossibility." After going on a page or two in this way, she says: "I want to tell you some of my impressions about you. In the first place, I was 'impressed' with the idea that you were a spritely '*bachelor*' incog., dashing off witty speeches in irresistible style, with no better end in view than to 'turn young damsels' heads.'" A very non-complimentary idea, was it not? "Well, don't be offended. You'll allow, dear Gail, that you *do* write a little masculinely, and make an occasional 'speech' which might sound in better taste coming from a bearded lip than from gentle rose-bud lips like yours. Now let me admonish you, dear Gail (I've no desire to raise a '*gale*'), that although I love you dearly as a child of genius, I must tell you plainly that it pains me to have you veil your better nature thus. You were never made to trifle and dally thus, be assured. Why not rouse those dormant powers and wield your pen as I am sure you can, so as to make yourself both useful and distinguished." — and so on. What do you think is best to do about it? "Dormant powers," indeed. She evidently thinks I have nothing to do but write and does not know that my writing is but a recreation after a hard day's work.

In the afternoon Mr. Smith was in school. I had on my new blue silk. He said: "Do you want to know what I thought when I saw you standing on the platform?" Of course I did. "Well, of that verse, 'and all the blue ethereal sky'" — which I consider a very remarkable example of poetical enthusiasm in Thomas Smith, Esq., saddle-maker. Had a letter from Augusta containing the unfortunate ten-dollar bill which has caused so much trouble. I knew I

could use it here, and I thought she could not there. Sunday Mr. Eustis, of New Haven, preached. I liked him very much, and I believe people generally did. In the evening I read Miss Beecher's new work, which I considered so heterodox. I was not particularly impressed.

JANUARY 4, 1858.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I wished very much last Saturday night that I could send you word of my safe arrival, but I suppose you have before this concluded that no news is good news. Sunday I went to church. Coming home, Mr. C. gave me a letter which he had sent me last Monday. It had been sent from Hamilton to Hartford. In it he had directed me to see certain teachers in Lawrence, Danvers, Salem, Fall River, Framingham, etc. My expenses were to be paid. I should have spent the Sabbath with you in Cambridge, and had a grand time riding round. He was very much disappointed that I did not receive the letter. Found also a letter from Grace Greenwood and her husband. She says: "My dear Mad-cap: Your cool refreshing letter of the 9th came in due time. Did you rightly know, when penning it, whether you stood on your topsy or your turvy? I owe you for another long hearty laugh, but to pay you now is 'past my power.'" The letter from her husband is as much of a "wild-cat" as was mine. Among other things, he says: "Tell her if she does not treat me better I won't let you run over to Hartford when you make your visit to New York in February." So I suppose she has such a thing in mind.

I understand Dr. Murdock has decided to accept his Boston call. I think I shall read a part of his sermon to him the next time I see him. I have copied it

on another sheet and send it to you. I went last night with Mrs. Owen and Miss Tallant to a lecture by Dr. I. Hayes, a gentleman who accompanied Dr. Kane in his Arctic expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. I was very much interested, and should have been if Dr. Kane's dog had lectured. He was a rather small, slight man, who did not look as if he could ever have craved tallow candles, or eaten raw rats. What would Alvin say to see an Esquimaux eating ten or twelve pounds of walrus beef at a meal? His lecture was very simple and conversational in style.

FEBRUARY 11.

I went out skating for the first time last Monday evening — Sam, Henry, Bessie, Sarah, Maria, a Miss Taintor, who is visiting here, and myself. We took a lantern. They fastened my skates on and I managed to stand, and finally went round the pond twice alone, fell down twice, and was considered quite an expert scholar.

James Russell Lowell, the Poet, of Cambridge or Boston, delivered a poem on music before the Institute last Tuesday. I liked it very well — some parts very well. Yesterday forenoon I went over to the Seminary to hear a class in Logic, the first time I have been to the Seminary since I taught there. The building has been greatly improved. I waited and waited with Miss Parker, but the class did not come down, and finally Miss Ramsay sent down word that it would not recite that day, so I returned as I went. I have an invitation to tea to-morrow evening at Mr. Watkinson's, with Mr. and Mrs. Pres. Goodwin, and rather think I shall go.

FEBRUARY 15.

An eye is not to be trifled with. It is a consolation to reflect that if I ever do become blind I shall not be wholly companionless, isolated, and desolate. Still, I would rather have my one eye than the best reader in the world. "What about writing for the 'Congregationalist'?" Why, nothing in particular, only I took it into my head to write a little story for them and did so, and sent it, and they, you see, thought it was mighty good and wanted to make an engagement with me, I "*spose*," but had their hands full already, and so, to keep me along, sent me a couple of dollars. Little enough to be sure, but it didn't take long to write it and seventy-five cents an hour is not bad, particularly when you would not be doing anything else. Well, that two dollars is gone except forty-nine cents, and for mercy's sake if you have any money belonging to me send it on, and do it quick if you don't want me to go distracted. I learn in various ways the authors in the "Atlantic Monthly"—sometimes by the newspapers, sometimes by the style, and sometimes by private information. Fred Perkins, son of Mrs. Stowe's sister, wrote "The Librarian's Story" in the last one. Please put it down in the magazine.

The "Home Journal" I send with this has in it a marked paragraph about Wright, the Artist. The lady referred to is Mary Peck. She is rich, beautiful, intelligent, enthusiastic, sensible, graceful, charming. At least, so I gather from some of her friends. She comes to our school once a week to take lessons in French of Miss Tallant, who likes her. Miss T. spent an evening with her a few days ago, and this Mr. Wright was there. She did not know at the time that they were engaged. I went to Mrs. Watkinson's

to tea Friday. Mrs. Watkinson is mother of Mrs. Huntington. They are English, at least he is — house full of pictures, engravings, etc., and oh, my! father, they had a smashing fire in the parlor and another in the dining-room, I believe, and more than all, a smashing fire in the entry and nobody anywhere near it. I suppose they had a fire in the kitchen, as we had tea and oysters, but I don't know. Saturday morning, about eleven o'clock, I took my skates and marched over to Mr. Gillette's and several of us went down to the river and skated till dinner time. The river flows by their house. I made out a little. When I was tired I seated myself on a sled and Edward Gillette skated me away down, down river ever so far. It was splendid. After dinner I intended to go home, but a gentleman came from Farmington with his skates and they all wanted me to stay so much that I did and we went to the river again. This time I improved considerably. The gentleman was a very fine skater and cut all sorts of antics on the ice, said that he thought in two or three days more I should skate quite easily. Alas! the snow has come and spoiled the skating and I am afraid I shall lose what I have gained. Your caution is very good but needless, as I do not go on the ice alone but only where several have preceded me. Consequently they would probably break in first. They jump and stamp about in all directions, and *I* could not break the ice if I wished. Augusta, can't you imagine the "halliballoo" of getting mother away to Beverly? Don't you wish you had been there? Did father offer any opinion as to the flight of time, the necessity of facilitating matters as much as possible, or a suggestion touching the inexorable punctuality of

cars? Secondly, father's kind supervision of the dinner in mother's absence, and your quiet internal chuckle thereat.

Mother, you seem to lie under a mistake in wishing me not to skate on deep ponds. The ice always comes to the top of the water. Consequently, whether the pond be deep or shallow, we don't skate in the water at all, which besides being inconvenient, would be very uncomfortable in cold weather.

FEBRUARY 23.

I am very busy now in school — very busy — ordinary and extraordinary things about fill up my time. One of the extraordinaries was that I yesterday learned that two of our girls had not spoken to each other since last May. Miss Hunt had talked to each of them and tried to have them make up, in vain. She wanted me to take them in hand and see what I could effect. I was determined to have no such folly in school. I took them both together into my recitation room this noon and “pitched into them” pell mell, made them shake hands and say good morning, and promise to say good morning and good night every day for a week, and never to hear any one else say anything against either of the others without telling that person it should be investigated, so that was settled. Then the boys want to get up a kind of exhibition, speaking pieces, etc. Mr. Curtis and myself both felt sorry. They wanted me to go and hear them rehearse last night, so I did and found they had selected a regular “blood and thunder” piece, have nine pistols discharged, and two or three people shot dead. Question is to get them to give up the piece and the whole thing. I took one of the prominent

boys upstairs to-night and talked with him. He acquiesced and promised to speak with some of the other boys, but how it will turn out, I don't know. So the time passes and examinations commence in a month and then!

MARCH 2.

MY DEAR MOTHER: The spring is come, but we are having a most wintry, if not *the* most wintry day of the season. I am up, however, and writing to you before breakfast. I have also this morning finished a letter to Ellen Hobbs. I wrote to her New Year's time and did not receive her answer till yesterday. You know when she wrote to me a year ago, she had a little boy ten weeks old. He died last September. He was very sensitive, intellectual, and precocious. Though only ten months old at the time of his death, he talked considerably — of course he died. She has now a little girl three months old, commonplace and pretty and will very likely live. Two of her brothers are in college and one at Exeter. I don't often write a second New Year's letter, but I thought I would answer hers. Her husband has built a house out of town, where they are now living. Her sister, who was married shortly before I visited Wakefield, has three children. So goes the world — marriages, births, deaths, and moral reflections.

What was the matter with Abigail Annable? Death would be to her nothing but great gain, but I think Mrs. — must be a good deal surprised during her first few days in heaven. She has probably had her opinions a good deal modified on some points by this time. It seems to me there has been an unusual amount of illness and death lately in your vicinity. Thanks to God that death may be only a transfer to a

higher and holier life! It often seems strange to me that we, who believe in a happy immortality, should so fear to die. I suppose there will always be a natural shrinking from it, yet we *can* trust God so much as to trust Him even in the dark valley, and especially when we think of the joy that waits for us beyond. I have thought about this lately more than usual, and the more I think of it, the less fearful it seems to me.

How long has S's baby been sick? I hope it will not live to be deficient in intellectual power. In fact, I don't think there is much objection to babies dying anyway. They miss a great deal of pain and sorrow. I don't suppose C —— would thank me for saying it. Your children, mother, had first, strong constitutions; secondly, plenty of fresh air; thirdly, coarse food; and fourthly, were not nursed and petted to death — therefore they did not have fits.

I bought to-day a cunning pair of little white thibet shoes embroidered with brown silk, to send to Mr. Capron's baby, who is on the way to this vale of tears, and have done them up with the following note, which you may read, if you wish, and if you don't, you need not:

Little Baby feet, patter, patter,
Coming hither down the road from Heaven —
Little Baby cheek, rest softly
On the Mother's breast God hath given —
Little Baby life, float lightly
In the sea of love round thee flowing
Little Baby sun, rise brightly,
Far be the night of thy going —
Little Baby soul, love wisdom
Borne to thee in fatherly caresses —

Little Baby heart, learn goodness
 Dropt to thee in motherly kisses —
 Love-guided wisdom be thy pole-star,
 So shall the Earth-life given,
 Be but a firm and gentle treading
 Back again along the road to Heaven.

MAY 24.

I have a class in Literature in the morning and one in the afternoon, that is all the regular classes. I have besides the care of all the compositions. Bertha Olmsted teaches in the morning only. Miss Hunt, Tallant, and I are going to read Virgil together at noon by way of brushing up our Latinity. Mr. Washburn, the Rector of St. John's Church (Episcopal), is delivering a course of lectures on English Literature before the Senior Class of Trinity College, and the public are invited to attend, so I take my class, which has been studying it a year, and go. They are twice a week, generally Wednesday and Friday at half-past two, and last perhaps an hour and a half. The public don't respond to the invitation so readily as they might. I find he goes over nearly the same ground that I have in my classes, but it is very good for them as a review.

I bought some erasive soap that professes to take out spots without taking out color and applied it to that huge spot on my blue dress. It has done all it professed to do as regards taking out the spot, and what it professed not to do in taking out the color. Still, it is an improvement on the dark spot, as it only looks a little lighter than the rest, and may be attributed to light and shade, but the best receipt after all for taking spots of any kind out of silk dresses, is not to get them on.

I went into a picture shop with Miss Tallant the other day to see an aquarium, and it was really worth seeing. It is a glass box with pebbles and sand in the bottom and plants growing up among them and fishes, lizards, etc., darting about. It is in fact a miniature ocean. I wish you could see one. By the way, your collar is universally admired. Mrs. Owen noticed it of herself. I told her you worked it. "What!" she said in astonishment, "your mother!" It was the close worked one. I have not worn the other yet. The people here have a way of calling me "John," in allusion to my shorn locks, I suppose.

MAY 31.

I had a letter from Grace Friday. Her husband sent "tell G. H. my soul yet lies at her feet waiting to be picked up by her gracious hands," whereat Grace asks "are you good at finding small valuables?" whereat I replied "Leander lies at my feet, does, he? I dare say he lied at yours once, didn't he? It's my opinion he would lie anywhere." He looked over her letter afterwards and professed himself indignant at the way in which she had desecrated and ridiculed his most loving and eloquent message, and said that if his soul chanced to flutter down to the delicate Chinese terminations of any other woman, why, perspective has a most annihilating effect upon it — and I said to Grace I would not be content with letting perspective have an annihilating effect on his soul as he probably would not mind that in the least, but I would let a broomstick do the same good office to his body, where he would, doubtless be more vulnerable. Ain't I "cunning, and couldn't I throw this pumpkin right over the meeting-house with my little finger?"

Mr. Thomas K. Beecher, who used to be the Principal of the High School, preached for Dr. Bushnell in the forenoon, and I went to hear him. It was a preliminary discourse to one he was to preach in the evening. Heard Dr. Hawes in the afternoon, in the evening Mr. Beecher. I liked him much better than in the morning. The disagreeablenesses were not so prominent and there was more substance. He reminds you occasionally of his brother, Henry Ward. I believe he is about thirty years old. Very slight, thin, and fair, but strong. The story runs that after he left the High School here — where he did not succeed very well, he was very young — he lounged around New York awhile and finally thought, well, he didn't know, guessed he'd be a minister. The Association met in a week, he went, was examined, admitted, preached a sermon, and *was* a minister.

JUNE 16.

I am perfectly well and strong and vigorous, and don't even get very tired, so you need not have any anxiety about me. My vases and tumblers and mugs are all full of flowers which the scholars have brought. One of my boys brought me a note from a boy who does not now attend school, asking me to excuse the first one from school, that they might take a walk in the woods together. As they were both good boys I let them go, and when I was going home from school, I met them with their hands full of checkerberry leaves, which they gave me, saying they had picked them for me, as a kind of peace offering, I suppose. Saturday I did a variety of mending, more sewing than I have done before in all the term, I rather think, and went to a prayer meeting in the after-

noon. I have not been before this term, but as it was very rainy, and I thought there would not be many there, I concluded to sanction it with my presence. That is my principle. I don't feel it a particular duty to go to church when everybody else goes.

Mr. Wilcox has had an invitation to go to Sandwich Islands to be Professor in a college in Honolulu. The gentleman who was after him was here Wednesday and wanted him to decide that night. He said he could not decide without going to New Haven to see his mother, so they went down that night, was to return in the morning but did not, telegraphed to me at ten o'clock that he was detained till noon, and that "probabilities were poised." He did not come at noon, and I have not yet seen him. His mother's only brother is living in Honolulu, and several ladies of his father's congregation, and he thinks his mother and sisters might possibly go with him. Salary would be fifteen hundred dollars a year. We rather advise him to go.

JUNE 23.

Grace Greenwood or rather her husband sent me a very nice organdie muslin dress pattern last Saturday. In writing to him a few days before, I sent him three samples of muslin, asking him which he advised me to buy. He replied that he thought them all too much inclined to lilac to suit my complexion, and so ventured to send me a dress, and as one good turn deserves another, he sent me enclosed two bits of black and white checked cloth, and begged to know which I thought would be the best to mend his black trousers with! He did not say whether he expected me to send him a new pair of trousers by return of mail.

JUNE 25.

Mrs. Downing is a lady from Newburgh, New York. Do you remember the burning of the steamship "Henry Clay," on Hudson River, several years ago? It was very near shore, and many swam and were saved, but many lost. She and her husband, mother, and sister were on board. He was a good swimmer, and got her safe on shore, but in trying to save the others was himself drowned. It is supposed that some one clung to him and drew him under. He was perhaps the finest designer, or architect, in the country, and in the prime of life. This lady is his widow. I took out also a letter from Mr. Lippincott, Grace G.'s husband, who declared that if he should be asked to point out a goose, and the goosiest goose that ever moulted feather, he should direct the person so asking, to me.

Mother, if you don't want to go to heaven before your time don't do anything this warm weather. Fasten up the doors, sit in the smallest possible quantity of clothing, and take a palm-leaf fan, which, by the way, may be had for three cents. Don't you want me to invest in them for you?

Good morning,

Yours affectionately,

ABBY.

Sunday I did not go to church, but read and rested and slept at home. Monday John carried me to school. I had a little headache, but not of any consequence. At noon I went to Mrs. Olmsted's to dinner. Aunt Maria was there from Litchfield. They began to scold because I had stayed away so long, but after I told them I had been sick, kept on scold-

ing because I came out so soon. Mrs. Olmsted persists in her belief that I shall finally be insane. Other people, I am bound to add, do not give her much credit. Tuesday morning it was very warm and pleasant, and I walked to school. Miss Perkins, daughter of the sister of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and a Miss Beecher, who I believe is herself a teacher, were in school awhile in the morning. Towards noon it rained and I rode home and back again. I mention this that you may see I have good care taken of me. In fact, I have only to hint a wish, and a horse, carriage, and man are at my disposal. For two or three days, I am sorry to say, there had been a slight rent in my velvet belt where I wear my watch, and I am sorrier to say my watch had several times slipped out, and I am sorriest of all to say that Tuesday noon it came out with a crash against one of the benches, and smash went the crystal! I gathered up the fragments and distributed them among the Senior class as mementoes of me. (The belt is not mended yet. Don't scold.) Tuesday night I went to Mrs. Owen's to tea, and to go to Brownlee Brown's lecture on painting, but Mrs. Owen was going to a party. She gave me her ticket, however, and I went over to the Hunt's and went with them, and afterwards returned to Mrs. Owen's and spent the night. To-day I went to Bolles and Roberts' with Misses Tallant and Hunt, to look at pictures, among others one of East Rock, New Haven.

SEPTEMBER 17.

The expected letter came yesterday. He says: "We are satisfied and gratified. Come, then, just as soon as you can, and advise us of the time of your starting. If I could be certain of the day and hour

of your arrival, I or some one would meet you with my carriage. As to money matters 'be aisy.' I know something about the sore point in women. Better not let the Hartford people persuade you to stay even a week," etc., etc.

I had a letter from L. K. L. last Thursday containing a photograph of Grace. It is a very handsome face and must, I think, be rather flattering, as I have always understood that she is not handsome. The eyes and hair are very fine. I sent her a letter the next day announcing my decision to go to Washington, and asking about the disposition of her essay. I will let you know when I hear from her. I have delayed finishing this letter because I wanted to give you some definite information about my journey. Miss —— is here in town. She came down to see me yesterday at the schoolhouse, and spent an hour in giving me information on various subjects connected with Washington. She was very happy there, but I am perfectly certain that I shall be awfully homesick. They dine at three, and have supper at eight, brought into the parlor by two waiters, and there is always, almost, company there. That of itself will be horrible. Only she says Dr. Bailey is not well, and that may be a reason why they will be more quiet than they have been. I am sorry he is ill, but on the other hand I cannot say I wish to be swallowed up by society. Well, as you very justly remarked, one can bear to be homesick for a year. Mr. Huntington says he hopes Dr. Bailey lives where he can say "Good morning" to me once in a while. He said yesterday he should call early and take me over to Georgetown to see the monks and nuns, etc. One of my old grad-

uates sent me yesterday a glass dish of grapes and flowers as a farewell gift.

Now about your coming. I want you to come. I think I shall be able to get ready so that the most of my time can be devoted to you, and you can be introduced to the lions on Saturday at least. You need not come solely on my account, or because you think I shall be disappointed if you don't. I want you to come to see Hartford. I shall take you down to see some of my friends if you would like to see them, and I think you would.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 29, 1858.

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At the station I found several of the teachers and all the girls of the Senior class except one who is in New York, and all the boys who are in town — of course there was a crowd. When I entered the cars I had to pass through two or three before I could find a seat, and they would all move when I moved, forming a very respectable procession. When I subsided they collected round the window and altogether looked so funny I could not tell whether to laugh or cry, so did both, I believe. We went on to New Haven — Mr. Curtis, Mr. Owen, and I — then to New York with Mr. Owen, where we stayed over night. In the evening we patronized the Academy of Music. Now, mother, the A. of M. is not a theatre, not in the least. It is an Italian Opera. The building is new and very splendid in its way, but not the least bit like our *meeting-house*! There is an enormous amount of white paint and gilding, and red cloth, and little cupids without any clothes on, stuck all over it, and a great many women who thought they looked pretty

and did, and a great many more who thought they did and didn't — and some had on bonnets and some had none — and many Germans and many Americans with hair on their lips and occasionally on their heads, fluttered about here and there — a man by the stage in white kid gloves whisked his stick, and then the music began, and the curtain rose, and there was a wood, then twenty or thirty men marched into the wood, and none of their stockings came up to their knees, and none of their frocks came down, and not a *trowser* among them all, and everything they said was in Italian, and they did not say anything at all but sung it — and they flourished awhile, and then went off and a couple of women came on dressed in an out of the way style, and one seemed to be in great distress and the other with an arm like a sledge-hammer was continually picking her up when she fainted and lopped — which was no easy matter, for she kept up a steady fainting and lopping all the time, till a man came and the *sledge-hammer* went off, and the other bounced into the man's arms and the man bounced into hers, and then they bounced back again and so on till that scene was over.

Then thirty or forty more men and women came on and one was supposed to be a prince, with white embroidered pantalets a deal too short and ankle-tie shoes and a light blue thing that was put on for a coat but was more like a short night-gown, and he wanted to marry the fainting lady and she did not want to marry him, and one yelled and another yelled and they all yelled, and she went into a perfect thunder shower of fainting fits, and they got into a terrible muss generally and the Italian opera was over — or rather two acts were over, for we didn't

stay to see it out. Then I went home and went to bed and had a very comfortable night's sleep. After an early breakfast, was taken to the ferry boat, Mr. Owen crossing with me, when he found a Mr. C. who was going to Philadelphia, and consigned me to his care. He was familiar with the route and pointed out all the objects of interest. At Philadelphia Mr. C. found a Mr. M. from Mississippi who was going to Washington. He was a very sensible man and slept most of the time, except when I spoke to him, which I did occasionally to see him *jump*. He had a bad habit of receiving my most trifling remarks with an air of deep solemnity, which was very provoking. It is bad enough to *say foolish* things, but it is a good deal worse to have people think that you think you have said something wise. Then he would be asleep when we had to change, and I would spare his feelings and not wake him, knowing that the people jostling against him in passing out would do that, and suddenly he would start up and look wildly around and say, "Are you going to get out?" "Perhaps weh ad better, sir, the people seem to be getting out." I managed to pick up his things for him and poke him along till we got safely to Washington, but it was a great care for me. We had to change cars ever so many times — crossed rivers in boats three times — the Hudson, Delaware, and Susquehanna. We rode through Philadelphia and Baltimore in horse cars. Marcellus met me at the station in Washington and took me home. It was about eight o'clock when we got to the house, where I saw the whole family. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey are very polite and kind and home-like. You are to give yourself no uneasiness about me, as I really think I shall be very comfortable.

SEPTEMBER 30.

DEAR "OLD FOLKS AT HOME": Where did I leave you last? Did I tell you about going down the first evening, and about Grace Greenwood's picture? It hangs in the parlor and represents her as a very handsome woman. They told me about her being here, and her husband boarded opposite and used to be sending love letters over to her, Marcellus said. They talked about Mr. Wood, too, and gave him a great many virtues. I asked if he wore gold-bowed spectacles, and was told that he did, and was showed his portrait. He looks as clever as a kitten. He is away now, but is very enthusiastic, I am told, at the prospect of G. H.'s advent. I forgot to tell you that when we were driving to the ferry, Mr. Owen and I had a confidential talk. He said I knew that as long as the present administration lasted, there would always be a place in the High School for me. I said, suppose there should be no vacancy. He said that if I expressed a wish at any time to return, there would be a vacancy found fast enough, and if no other way opened, they would increase the number of teachers for awhile, so that if I found in the course of five or six weeks I was not going to like, to have no delicacy about returning. I don't think I shall, but it is pleasant to know I can. Mr. C. told me on the way that I should find a great difference in treatment at the South, that people there thought much more of my profession than people at the North. I replied at once that I did not wish to be treated any better than I had been, that I had been more than appreciated and wondered that people thought as much of me as they did. He looked slightly astonished, but I wasn't

going to have him considering me as one of the down-trodden.

Dr. and Mrs. Bailey both said that I must have one day to look round in, so they ordered the carriage and drove me round the city to get a general view. The streets are very broad and everything has an unfinished look, and nearly everything is unfinished, but the buildings will be splendid when they are finished. The Potomac is a broad and beautiful river, not very pretty color, but bright in the sun and with green and wooded banks. Pennsylvania Avenue is the main street, and has the Capitol at one end and the White House at the other. The latter is smaller and more home-like than I supposed, and the public buildings far finer and grander. There are very few elegant private residences. Judge Douglas' house, Lord Napier's, and some others were pointed out to me. It will take at least a year to see all I want to see. We did not examine anything yesterday. I will enter into details when I have details to enter into. After I returned home, Judge Huntington called to see me and stayed till dinner time. I was very glad to see him, and rather surprised, as I had not supposed he would call so soon. After dinner — (and by the way, Augusta, we don't live in the way you surmise at all. We have hot corn-bread and biscuits, cold bread, meat, etc., at breakfast; sweet potatoes, one or two kinds of meat, sauce, beans, fruit, etc., for dinner, and supper I have been down to only once) — I wrote letters most of the time to you and Mr. Curtis, the latter of which I bequeathed to the citizens of Hartford generally.

Yesterday afternoon we took a delightful drive into the country. In fact, we drive every day after dinner,

not missing a day. They have a large carriage, two seats, with the top thrown back, I don't know what you call it. We get through dinner about four. I shall not drive every day, as I want the time, but the weather is very delightful now, and I want to see everything. You just go across a common and you are in the country at once, and a "very pretty country," as Mr. Mitchell would say. A great many trees and beautiful trees; cedar, just as regular as if they were trimmed every day, and hills and woods and water. Oh, it is magnificent. I haven't enjoyed anything so much as that drive in the country. Mr. Corcoran's house and grounds are splendid and splendidly laid out. Do you not remember reading about a rich banker in Washington who had a fuss about his daughter and a Spanish cavalier? Well, he is the man. Senators Douglas, Rice, and Vice-President Breckenridge live in one block of dingy, ugly old brick houses, though they are said to be very elegant inside. In the evening a Miss Hatty Lindsay, who visited in Hartford, and who is the sister of Mrs. Washburn, Judge Huntington's minister, was here. She came up into my room a little while. Afterwards Mr. Huntington called and spent the evening with me. I am waiting for him now to call and go up to the Capitol with me. His office is in the Capitol and he knows all about it, of course, so I shall have a fine chance to see things. I finished a piece for the "Congregationalist" this morning. I have my table in the corner of my room and it is about covered with the gifts of my friends.

I have just been reading an account of the burning of the "Austria." That Mr. Busch was lost on board it. He was drawing-teacher in our school. I went to

the Capitol this morning and tired myself out with sight-seeing. I can't begin to tell you half. First we went to Judge H.'s rooms. The ceiling and walls are all painted in oil and frescoed, and it is so in all the rooms. Beautiful paintings, imitating those found in the old Greek and Roman cities. Tapestry carpets, and velvet chairs, and marble-top sinks, and plated pitchers, and everything is on the same scale in all the smaller office and committee rooms. The new senate chamber, not yet finished, is a marvel of gilding and paint, simple and really pretty I think — altogether unlike the Musical Academy at New York, yet very elaborate. In the room of the Court of Claims there are, I believe, three windows only, the curtains and curtain fixtures to which cost \$750.00. They are a red woollen cloth, wrought with yellow silk, and manufactured in Manchester, England, and very heavy and rich. The tops as well as the sides of the rooms are all painted with pictures, you must remember. For instance, there will be an oblong place of the size and shape of a large window, painted blue, and ornamented all around, and in the centre of the blue, a woman. In the Senate and House there are no paintings, but the cornices, ceiling, etc., are white and gold. We went, also, into the old Senate chamber. I wanted to ask which was Charles Sumner's seat, but I did not. However, Mr. H. pointed that out to me first of all. I made myself at home in the Speaker's stand, went up in the galleries, opened the desks, went down cellar and saw the machinery for warming and ventilating the building, which is about the most wonderful part of the whole, — and, oh! wouldn't it make father hitch to see the fires they keep, even now, night and day, — into the library, and

oh! the books, and the tasteful room, and the balustrades, and oh! the splendid marble columns, and the balusters of red marble, and the statuary that is going to be put up when the whole is finished; and oh! the views from the windows, and oh! my, well, I can't give you the least idea of it anyway. The building itself covers eight acres, and the grounds eight thousand for aught I know. I don't know how extensive they are. The wings are new, the centre is the old Capitol. The north wing contains the Senate. The south contains the House. The central dome is also unfinished. It is to be raised, I should think, more than twice as high as it now is. There does not seem to be any wood about the building. The staircases are of marble, the balusters marble, overhead it is either iron or painted. The dome is of iron. The grounds are very fine and extensive. I went up there this evening to hear the band play. A motley group was collected. We are having delightful weather for almost anything — cool enough to be comfortable, and warm enough to sit out doors and talk. The streets are very dusty. I went downstairs this evening and had a pleasant enough time, but I heard the door-bell ring, and scud, notwithstanding Dr. Bailey called to me to wait and see who it was.

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FIRST YEAR IN WASHINGTON

1858-1859

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FIRST YEAR IN WASHINGTON

1858-1859

OCTOBER 5.

You are anxious to have "a history of the operation of the water-works," leaving Hartford. You want to gloat over them, don't you? Very well, here goes. Monday morning I gave particular notice that I did not want my friends to bid me good-bye. So when the time came, I went down into the closet to put on my bonnet and shawl like a sensible person, but Miss Hunt must needs come down and set to, and of course that upset me, so I indulged in a hysteric or two on the spot, and then "choked off." When I got to Mr. Owen's he was just going into his garden, and he began to scold me for wearing my veil down, and to make me lift it up, and then I began to laugh, etc., again, so he cried "There! stop that!" and finally poked off upstairs and said he was sure he did not know what to do, and should send down Mrs. O. and the Dr. I sat on the foot of the stairs and Mrs. Owen and the Dr. came to the head. The latter prescribed a brandy sling which Mr. O. prepared and I drank with Spartan firmness. So with occasional essays at navigation I went on dry land for the greater part of the journey. In the afternoon we took a

drive through the grounds of the Mr. Corcoran whom I have mentioned before. Everything except the house is on a fine scale. Old stone bridges with ivy trailing over them, broad fields trimmed like a lawn, a plantation of young trees to be transplanted, forests of old trees that never were transplanted, stone barns, and stables, and pens, and a little wooden cottage, and a big stone porter's lodge, bear witness of the purse and the taste of the great Mr. Corcoran, who began life as a poor boy, and will probably end it as a rich man, leaving as much of his property as he chooses to his only daughter, whom report declares to be silly and avaricious. The gold-spectacled Theban has not yet entered the capital city of America, but the frequent mention of his name prevents a withdrawal of my interest in him. Saturday evening I went down to look at the comet, but the comet was not visible behind clouds.

OCTOBER 11.

Mrs. Bailey informed me that she had had twelve children. They lost five children in Cincinnati, and one, the youngest, since they came to Washington. Marcellus, the eldest, is their fifth child. There was but a year's difference between the ages of several. They have been mobbed three times, twice in Cincinnati and once in Washington. The Dr. has three printing-presses in the Ohio River. During the first six months of their residence in Washington but one lady called on Mrs. Bailey. When they were mobbed here, the excitement and tumult lasted, I believe, three days. One night their friends came in, took up their sleeping children from the bed and carried them to the house of the Mayor for safety. The trouble was his persisting in publishing an anti-slavery news-

paper. Dr. Bailey has been in Washington twelve years, and has never had any trouble since the second year.

Wednesday, October 13. He has come, the "gold-spectacled Theban." Little Maggie came up into my room last night and said — "There is a gentleman downstairs who wants to see you very much." I said at once, Mr. Wood? "The same." I asked her if her father sent her up. She said "No, but she knew Mr. Wood wanted to see me," for Frank said something about Miss Abby, and Mr. Wood jumped and said "Oh! where is she?" However, I made her go down without me. Presently up she trotted again: "Pa wants you to come downstairs very much, and Mr. Wood told me to tell you not to wait, to come right down this minute, he is very impatient to see you, but ma said, 'No, Maggie, don't tell her that, for she won't come if you do.'" So I took a slip of paper and wrote:

Let the line represent Miss Abby prostrate with terror at the feet of Mr. Wood. Corollary — Unable to move a step. Scholium — 'Fraid to. Lemma — (di). Given under my hand and seal —

and sent her down again. In the course of an hour or so, Fanny, the oldest girl, came up and said, "Pa wanted me to come down, that Mr. Wood would be very much disappointed if I did not." He had just come in from the cars, Fanny said, and had not been home, but had been up in ma's room and washed and "fixed" himself on purpose to see me, as he said he should be ashamed to have me see him covered with dust. She said moreover what was I going to do this winter? I answered, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." "Well," she said, "Pa said he was

going to pitch me right in." However, I thought I would not be pitched right in at once, and as I had set out not to go down, I might as well keep it up. So I wrote back something like this :

BULLETIN 2.

To the Autocrat of all the Baileys.

MY DEAR SIR: I suppose I am beginning to suffer the tortures of a long martyrdom. If I had been downstairs when Mr. Wood came, I should not have minded it, but as for going down now and making myself a spectacle to angels and to men, I cannot do it. Do you remember an attack of delirium tremens I had at Hartford about a year ago? Do you want to witness another such scene? What mean ye to break my heart? Anything you say to Mr. W. I will subscribe to, but don't ask me to come down.

Yours collapsingly,

M. A. D.

and I poked Fanny downstairs again and heard no more from them then. This morning when I went down to breakfast, the Dr. began, "Well, I think you *ought* to be called Miss *Dodge*," and went on berating me for not coming down. Mr. Wood would be very much grieved. Mr. Wood was on tenter-hooks, Marcellus said, and so they had it. I suppose I must make up my mind to face him to-night.

Thursday, October 14. The deed is done, the great victory achieved. About seven last night I reluctantly arose to put myself into presentable condition, donned my purple dotted muslin, brushed my luxuriant tresses, mits, collar, etc., and went downstairs. The door-bell rang, Mr. Wood was announced, and came in. We were introduced. He has been cruising round the country a long while, was in Hartford a few days after I left, and said he had hoped to

come on with me. We went on talking, the comet came up. I turned to Mrs. Bailey suddenly, saying, "there, I meant to look at the comet to-night." He put down his cup of tea, the cup on the table, the tea down his throat and said, "Come, I'll go with you to see it." So he put on his hat and I caught one of the children's and we posted down two or three streets after the comet. We did not see it, however, and I did not think we should all the time, as it was too late. Then we came back. We had a circle and I became quite interested in the conversation. He told us what he had done, and where he had been, and the distinguished people he had seen, and by and by he and the Dr. began to play backgammon and I "scud" upstairs. I don't like him so well as I expected. He looks younger than I expected to see him.

OCTOBER 25.

We went to see the Panorama as agreed upon. It was really fine, the first part in Australia, the two last in China, the latter particularly good, the burning of the English factories in Canton quite life-like, the Chinese buildings well portrayed, and those fellows, those rat-eating, chop-sticky, pig-tailed Chinamen, have an idea or two about living. Their houses are marvels of luxury. Quite an event that day was the finding of our cow. We have had one for ten years, and a few weeks before I came she was stolen, to the great regret of all the family. Since I came here, another one has been bought which disappeared for two days, giving rise to the fear that she had gone the way of her predecessor, but that night, as we were starting, we saw the cow heading for home. Fred ran back, told the people, and she was secured.

Dr. Bailey sent upstairs that he had ordered the horse at eleven o'clock and wanted me to go. So I did, and we rode till a few minutes to three, getting out occasionally to gather mosses, berries, flowers, etc., or to get a good view from the hills. We rode over "Georgetown Heights," famous in history. Mother's account of her jaunt to Ipswich on the occasion of the Teachers' Institute was amusing, instructive, and highly characteristic. Mother's inspirations are wonderful and so well timed. She is so fertile in devices. I was to go to hear Dr. Samson with Mr. Wood in the evening, but he did not come and I hear to-day that he is ill. I hope he will get well, for he is very convenient and a good Christian man, I think somewhat of the old-fashioned stamp, which is a *rara avis* in this latitude.

There has been here this evening a very celebrated individual, a woman of indomitable energy and perseverance, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines. A long while ago I read a story by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled "Phases in the Life of Mrs. Clark Gaines." Mrs. S. applied to Mrs. G. for the facts and wrote the story thereon. I should like to have you read it. I will tell you about her sometime if you don't know. She lays claim to a great part of the city of New Orleans, of which property she has been defrauded. Her claims have been before Congress some twenty years. It has been decided against her once and is coming up again this winter. She was twenty-six years old before she knew who she was, or anything about her relatives. The property is immense, she does not know how much. She was just leaving the room as I entered and I did not know who she was till she was gone, but she remains here this winter and I shall

probably have a chance to see her. She is a small, compact woman, a widow, very generous, with an indomitable love of right. I hope she will succeed and think she will. 10.30 P.M. Have come upstairs rather early and will just tell you that there has been a gentleman here this evening, a Mr. Benson, who has whistled most beautifully. He whistles an accompaniment and plays the piano. I don't know, however, which is the accompaniment, the piano or the whistling. It is perfectly charming, just like a bird. He imitated the song of the mocking-bird and the canary, etc. I never heard anything like it before. I had a splendid walk before breakfast this morning, alone, started twenty-five minutes past six, got home at eight.

A Mrs. Dr. —, whose daughter's husband is a rector in —, called on me the other evening. I don't see why she should. I have no doubt she is a very fine woman, a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a useful member of society, but I have not come here to be bored with calls from common people, I simply want to see the celebrities, and nobody else. I hope if this letter is ever published in my memoirs, my executors will cause this passage to be expunged.

Mr. Wood is beyond all price. He keeps close by me, and as I feel perfectly free with him I can ask him all manner of questions, and he knows everybody and everything about them; or I can keep still and say nothing and his presence serves to keep every one else away unless the whole company join together, and altogether I hope Mr. Wood's life will be spared so long as Destiny detains me in Washington.

It just occurs to me to say that if father wants to

hire a house right away there is one close by and very convenient, that he can have with all the furniture, price only three hundred dollars a month !

NOVEMBER 1.

Last Saturday I went to the Patent Office. It is an immense building and filled with glass cases containing models of machines that have been invented for every purpose under the sun almost. I saw also a collection of birds (stuffed) of the most beautiful plumage, pea green, French and Mazarin blue, purple, scarlet, crimson, yellow, etc. There was a model of the Washington Monument, the very printing-press at which Dr. Franklin worked, a model of the Bastile, that terrible French prison torn down by an infuriated mob years ago, a statue of Washington. The Patent Office itself is a most magnificent structure. Fred came up last evening and brought me a note from Mr. Wood containing a note and a copy of verses from a young lady acquaintance of his in Boston. She had written asking his advice as to the course she should pursue in life, whether her literary talent could be made available, what course of reading she should pursue, and Mr. Wood had recourse to me. The verses are tolerable, better in matter than in manner, and verses and letter both stiff. I wanted to write an answer to that and something else beside, so I told Fred I should not come downstairs that evening, unless Mrs. B. particularly wished it, as I was particularly engaged, but he returned immediately saying that Mr. Welling was here on purpose to see me, and it would be absolutely rude for her to excuse me and I must come down. I tore round and didn't swear, but should have done so if I had been addicted to profanity. I

mean I was in just that state of mind in which expletives seem to afford relief. I went down, lingering along and in a tremble all over. I stopped in the children's room and played with them awhile, then step by step till I was half way downstairs when I stopped again and listened to see if they might not be playing backgammon, or something of that sort, which would make my entrance less embarrassing. No, nothing was going on, so there was nothing for it but to "pitch in, school-ma'am," and I gathered up my forces and went. When I began to be a little calm I went to the mantel-piece to get some knitting-work that Mrs. B. had begun for me. She, unlike most ladies, keeps at work through all her calls, and not fancy work either. She is at present engaged on some good, stout, coarse blue stockings for her boys. Now I think it is a great deal less awkward to have your hands employed, so I begged some work and she bought an extra pair of needles and gave me some. I find I shall spend so much time in the parlor that I shall set up some knitting of my own. Well, I knit, and the conversation became general and I really enjoyed it. After Marcel had played several pieces and had left the piano, Mr. Welling came to me and asked me to give them a song. Didn't I? Then he begun to talk, and I don't know how it happened, but we got talking about the South and the North, and oh, dear me! it was a quarter to twelve when I got upstairs. However, I got along quite to my own satisfaction, that is, I did not make any awful blunders. I told them afterwards about my trepidation in coming down, and Dr. and Mrs. B. both said that I did not show it in the least, that I came in as easily and naturally as could be. Mr. Welling is

editor of the "National Intelligence"—a youngish man, perhaps thirty-five, with a rather bald head, black hair and whiskers, with the attendant white skin, small hands and feet, and medium size, agreeable, natural, and sensible, quite above the average in a conversational way—born in New Jersey, but has lived much in Virginia.

Mrs. Bailey and I were to make calls to-day on Mrs. Gen. Gaines, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and some other celebrated women. I wanted to see them, but I was afraid to go till Mrs. B. said I should not have to speak a word. Mrs. Stephens is the one who wrote Mrs. Gaines' story. She is somewhat noted as a writer.

NOVEMBER 6.

Took my letter to the office myself to go in the three o'clock mail. It is of course an immense building and there are many windows and boxes and I did not know where to go. Fred told me there was a "lady's window," and as I could see no letter box and there were so many men there that I did not like to go round looking it up, so I thought I would give my letter to the clerk at the lady's window, but as I thought, too, that I did not want him to think I knew so little as to suppose that was the right place, I thought I would make an errand and ask him if there were any letters there for me, and so hand him the letter carelessly. Well I did so, and he looked and said "yes," and gave me one from mother, dated October 26, and mailed, I cannot see when—then he said he believed there was another which had been advertised. I said, yes, there probably was, as I had lost one—he looked about and found three, one from Augusta, mailed October 14, another mailed October

9, I believe. A cent was due on each one for advertising, I suppose. I had no money and they never charge, he said. I thought of pawning my watch, but could scarcely bring my mind to it, and so ran home some three-quarters of a mile, got my three cents and took my letters. Nothing can be more free and easy than our social intercourse. I never feel as if I have got to entertain, or be entertained. Mr. Wood is in almost every evening, and either sits by me, or makes me sit by him. I change my place occasionally for the fun of seeing him strike a bee line for me the moment he comes into the room. I like the Dr. and his wife very much. The Dr. snaps out occasionally, but never to me, and when he does to his wife she only laughs at him. She says that when anything goes wrong at the whist-table he always gives her a poke whether it is her play or not. She is bright and smart, something like you, tinkers up all the broken chairs, varnished the parlor furniture herself, upholstered the sofa, and is brimful of energy. He and she are on terms of perfect equality, and the effect is seen in the equal respect which the children pay to both. *Friday night 10.30.* I have written this evening to you, Alvin, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Lippincott. In directing Mr. L's letter I got Bo down for Boston, instead of Philadelphia. I erased it and directed it properly, don't you think I am improving? Then I went on, wrote and finished my other letters, and was gathering them up to put away when my eye chanced to fall on the direction of Mr. L's, and I found I had directed to Massachusetts, instead of Pennsylvania. As I had told him in the letter about my last blunder I thought the joke too good to be lost, so I opened the letter again to write

down an account of this, and lo! instead of his letter, there was a sheet of yours! You'd better think I screamed then, though I was all alone. I think now I shall take all the letters in the morning and read them over severally, and put each one into its own wrapper that there may be no possibility of mistake. I don't think I am growing crazy, and I asked Mrs. Bailey and she said she did not see any symptoms.

Good-night.

NOVEMBER 8.

I had a letter from Miss Parsons, the lady who has taken my Literature classes in the High School, saying that she knew from the constant testimony of teachers and scholars how my classes had been taught, and could not bear the idea of spoiling them, that with one class she could do very well, but with the other she had been trying to struggle into a plan in vain, was in a perfect Slough of Despond, and wished I would help her on to sound ground again. I could not know how valuable any hints would be to her, etc., etc. She loved the school too much to wish to leave it, but should have certainly shrunk from it had she known beforehand. I wrote her that even-
ing a long letter and trust it will do her good.

Mr. Wood called for me and we went to walk down the Avenue (Pennsylvania, which is *the* Avenue) to see the promenading. After dinner is the walking hour. The men are out of their offices and the women out of their nurseries and all agog. We went into several bookstores and looked at pictures. Mr. Wood, being a literary man, has the entr e of them. His rooms are over one of them. One is next door to it.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

We investigated the President's House — that part of it which is open to investigation. First the vestibule, which is a large entry with a nowise remarkable oil-cloth carpet, and a few chairs, and the general impression conveyed was that it was rather dirty, though I don't suppose it was. Then came the famous "East Room," which is a monstrous one, long and not very narrow — a red and yellow pattern carpet, plenty of big looking glasses in gilt frames, a few tables, gilt and brown paper, gold and dust color, curtains of red brocatelle with gilt cornices, chairs of red brocatelle, and that is about all. We then went severally to the green room, the blue room, and the red room, which rooms are so distinguished on account of their color, paper, chairs, carpet, curtains, etc., being severally green, red, and blue. There was nothing remarkable — two very handsome vases of Sevres china. In one of the entrance ways were two centre tables and Mr. Wood said to the porter, "What under the sun does the President have those two things there for? It looks like any restaurant. I should think Miss Lane would have better taste." "It isn't Miss Lane," said he; "she does not want them, but the President will have them." There is a fine view of the Potomac and its shores from the back windows, and the grounds were well laid out in artificial hills, etc., — designed, I believe, by Mr. Adams when he was President. There is also an excellent statue of Mr. Jefferson in the front yard or park, only the bronze was defective and the action of the weather has defaced and dilapidated it.

I said I would tell you of Mr. Richardson's letter, did I? You saw in Hartford the letter he wrote sug-

gesting to me a correspondence. Well, I wrote to him that I would like to do it and all that, but I really didn't think I could write letters worth publishing, etc., etc. He wrote back to me, "With all due deference to your opinion, *I* think you can write letters from Washington worth publishing in the 'Congregationalist.'" He said they did not care much for letters before Congress commenced, but would like *one* as soon as I pleased. At the close of the letter he said, "Don't forget that you, Miss Mary Abby Dodge, alias 'Box,' are — the Washington Correspondent of the 'Congregationalist.'" Well, so you see, I scratched up a letter, the best I could, and sent it on with considerable misgiving. I got a letter from him this morning since I commenced this, saying, "Anxious to relieve you from the dread suspense you may be in as to the fate of your Washington letter, I write a line to say that although it was left over this week for want of room, it will appear in the 'Congregationalist' of the 19th., *Deo volente*. We should be glad to receive another letter from you immediately after Congress assembles." So I suppose that you will have seen that letter before this one. Now don't tell any one I wrote it. If any one asks you, you can say — well, say anything, *lie like fury*, but don't say I wrote it. (I believe I have lost my reputation with my mother and sister, so I shall say anything I like now.) Understand I have no idea that everybody won't find out to a dead certainty that I wrote it, but don't you tell them. To the Ipswich people you can simply say that I don't like to have you talk about my literary doings. Don't distress yourselves unduly, but I can write far more freely if I think no one knows the author. Your

remarks, my beloved sister, concerning my writing so hurriedly are very just — nevertheless I must tell you what Mr. R. says concerning that very story. “I overlooked your article — ‘The New Scholars’ till yesterday. It is capital. Could you write a book and have all the chapters equal to that, it would sell, and what is more, do good.” Still I think you are quite right. As a general thing articles written so, however good, might be made better by more care. But I only write children’s stories in that way. On regular grown-up pieces I spend a great deal of care and time, revise and correct till even you would be satisfied. Yes, I do expect to meet Burlingame this winter, and everybody else of any note in the Republican party. Very likely I shall not speak to them, or only to say “how dy’e do; pretty well,” but it is something to look at them, you know. I forgot to tell you that I went over the bridge across the Potomac last Friday morning before breakfast. I started from home about half-past six, did not intend to go over, but after finishing my walk in one direction, and finding it was not time to go home, wandered along till I came to the bridge and thought I would go on a little way, and so kept going till I got clear across. The bridge is just a mile long. I felt rather skittish, as I thought it was so far that if any one should try to harm me it would be of no use to scream, but I reflected that robbers and *sich like* were not out at that time of the morning. When nearly across, I was startled to see a man rise from one side of the bridge — he proved, however, to be only the one who had the care of the draw. I made his acquaintance and he gave me a good place to see a steamer which was towing two vessels through. He was

greatly struck with the rapidity of my walking, said it "didn't take me long to walk a mile."

Mr. Wood is not engaged in any business. He has a trusteeship, or something of that sort, which occupies him about four weeks in the year. The rest of his time is at his own disposal — and mine! He amuses himself with writing books. He has one now to come out in a few weeks. Won't the reviewers get hold of it? I expect they will tear him in pieces from what he has told me, so if you see any slashing criticisms, you need not therefore suppose that Mr. Wood is annihilated.

Last night Frank came upstairs and said that, "Pa said one evening of seclusion was admissible, but two were not allowed in the Old Bailey." I did not go downstairs the evening before, and it was after eight o'clock and I had not gone then, though I was intending to go when I had finished writing. Our waiter, James, has, I suppose, been married this evening. The nurse, a black girl also, was dressed for the wedding in white skirt and pink silk waist, and wore her hair in long curls. A—— was in and spent the evening last night, and several others. I should have been "bored to death" (I put quotations to save myself from swearing) if it had not been for Mr. Wood, and I tell you what, he is a jewel, and I am going to knit him a pair of stockings for a Christmas present; but don't you tell him, and by the way, I wish you not to speak of him, or at least casually, for he has friends and relatives all around you, and what I say may get to some of them and receive a false construction. He was here this noon for me to go to a picture gallery with him, but I wanted to call

on the Gallaudets, and so excused myself. He went part way over there with me.

I am now writing on Thanksgiving evening. It has been a very cold, dismal day. I did not go to church. I told Mr. Wood I supposed I must go to church, but I did not wish to go, as I wanted to stay at home and write. He advised me by all means to stay at home, though he went himself. If I could hear one really good sermon, such as Dr. Bushnell or Mr. Burton, or even Mr. Beadle preaches, I would go at any hour of the day or night, but as for listening on week days to such platitudes as I have generally heard here on Sundays, it is out of the question.

When I came home Marcel came upstairs immediately, brought me the "Congregationalist," your letter, and a slip of paper, which proved to be the end of a letter which Dr. B. had just received from the poet Whittier, in which he said, "Who is Gail Hamilton? That last poem was a very fine one. Thine truly, J. G. W." Has anybody else such an autograph as that? He gave me another also on which was written "Extract from a letter of Mr. Whittier's to Dr. G. Bailey. Respectfully presented to Miss Mary A. Dodge by her devoted admirer — (at a distance!)."

DECEMBER 4.

I am very glad Mr. Gilman has got a place. I have felt a deal interested in him. I hope you will get somebody to take care of *your* soul better than I have here to look after mine. I hope father is satisfied with the investment of my money. It is always well to have some one to look after our pecuniary interests, and who so well fitted as he who is by nature our nearest relative, wisest friend, and most experi-

enced counsellor? I expect "Sir's" blue eyes will turn up at this, and he will probably inquire, "Do you mean me?" I forgot to tell you that I saw the President yesterday. Mr. Wood pointed him out to me some time before we met, so that I put up my veil and took a good squint. He is tall and stout, with a very white, flabby face, and something peculiar about one of his eyes. He wore black, and a white cravat, and seems old. Saturday evening Mr. Wood brought over a couple of his new books just published, and gave one to me and one to the Dr. Mrs. Bailey wanted to read my piece, so I went upstairs and got it, and she read it aloud amid much applause (!) while I sat behind the door. Sunday, as we were eating dinner, the door-bell rang, and soon somebody came flinging along the hall, and the children cried, "Mr. Hale." Sure enough, it was John P. himself. After the greetings were over, he was given a seat at the table at my right. I sat next the Dr., and almost as soon as he was seated he turned to me and said, "There has been a great discussion as to whether you are diffident or not. Some say you are, and some say you are not. Are you?" I was quite thrown off my balance, for I had not supposed he would have anything in particular to say to me. I muttered something about his being able to find out himself, but the Dr., who has got to know me very well, turned the subject. Presently Mr. Hale bounced at me again: "Have you ever been in Washington before?" No, sir. "Well, you must not judge all the Senators from me." I presume I might do worse, sir. Another interlude. "Where do you come from, Miss Dodge?" From Massachusetts, sir (very definite information). From Hamilton, sir. "Oh, yes, I know

about there. Near Rowley, is it not?" Yes, sir. Interlude fourth from the Baileys. Bounce the fourth from Hon. John P. Hale: "This is a very nice pudding, Mrs. Bailey; isn't it, Miss Dodge?" Miss D. (solemnly), Yes, sir. And thus ended my conversation with the distinguished Senator from New Hampshire. Mr. Wood put into my hand a note which he had written to me the night before, saying, "Before I sleep I want to tell you that your 'Essay on Men and Women' has inspired me with the highest admiration for its wit and eloquence, the fervid eloquence of deep sympathy, right feeling, and earnest and glowing emotion," etc. Monday morning at breakfast, the Dr. said, "Miss Mary, Mr. Hale says he hopes the next time he comes he shall not frighten the young ladies." At twelve o'clock we all went to Congress. First to the House and afterwards to the Senate. In the evening we went again to the Strakosch concert, and were as before highly entertained. I saw there Lord and Lady Napier, Mr. Seward and daughter, etc. Wednesday, when I was going downstairs in the evening, I heard voices in the parlor and waited to muster courage. Entering, I took a seat quietly, and was presently introduced to Rev. Owen P. Lovejoy, member of Congress from Illinois. Hon. Preston King, Senator from New York, and Mr. Colfax, Representative, I think, were also there. Mr. King is the jolliest, fattest, best-natured 260 lbs. of flesh that you ever saw, and was very entertaining. Hon. Joshua Giddings had been in, but left before I came down. Judge Huntington called shortly afterwards, just as the others were about to leave, and I had the pleasantest visit I have ever had from him. F—— told me yesterday at the dinner table that she

met Mr. Hale in the street, and he stopped her and said, "F——, what made Miss Dodge run off when I was there?" She told him I was very shy, etc. "Ah," he replied, "we'll soon tame her out of that, won't we?"

When I entered the parlor it was nearly dusk, but I saw enough to distinguish Mr. Hale there with Dr. Bailey and drew back. They both saw me, however, and called, so I went forward. I said to Mr. Hale, "You need not try to frighten me again, for I am not going to be scared. Or if I shall be, I am so much more afraid of the Dr. that I shall endeavor to behave myself."

Didn't my politics look splendidly in print? I flatter myself that was particularly well done. Do you want me to write as if I were a man, or shall I let the cloven foot appear in case it should be inconvenient to conceal it? (I don't mean am I to write like the—— but like a woman? I am afraid you will say it is all one in my case). If you had not told me that you had struck out some expressions in my story, I should not have known it.

There was an editorial which I liked very much several weeks ago about the practical effects of the revival. I wish you could make it in your way to harp on that string a little more. I think the great leak in our ship is that we make our Christianity too abstract. We don't apply it enough, "He that sweeps a floor as to God's law, makes that and the action fine." I think the writer who was so shocked last week by the "Autocrat's" (?) idea of the man who is forever "haunted by a sense of duty" has misconceived that idea! The "Autocrat" (if it was the

“Autocrat”) did not mean, I take it, the man who acts from a sense of duty, but he who is continually obtruding and protruding that he does, who is always bringing forward duty reasons for his actions, and supposing, because you don’t, that you have them not. If it is so, I entirely agree with him. I think the highest character is his who is so accustomed to think and act right, that he does it naturally, as it were, by sheer force of habit. Your regular duty people are the most stupid, conceited, and disagreeable in the world. As a general fact, people who are always talking about doing good, do the least. At any rate, that is my opinion.

TWELVE O’CLOCK A.M., December 1.

The first day of winter, very pleasant and comfortable weather, and as we had winter in November, we may hope for our Indian summer in December. I went last Saturday to the publishing office of the “Era” to get a paper containing the verses which Whittier referred to, as I thought you might like to see them. It was my first visit there, and I took little Bell as escort. She led me to the sanctum and I asked a man there for the papers, whereon Mr. Goodlow jumped up from some hidden place and came forward and introduced to me a Mr. Pope, and then called out for Mr. Clepham, who was also introduced, and I, not knowing how far the thing might go, clutched my papers and came off. Mr. W — and I walked to Mr. Gallaudet’s in the morning. As we came home we were met by a Mr. De Naise (pronounced Nazy), who stopped and talked awhile. His mother is an Italian, his father a Turk or a Frenchman (!). He was born and lived in Turkey

and was our Consul at Constantinople, but coming to the United States to prosecute a claim several years ago, he liked here so much that he has remained ever since. He was knighted by the Sultan and is consequently, Sir De Naise, but is called Mr. He is a frequenter of the "Old Bailey," and came in the evening. He has just returned to Washington after an absence of three months. He is very ugly, very droll, and very good-natured. I did not intend to go downstairs in the evening, but Dr. sent for me to come down and take a hand at whist. I "reckon," however, the reason was that there were some persons there whom he wished me to see. The visitors were two brothers by the name of Alexander. Their father is Scotch, their mother Italian, they were born in France and live in America. Their ancestor, in the reign of James I. of England, nearly three hundred years ago, received from him a grant of nearly all the Canadas. After a while the line was assumed to be extinct, but their father ascertaining beyond question that he was the real heir to the title and the land, prosecuted his claim. The claim was so great, however, and involves so much property, that a charge of fraud and forgery was trumped up, and the case now lies in Parliament at rest for want of the necessary funds on the part of the prosecution. The older of the two brothers is by right Lord Sterling. They are in some office under government and support their father and mother here. I liked them both very much, especially the elder. They are modest, intelligent, and well-bred.

I am about dragged out. My eyes and head feel the effect of my dissipation. You see I don't get to bed much before twelve o'clock. People don't go

away till near eleven, and we almost always stay a while longer to talk them over. Then I have a piece on hand that I want to finish before Congress commences, so that I may not be worried with it then. I have about thirty-five pages of it finished, and shall perhaps write six more. I did not suppose it could be printed just yet, as there are now two stories in course of publication in the "Era," but I asked the Dr. last night if there was any room for me, and he said he would make room. I think I shall be able to finish this week. Mr. Welling was here yesterday, and spent the evening. Mrs. Bailey said we "boxed the compass," beginning with poetry and ending with theology, which was quite true. By the way, he wants to get a New England primer, and I told him we had them. Mother, I wish you would find one of the half dozen that used to be lying round loose and send it to me. I should prefer the one that has the devil (!) in it (of course), but send me one without, if you can't find that. Augusta, I wish you would see if you can get one in Boston. He will probably never think of it again, but I should like the fun of sending it to him. Did you recognize any portraits in my last piece in the "Congregationalist"? Mother, don't be alarmed at what I said about my head. If I can get two nights' sleep consecutively, I shall be as good as new. I can appreciate your anxiety lest you should divulge something you ought not at Mrs. ———. Dear old souls! If it was not for that awful inability to discern what ought and what ought not to be printed, I would write them a letter, but to run the risk of seeing it come out the next week in the "Congregationalist!" — I believe I could not do that.

Saturday, December 4. I have concluded I may as well continue my veracious history up to the present time. I want, however, to assure mother that the two nights' sleep which I wanted have come, and I am consequently on my feet again. About eight o'clock Dr. sent up for me to send down as much of my piece as was written. About forty pages were written. The next morning at breakfast the Dr. said he read the whole of my piece last night, which was what he would not have done to all pieces in manuscript, and that Marcel read the whole of it too. He wanted me to take it and divide it off into separate heads. He added that it would be read, that I had hit, etc. Mr. W. told me that the Dr. spoke to them about my piece, etc., and, oh dear, I ought to be blushing terribly, but I have said so many things before, I guess this won't choke me, and he said that they had never had any one in their house before equal to me! ("La!") and, said Mr. Wood, "Didn't I work well for you the other night? I knew that Welling was impatient to talk with you, and I wheeled the Dr. and his wife round to backgammon, and got Marcel to the piano, and gave him the chance. The consequence was that when he came away he was all enthusiasm," etc., etc. I suspected Mr. Wood of such a design, and Mr. Welling wheeled round to me so quickly when the others moved off, that I did not know but that they had put their heads together beforehand, but Mr. Wood assured me that he did not know he was coming. Oh dear, Augusta, I wish I could get at you to have one good laugh behind the scenes. Nobody here, you see, suspects the by-play that is going on between you and me. It would be

such a relief to have somebody who knows what a "humbug" I am.

After breakfast. I have just finished reading your letter. I am not going to answer it now, besides my hand trembles so with laughing that it is a great exertion to write.

DECEMBER 5.

Mrs. Pike, who is here, is the sister of Mrs. Frederick Pike, the author of "Ida May," "Caste," etc. Perhaps you remember hearing about the books. They made something of a sensation and she made something of a fortune — some five or six thousand dollars by the first one, "Ida May." Mr. Goodlow spent the evening here yesterday. After we had finished cards, the party drew back and Mr. G. came and sat between Mrs. Bailey and me and, after talking politics awhile, began to speak of a very interesting essay which he had been reading in the "Era," and wondered whether it was taken from the author's own experience, or from an imaginary character simply. I replied very coolly, that the name "Gail Hamilton" seemed like a man's, but at any rate, it was generally supposed and taken for granted that writers speaking in the first person were only imaginary, and under that cover they could put in as much autobiography as they chose and nobody be the wiser. He said that he had always had a kind of idea that women generally would rather be men than women — whereat I assured him that I wished I knew him well enough to box his ears, and he declared that he would waive dignity and give me full liberty to do so if it would give me any pleasure, and I affirmed that it would give me great pleasure, in fact I couldn't think of anything at that moment that would give me more, but I didn't. I have for-

gotten what led to it, but I gave Mrs. B. a ridiculous account of the way in which I collared him and brought him home with me from the office the other day, and after the laugh was over, he explained how I came in upon him in an old office coat which was split across the back from arm to arm, and how in shewing me round he had to wheel and turn to keep the rent out of sight, and how they laughed about it after I was gone, and altogether we had considerable fun.

Yesterday morning I went to walk before breakfast. After dinner, the disgust which has long been gathering for the pointed waist of my new blue thibet dress came to a head, and I suddenly seized a pair of scissors and nipped them all off and feel as if I had a new dress.

Copy of a request to Mrs. B. that she would make bows for my sleeves.

There's an exquisite blush on my beautiful cheek,
 And my modesty, startled, can scarcely speak
 To tell Mrs. Bailey the thing I seek
 And wish for most, as matters go,
 And beg for with all the power I know,
 Is a handsome, elegant, *rib-and-beau*.

DECEMBER 13, 1858.

The family taken together is perhaps one in a hundred. The children particularly well governed. Mrs. Bailey is a superior woman and very companionable. Both are agreeable, unusually sensible, and *appreciate me fully* so far as I can judge. I mean every attention and respect is paid me, yet so unobtrusively that I never notice it particularly. People of mark and sense, one way or another, are in almost every evening — chiefly members of Congress. I have

seen two or three *lords* and played whist with a *Sir* who was once our consul at Constantinople, and wore a splendid diamond ring given him by the Sultan. He is very droll, polite, and good-natured.

Going to church here is by no means so pleasant as in Hartford. So far as my observation goes the clergy here are inferior. Don't let us quarrel with our fates, Alice. I have done more at that business than you and have not got over it yet. The years in this world are but "few and evil"—at least my good has been so diluted with evil that I find my chief, perhaps my only real pleasure in looking forward to the world where sorrow can find no entrance. I think the "Atlantic" the best monthly that has ever been published in this country, and the "Autocrat's" by far the finest series of papers of the kind, though there are occasional objections to his mode of alluding to theological opinions which, whether true or false, are cherished by a large portion of his readers, as he must very well know.

DECEMBER 14.

I went to the State Department and saw busts of Josephine and Napoleon, by Canova, brought to Vera Cruz by the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, the last King of France and thence here by our consul. I spent most of the time after dinner till evening trying to remember or recall the stitch with which I knit my Polish boots last winter, but without success. Mr. De Naise was in in the evening and amused us again with his droll ways and his French English. Did I tell you that he once challenged Douglas? After I went upstairs I again tried my hand at the stitch and by ravelling out some of my last winter's work, I at length succeeded. I am go-

ing to knit a pair to give to Mrs. B. at Christmas if I can. Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Lippincott have just published a children's book, consisting of stories by both of them, which they sent to me through the post-office. It is very pretty. It is rainy and foggy again this morning, and the Sunny South has turned into a most cloudy and dismal one. Everbody is afflicted with influenza. I received your letter yesterday. I have had it in my mind to tell Grace about J's unsuccessful attempt to obtain subscribers for the "Little Pilgrim," but finally concluded that I would not divulge the meanness of Massachusetts people. I am really ashamed of them. A paper that costs only fifty cents a year! I am afraid J. will never be induced to undertake the promotion of intelligence again. "Terra Incognita" was the piece Whittier spoke of. I thought I sent it to you long ago till the other day I found the paper lying on my table. I will send it to you in this letter if I don't forget. I have finished Mr. Wood's stockings. Do you want to see the note I am going to send with them? —

Let not thy heart, O noble friend,
 My humble gift despise,
 But may the simple offering
 Find favor in thine eyes.
 I know that with the shining ones
 Thy genial home is found,
 But though thy head may knock the stars,
 Thy feet must touch the ground.
 Dream on, then, of those happy realms
 Above our world of strife—
 And give us foretastes of the joys
 That gild the "Future Life."
 But lesser crowns for lesser brows—
 I count not Fate remiss,

If she but grant my grateful hands
To guard thy feet in this.

Won't he be tickled? Mr. Richardson wishes very much to have my signature, Gail Hamilton, attached to my letters. I wish very much that it should not be, and I don't think I shall have it. I might as well write Abby Dodge and be done with it. He wants me also to write a New Year's story for them, which I shall endeavor to do. I have purchased and sent a copy of "Future Life" to Alvin. A Mr. Baumgras, an artist and a foreigner, and a very pleasant, simple and agreeable man, was with us last evening. To-day is pleasant again. I went out this noon to take a walk, was overtaken by Mr. W. Mr. H. dined here and we got along very well. He asked me if I would like to take a walk and I said I would and we walked an hour and a half. As we were coming home, a great, dirty pig ran against Mr. H's legs and knocked him down flat on the pavement before me on his back. It was the most ridiculous thing I ever saw. You know he is pretty large and fat, and his heels kicked up, and his look of surprise as he lay there, was perfectly irresistible. The reason why this writing is so irregular is because I laugh so uncontrollably whenever I think of it. I never had such pain to keep from laughing in my life as I did then. It seemed to me as if I should suffocate. Now don't tell any one of this, by any means. I have not mentioned it here. I have begun to read the Bible through again. Don't you want to begin, too, reading a chapter a day? You and mother too. I have got to the thirtieth chapter of Genesis. Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours affectionately.

JANUARY 10, 1859.

Mr. Hale has just left. He came to town last night, called here an hour or so ago, and sent up for me particularly. He said he had a good homely message for me, which was that two pretty young ladies in New Hampshire said that they *loved* me. The two young ladies proved to be Lizzy Hale, his daughter, and Lydia Low, a young lady who was at Miss Crocker's when I was there. So I told him that I had something to tell him, which was that my sister told me that if Mr. Hale was as pleasant in a parlor as he was on a lake steamer in an old Kossuth hat, I couldn't help liking him. Of course he was curious to know who my sister was, and I explained. He remembered her perfectly, was greatly pleased, spoke of her very highly, asked a great many questions about her and Alvin and the family, recurring to it several times after other subjects had been brought up, and finally asked to send a note in my letter when I wrote to her. By and by he asked if I wanted to go to walk again. Of course I said yes, and he said he would come down to-morrow after dinner for me. Then he began to say something about the pig, but I interrupted him — "Oh, Mr. Hale, why do you mention that? I never told of it." "Didn't you?" said he, "Why, you are a remarkable girl — then I won't." Of course Dr. and Mrs. Bailey were on tip-toe to know what it was, and guessed all manner of things, but we would not tell. I think he was really glad that I had not told of it. He said there wasn't another woman in the city that would have done so. I had a letter this morning from Mr. Richardson, enclosing five dollars "beyond the stipulated price, as a slight evidence that we are pleased with

your communications and desire their continuance. We are at present quite short of articles for the children's column and should be glad to receive something from you in this line, as well as articles for our first page, from time to time. If you are moved to write poems of considerable length, adapted to our columns, and they are as good as the last, we shall be very glad to publish them and afford you such compensation as you may think proper." Well, what horn shall I blow next? Miss Ella Kirby sent up her album to me last night with a request that I would write in it "something sweet and pretty, just like myself," so I wrote :

A clam to your flounces tenaciously clinging,
The bell of the milkman, his matinals ringing,
A cabbage upreared by your lilies and roses,
A hand 'neath the hinge of the door when it closes,
The dragon of Wantley, whose tastes architectural
Make us fancy the *tale* was extremely conjectural,
A pony descended from old Rosinante,
The sun-flowers in front of an Irishman's shanty,
A talker who makes the chief part of his rôle "Oh!"
A donkey who brays a duet to your solo,
A needle thrust under your delicate nail,
An epic by Blackmore — the Knights of the Grail,
The gravy upset on your lavender silk,
The salt in your coffee, your sleeve in the milk,
A small boy in the parlor entirely *de trop*
(How many there should be *you* very well know),
I give, since you asked me, you mischievous elf,
For "*something sweet and pretty, just like myself.*"

That "tarnation" Wood hasn't come yet, and I don't know what has become of the fellow. I am afraid he is sick, poor dear!

Thursday, 18. Mr. Wood came in due time and

we called at Mrs. Gale's and took her and her sister along with us to the picture gallery. Saw a collection of very fine pictures. Met Mr. Baumgras and his wife and had a long conversation with him on art and artists, told him I was no connoisseur in paintings. But, "ah, I know you have the power to paint wize pen."

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 10, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR MENTOR : I should have answered your letter before but for several reasons. One is that I did not know exactly what to say, and so waited vaguely for something to turn up. (You need not suppose anything *has* turned up from my writing now.) Another reason was that I have been so exceedingly busy with professional, literary, and social duties that I have really had no time. I am sure I had not thought of such a thing as giving up teaching till you poked the idea into me. I mean I had not thought of it definitely, lately. I supposed, and still suppose, that my fate, which is another name for will, is to teach through the remainder of my natural life, or through so much of it as can be made available for educational purposes. As to my being bewildered, you need have no fear of it, not the slightest. I see very clearly the path that lies before, and though the mist that surrounds me now is rose-tinted and golden, and the flowers very fragrant, and the air charming, they do not hide from me the fact that my way lies over the hill Difficulty into the Promised Land—if indeed I ever reach that Happy Land. I think if a person has a strong native inclination for, and facility in, any one profession or employment, it is an indication that that ought to be his employment.

If a boy evinces skill in chiselling, make him a sculptor — in colors, make him a painter — in tools, make him a machinist. Now, in this particular respect, you very well know the strength of my desire for writing and my love of it. As to my ability, I have never pretended to be myself the judge, but throwing out of view all the facts of my previous life, I have received encouragement enough since I have been here to lift up the most downcast. I do not say this by way of boasting, but to give you facts, to show you that I do not act without random, basis I meant to say. Different persons — persons who have no reason to be interested in me, who have never seen me before, of their own accord have conspired or combined to make me feel that I have not written without success. Two gentlemen, one of them a two years' resident in Europe, in the diplomatic corps (a *chargé* I believe), who were entire strangers to me till within a few months, have proposed to me subjects which they wish me to make into books — the latter gentleman with great earnestness, with repeated promises of his own assistance in furnishing material, and an assurance drawn from my past writings, of entire success. From various and unexpected quarters I have received, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, the most cordial and hearty appreciation, seeming to me, occasionally, almost to amount to extravagance. I certainly never set so high a value on any of my writings as have some of those to whom I refer. I do not think, therefore, that I am unduly presumptuous in assuming that I have a degree of facility in writing which, so far as it alone is concerned, would warrant me in adopting that as a profession.

Here, of course, comes in the question of doing good. Now I think a person can do the most good by that which he can do best, as a general thing. That is, a good shoemaker does more good than a poor minister, a man who ought to have been a shoemaker but was not. I utterly deny that a teacher can (even probably) do more good than a writer. Think of the value to the world of such little waifs as the "Dairyman's Daughter" — think also of Baxter's and Payson's works — of John Foster and Bunyan. Don't suppose I mean to class myself with them. I am speaking now of writings of which I understood you also to speak. Think of Mrs. Stowe, of Charlotte Brontë, of Mrs. Gaskell — and who —

I just want to tell you that you're mistaken about my friendships. I have a great many friends, that's true, but I have very few *internal* friends, people whom I'd rather be with than be alone. I like many, and I talk and laugh with many, but I love very, very few, I mean with a real, warm, necessary love.

Thursday I went to Congress alone. Mrs. Gooch saw me in the gallery and sent the door-keeper over to have me sit with her and Miss Buffinton. Mr. Colfax came up from the floor and sat and talked awhile. Mr. Burlingame came forward to go home with me, but "yielded the floor" to Mr. Lovejoy. I pray every Sunday (in the Episcopal Church) for "women in the perils of childbirth" — and I think if there is anything that ought to be prayed about *steadily*, it's that. I bought a bonnet — green velvet, white feather — price ten dollars, and had one cent left. Mrs. Gooch sent me a note to go to Congress with her, but I was out when it came and so went alone. Met the Gallaudets in the

gallery. By the way, they had called on me the day before. Mr. Gooch also came up to see me, also Judge Trumbull, Senator, and we had a pleasant little talk. In the evening Mr. Alley, *our* representative from Lynn, called. I liked him very much, a little slow, but sound and gentlemanly. By the way, mother, I forgot to tell you that Dr. Hall is a friend of Mr. Wood's, who has a suite of rooms in the same building with him, is one of my admirers in a mild way — a bachelor — income of five thousand dollars a year, highly educated, literary, but uses tobacco rather obviously, that is the worst thing *I* know about him, is a little given to melancholy. I like him very well. Monday I had a letter from Mr. Richardson containing last quarter's "pay" — told me I was writing more than I got paid for, which is better than if it had been the other way, you know. Also, by express, a beautiful worsted shawl from Ellen Hunt which she had knit herself. Mr. Wood went to the House with me — afterwards I did a little shopping and being afraid the Republican party would leave Sherman, went home and wrote a note to the Massachusetts delegation exhorting them to stand by their guns — quoted the ancients and modern, told them if they were afraid, to come to me, I would protect them — to die bravely if die they must, and that Massachusetts would strew their graves with flowers, signed myself "Your affectionate Grandmother," and sent it to the four at the corner of the street, Buffinton, Dawes, Gooch, and Alley. An answer came back in an hour or so in which they begged to assure their grandmother that Massachusetts men fought to the last. Fine fun. Don't I make 'em laugh? Judge Huntington called and spent the evening, had a nice

time. He likes to come and see me, and I like to talk heresies and schisms and shock his High Church notions. Tuesday Mr. Dexter sent me a copy of Huntington's sermons. I didn't tell you that he sent me Starr King's "White Hills" for a New Year's present. Don't talk of these things about. I don't like boasting of "*great folks.*" At night I went to a prayer-meeting for the world's conversion, with Mr. Wood. Horrid time. Scrambled all about Robin Hood's barn and never said a word about the heathen. I don't think they take prayer-meetings "the natural way" down here. Got there at half-past seven and didn't get home till half-past ten. Waited an hour before they begun and when they got a-going seemed as if they would never stop. I told Mr. Wood that as for going to Congress all day and prayer-meeting all night, I wasn't going to do it. Wednesday Mr. Welling came to see me in the morning, stayed an hour and a half or so. Mr. Seward and Mrs. Frederick S. were here when he came, but they went away soon. He told me, to prove his courage, that he had gone down to Virginia with two "National Eras" in his pocket and read my poem to the people down there. In the House a woman interested herself in me, asked me if I was visiting here. I told her not exactly, I was making myself useful in a general way. I presume she thinks I am maid-of-all-work somewhere. Mr. Curtis' health is better than it was, but he says he has very little confidence in it. He wants to know if there are any conditions on which I would probably be willing and feel at liberty to return in the spring. He thinks those two verse-letters are one of the most faultless and successful efforts I ever made. Mr. Richardson defended himself against a scold I gave him for put-

ting a notice of me into the last "S. & S." Said the editor, Mr. Adams, did it, and he didn't know — that Mr. A. was in the office just then and sent his compliments to me and said he would settle the matter with me, so I told Mr. R. to transfer my wrath to Mr. A. with compound interest. He sent me several pictures to illustrate if I liked, and I *do* like — also a couple of notices. The "Transcript" one was to show me that I was known, so it was no use trying to keep it secret. It happens that Mr. Wood wrote it, for which I could have torn his — pen out, but I didn't say anything — no use — I am afraid this letter is scarcely more coherent than the last, but I have been writing this whole day long almost, and I can only *jerk* now. Mother, what has become of the kitten? Good-night.

JANUARY 15.

MY DEARS: I have had such a splendid time this evening that I want to tell you about it before I forget it. It is twenty minutes past eleven, but I can write till Sunday. I must begin with the morning, however. I received your letter, sent one to Mr. Richardson, then went down to the Dr.'s room to ask him something, knocked, poked my head in, saw a stranger there, did my errand, and was coming back when he told me to come in. "Oh, no, sir, that was all I wanted." "Yes, yes, come in, we want you." Went in and was introduced to Dr. Elder, of Philadelphia, who wrote the "Life of Dr. Kane." He and his daughter are spending a week or so here at the "National." Before he went away he came up to me and said: "Well, we are mutually satisfied, are we not?" I replied that I could only answer for one.

"Ah! that is enough, that finishes the business." They were invited here this evening. Do you want to know how I was dressed? Green silk, low neck and short sleeves, lace cape, rose-colored bow, belt, white lace cuffs with rose-colored bows, light-colored kid gloves, fan and handkerchief, that's all. Never looked better in my life, vain — I suppose — never did — everybody said so. Mrs. Pratt said I was dressed beautifully, looked so clean. Mrs. Pike came to me in the course of the evening and said she wanted to tell me how sweetly I looked. We were all in the parlor waiting, and Mr. Hale came first and shook hands with us all and said to me before he got to me "Why, how beautiful you look." Now, mother, I don't suppose Mr. Hale meant to say or thought I was beautiful, but I think he was really surprised to find so homely a girl *could* look so well. At any rate, the consciousness of being well dressed contributed partly to the pleasure of the evening. A "lot" of people came in together, none of whom I knew, but one of the women presently came up to me and said she should not wait for an introduction, as she knew my face and who I was. She proved to be Mrs. Washburn, of Hartford, wife of Judge H's minister, and is visiting her mother here. We talked on some time in the middle of the room till Mr. Hale marched between us and said we should not talk together any longer, it was not fair. Then Mr. Preston King entered the room and came near us and shook hands, and I told him to stay and see me a little while. He is too fat to stand, so he settled into an arm-chair at my side, and I stood, and we had a charming little conversation. He is so easy and sensible and good withal, that I am quite in love with him. We talked

about health, and drinking coffee, and being good-natured, etc., and found that our views coincided exactly and so we glorified each other grandly. Oh, before that, I found myself next to a gentleman whom I thought and called Dr. Lindsley, the family physician, but he proved to be his brother-in-law, Dr. Peter Parker, our Commissioner to China; has lived there for twenty-five years. You may tell Mrs. Cowles if you like that I spent the evening with Dr. P. Parker and talked about the Heards, and I tried to lug her in, but couldn't get him on the trail. Dr. Elder and his daughter came in together and after a while he came up to me and said he should have landed there sooner if he had not been dragged away. I had a very interesting conversation with him, part funny, part earnest, about Dr. Kane, and presently saw Miss Elder coming up to be introduced on one side and Miss Mott with Mr. Wilson on the other, and as I did not know which way to turn first I looked straight ahead. (You may think my power of vision very remarkable — to be able to see five different persons in three different directions at one time, and only one eye for all, but I am "remarkable, contributor," you know.) At the first pause Dr. Elder took his daughter's hand, saying, "Allow me to present you to Gail Hamilton." I put up my hand with a deprecating gesture and turned away with a distressed look without speaking a word, at which they all laughed, and Miss Mott seized the opportunity to introduce me to Gen. Wilson, who said: "I am informed that I have a constituent here." "I think, sir, I have a right to claim property in you." What part of the State, etc. He once knew a Mr. Dodge from that town in the House, and then I went back to Dr. and Mrs. Elder. Mr. Grow,

of Pennsylvania, joined our group after Dr. Elder was hauled off, and remarked something to one of them about such a thing being in order. I said, smiling, "I am sure, sir, I know your position if I don't know your name." Whereupon somebody introduced Mr. Grow to Miss Dodge, who made mutual obeisance.

Wanting a net for my hair, I priced them at the store, and found them a dollar and a quarter. I thought of buying some silk, and sending to you to do, but Mrs. B. advised me to get Mary MacLain to teach me and do it myself. So I bought the silk for forty cents, and learned it in two stitches, and the net is nearly half done. Quite a difference in price. Derby & Jackson, of New York, Mr. Wood's publishers, sent to him asking if he knew who Gail Hamilton was. Mr. Goodrich Smith does not like my "Men and Women," thinks they are not Christian enough for a professing Christian. Consequently, Mr. Goodrich Smith may go to Coventry, or, as Doctor Bailey said when I told him, — "Hang Mr. Smith!" His is the only dissentient voice I have heard thus far. When I was a little girl, and wanted to know whether a book was a Sunday book or not, I used to look it over, and if I could find the word "God" in it anywhere, I considered the question settled. So Mr. Goodrich Smith seems to think that Christian must be called out by name, or it cannot be present. However, I think even he must be satisfied before he gets through, for it turns out to be quite a sermon.

JANUARY 24.

The American Colonization Society had their annual meeting that evening. Mr. Orcutt, whom I used to know in Hartford, is its agent, and as I thought he

would probably be there I concluded to go. It was held at the Smithsonian. We arrived late. After we got in I found that we had got on the side opposite Mr. O., who was sitting on the platform. I told Mr. Wood, and he immediately got up and "toted" me round to the other side. After a while he got up again, and went to Mr. Orcutt, and sent him to me, and he sat by me as long as I stayed. Mrs. Adams, a poor woman, came that day to let down my black silk dress — asked twenty cents. I gave her a quarter, and three or four pairs of good stockings, so I think she made a very good morning's work of it. Mr. Wood said that Mrs. Gale wanted me to come up there a little while that evening, but he would not tell me what for. I went and found two ladies there, teachers in Miss Miner's school for negro girls, which made such a stir a while ago. I promised to go to see the school sometime with Mrs. G. Entertained them as well as I could for a half-hour or so, and returned. Thursday there was a "hop" at the National Hotel, and the Misses Mott and Mr. De Naise sent a particular invitation for me to come, but I had just before been invited by Mr. Wood to go to the Capitol, to be present at an evening session, so I had a good excuse for not going. Friday was very rainy, but as I had some shopping to do to get ready for Saturday, I went out after dinner. Coming home, called at the Pikes. They were finishing their dinner — stopped and took a piece of pie, and a glass of wine (!) and a bit of fruit cake in my pocket. In the evening Mrs. Pike gave a party to the Baileys, and at the Bailey's, because the Dr. could not go out. They undertook to have a dance and wanted me to join the first part of the evening, but I wouldn't

because I couldn't, so I took Mrs. Bailey's hand at cards, and she took my place in the dance, though she never danced before in her life. Toward the latter part of the evening they tried it again. As soon as they began to speak of it I ran, but Mr. Wood and Ella Kirby caught me and brought me back by main force, and I went through it. Mrs. B. said I did as well as the rest, several of them knew no more about it than I, so it was fine fun. Saturday morning I had letters from Augusta and Mr. Richardson. He says: "Your letter of the 14th, accompanied by a communication for the 'Cong.,' was duly received. With the latter we were particularly pleased as well as the former." Of my "Men and Women," he says, "'Hit him again' I am disposed to say, and Mrs. R. heartily seconds the suggestion." You need not be afraid of my breaking down under the weight of flattery. I have borne a good deal in my day, and am thriving still. Your sentiments about my writing are just, goose, and your criticism always to the purpose, scamp. I believe you never offered one, scoundrel, of which I did not make use. What do you care if you did go to the "Cong." office? Good as the best of 'em any time. As to the cards, I am afraid mother will absolutely "give up" when she finds dancing and wine-drinking added to the list. Never mind, mother, my temptations don't lie in that direction, and if all the trouble is that it "don't have a good sound," why just don't sound it, that's all.

It seems quite strange to hear you talk about the cold weather and snow. We have been luxuriating in most delightful spring sunshine. I have kept my window open half the time till yesterday, when we had a "cold snap." I did not send your item to the

“Congregationalist,” because I do not entirely approve of Mr. Mordough’s flings. I like the bravery, but not the mode of displaying it. I think them more spirited than spiritual. As to cards, mother, I really don’t want you to think I am in the least devoted to them. I would rather read or talk, but they are very convenient to take off the stiffness of company, and we carry on our conversation all the time. Mrs. Bailey and I went down to the National to call on the Motts, Elders, etc., none of whom were in. Just as we were opening the outer door, however, Dr. Elder came and stood and talked till our carriage came; asked where I was the evening he was in, and whispered to me, “I have a kiss for you, but you can’t get it.” I supposed likely L. K. Lippincott, who is a great rogue, and who knows him well, gave him the commission, so I said nothing and looked in the opposite direction so that he could not see my face. After we had gone, Mrs. B. says, “What impertinence was he whispering to you?” I told her. She laughed and said there was no danger for me because I did not mind such things, but it would not do for some girls. I fudged myself for evening in my black silk with low neck and short sleeves, wore that broad black lace fastened to the neck for a berth, and a black lace under-handkerchief which I made myself, and black mitts, all in black, you see, — couldn’t quite suit myself and went down to Mrs. Bailey’s room, where Mrs. Pratt took me in hand, put one pearl pin in at one place, and a ruby in another, looped up my berth on the shoulders with black velvet furnished by Mrs. Bailey, and declared I should be the belle of the evening. I went through another round of compliments — even Dr. Bailey declared

the dress to be very becoming and he never spoke of my dress before, one way or the other. Well Mr. Hale came first as before — and we — played whist! I being Mr. Hale's partner, under protest, though, as I was afraid I should make him lose the game. We gained, however, played only one game, then Mr. Hale and I went off to a sofa and had a small chat, and then I went off by the supper table at one end of the room and men huddled together at the other, till Mrs. Bailey came after me with a sharp stick and told me to "pitch into" the men and not stay there. She carried me half across the room and then was called off, and I stood still and took a view of the enemy — finally saw one I knew, Mr. Baumgras, and struck a bee-line for him. Dr. Peter Parker *nabbed* me, and after a little complimentary nonsense introduced Mr. Warren, of Charlestown, Mass. He belongs to the Warrens famous in history. He was an accomplished and intelligent gentleman — inquired who Mr. Baumgras was. I gave him an obituary of that gentleman, introduced them, and left them — was next seized by Dr. Elder, who posted me into a corner where we were completely shut up and talked a long while. Mr. Preston King came up and begged his pardon for interrupting his conversation with that interesting young lady (that's me!) but he could not allow Dr. E. to forget him — he stayed but a few moments, however. We talked about likings and dislikings, women marrying inferior men, the principles of right and wrong, and finally somehow got on to myself, my shyness, its causes, etc., and wasn't he clever? I tell you what — well, never mind. "Well," says he, at last, with an oracular and decisive air, "I like you." I smiled and made no reply. "Why

don't you say you don't wonder at it?" he continued. "But suppose I do?" said I. "Now tell me do you wonder that I like you? (I.) "Well I — I — (He.) "No, speak right out now, don't you think you deserve my love?" (I.) "Yes, sir, I think in my soul, and really if you knew me, you would like me." (He.) "No, I don't mean mere liking. It is stronger than that — *I love you.*" (I.) "Love then, I am good enough to be loved, only I am surprised that, considering the disadvantages under which I labor, you should find it out so soon." We then had a short discussion on elective affinities — interrupted by a young lady's dancing up to us, and I took occasion to clear out, was accosted by Mr. Lovejoy, who offered me oysters, but I declined and took a lump of sugar instead and held one over his saucer asking him if he would have sugar in his oysters. "No, you vixen." Somebody spoke to me and Dr. Elder was at my elbow after oysters, he said, but he took me first, and I thought we were in for another confab, but Mrs. Bailey sent up word that I should have Dr. E. no longer, that there were ever so many people wanting to see him, so he trudged off. Mrs. B. came to me presently and said there was a lady here from Essex County who wanted to see me, Mrs. Robert Rantoul, and took me out to her and presented me. I couldn't talk with her very well, couldn't think of anything to say, and in a desperation proposed to call on her at her hotel and left. Then I went and stood by the piano — hauling off to repair damages — took a survey to see where to commence operations next. Mr. Preston King was sitting on the sofa talking to a lady. He got up and I hoped he was coming to me, but concluded if he didn't I would go to him. He

did come to me and I told him my surmises. He laughed and said, "Yes. he got up to come," and then we went into the mysterious connection of mind and matter." I told him I would offer him a chair only there was no available one except a little cane-seat which I was afraid to trust; hoped he wouldn't think I was personal. "Of course not. Did I think that he thought the mention of a chair was personal?" General Wilson interrupted our conversation, and then Miss Elder again, so that I did not talk with him much. Dr. B. introduced me to Mr. Carter, a very severe critic, "a writer for the 'Tribune,' a friend of Emerson's, and a very wise man generally." Marcel told me afterwards that Mr. C. had been *sighting* me all the evening and Frank said he had asked him to point me out. Dr. made me sit down between them on the sofa, and Mr. Carter began to say something about my "Era" productions which rather confused me so that I forgot exactly what it was, but I believe the gist of it was that he supposed them written by a man, some friend of the Dr.'s, and was surprised to find them by me. I never know what to do when people talk to me in that way, and so generally stare and simper like a simpleton. Mr. Lovejoy came up again and said, "That man knows more than any dozen other men in the city." We talked about writing, and Emerson, and editors, and Concord, and the sea-coast. Dr. Elder came up again to bid me good-night. Most of the people were gone. He shook hands, apologized for the interruption, and said in a low voice, "You know what I said I had for you." I replied gayly, "Yes, payable on demand." Presently they were all gone but the Pikes, my Mr. Carter, and a Mr. Harrington, and General Wilson,

and then they wanted to dance and I had to join, and we had a nice time and agreed that we had all had a charming evening and went to bed. It was about eleven, so you see we did not trench upon Sunday. We have a new minister here, Dr. Butler, of Cincinnati, who preached here four years ago and has returned. I like him exceedingly and expect to enjoy going to church again, which I can't say I have done before since I have been here, I mean as far as the sermon goes. Dr. Bailey sent up and hired a pew as soon as he heard he was coming back, and we made a pew-full yesterday. I went with Mr. Wood in the evening and liked him better even than in the morning. I *must* stop. Good-night.

JANUARY 27.

Mrs. Bailey took my head into her hands to-night, and curled my hair, and trimmed my net with chenille to the great admiration of some, and the disgust of others. Mrs. Pratt has just told me that a lady wanted to be introduced to me, and she wouldn't because I had my head "fixed up," so she told her, "She did not wish to introduce Miss Dodge to her to-night, she would another night." I saw Mr. Joshua R. Giddings in the entry, and said to Mrs. Bailey that I wanted to speak to him just to say that I had. She introduced me. When I said, "Mr. Giddings, I have been making Mrs. B. promise to give me a chance to speak one word with you, as it is one of the things I looked forward to most in coming to Washington, and shall look back upon with most pleasure." You know I talk fast, and will you believe — instead of my minute, he sat down in an arm-chair, and placed a small one for me in front of him, and talked with me

half an hour I should think — of his political life, his griefs — asked me about Hamilton. I told him about its being the nursing mother of the father of Ohio — he told me his father was a Gloucester boy. I told him that such men as he were above flattery, and I could therefore tell him how his name had been one of my earliest enthusiasms. I asked him if I should take his cup for more coffee. “Did I think he would be so ungallant as to allow me to wait upon him in that way?” “But his age, if I might allude to what was generally a delicate subject, but which his crown of glory rendered honorable, and his position quite reversed the order of things, and I should be only too well pleased to do it,” etc., etc., etc.

FEBRUARY 26.

MY DEAR A.: Your letters I have not answered before because I have put off everything that could be put off till Congress was over, or, at least, till my hurries were over. I have been in such a whirl that sometimes I did not know what I was about. First, you know, I have my pupils — then those articles in the “Era,” once begun, had of course to be kept up every week — then there were books to review, and books to be reviewed must be read. The notices of “The Land and the Book,” “Palfrey’s History of New England,” “Atlantic Monthly,” “British Poets and Ballads,” “Sylvan Holt’s Daughter,” “Madame Mario,” and several others, I wrote. Then there were the “Washington Letters” in the “Cong.” and the occasional stories, and every evening from seven till twelve, or thereabouts, in the parlor with company — and a good many calls to return. You may fancy I had not much opportunity for writ-

ing letters, though I have kept up my weekly letter home with great regularity. Now I have finished my "Men and Women," and I shall have but one or two more letters to write, and I hope to have a little more time at my disposal.

You speak of Mr. Wood's ideas having been propagated by the Spiritualists. It is quite time, for all the valuable ideas I ever knew them to propagate were held by good Orthodox people who had any ideas on the subject. I investigated this matter of Spiritualism pretty thoroughly a few years ago. I read their own papers, and though I do by no means believe that it is all humbug, or sympathize with the ill-bred, foolish, useless, and blundering way in which they are snubbed by some of their opponents, yet I think if those who believe in it had been better acquainted with the views held by intelligent, thinking Christians they would have said less about their own opinions being so far in advance of the age. They would have known that many views which charmed themselves by their novelty had been long familiar to Evangelical Christians, but being entirely new to themselves, they supposed they were equally so to others. However, I believe Spiritualism has its own work to do in the world's salvation. It wakes us up on the subject, makes us familiar with the idea of a Future Life — and at least gives rise to the question — If that is not true, what is true?

I can fully understand how large a part of your life is taken up by reading. I mean, rather, consists in your reading. Isolated as you are from a great deal of the world, you are very happy in being able to make for yourself an inner life. Yet if I were to choose between a life in Washington, as I see it in the

society women here, and a life such as yours, I should, I think, very decidedly choose yours. I do not believe this constant attention to dress, and dinners, and visits, and sharp, smart, or proper sayings, is calculated to develop the higher qualities of the soul. I would rather grow great than grow sharp. If I go home to Hamilton next summer I shall be in about the same condition as to society that you are in, and shall depend upon books in much the same way. I have kept your New Year's letter to answer, though I suppose by this time you have about forgotten the questions. Mr. Hale's daughter is not in Washington, but his wife is. She is very beautiful. I like him — he is very kind-hearted, rather brusque, jerky in conversation, but one to laugh and joke with as hard as you please. Shall I tell you who of the Members are my favorites? Well, Preston King, Senator from New York, the fattest man you ever saw, an old bachelor, red faced, ugly but jovial, sociable, high-toned withal, of excellent principles, and fair capacity so far as I can judge. Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, a noble man, of fine presence — the more I know him the better I like him. In the house, Mr. Lovejoy is a good, honest, burly, big fellow, and likes me and I like him, so we get confiding occasionally. Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, is good as far as he goes. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, Senator, is not very well educated, and besides, as somebody here said, "he feels his oats." Mr. Dow, of Massachusetts, I have met but once, but I liked him then. Mr. Clark, of Connecticut, I like. Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, is rather odd, but I rather like him. Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, old Joshua R., I have had delightful long talks with — he has told me about himself, and his early

trouble, and we are on excellent terms. We have a reception every Saturday night at which all these people and a good many others come, so I have a fine chance to see them, and I enjoy it exceedingly, and quite astonish my friends by the manner in which I come out. Dr. Elder, of Philadelphia, the author of the "Life of Doctor Kane," is in town, and we have struck up quite an intimacy. Mr. Hale remembered you perfectly when I spoke of you to him, and inquired your welfare with a great deal of interest, and spoke of you very highly. Congress adjourns next Friday, and then I suppose we shall be very quiet, and I shall want to go home. I have, however, some very good friends in the city whom I intend to cultivate, but the excitement and whirligig will be gone. I shall read more, and walk more, and sleep more.

The Patent Office is very different now. All the fine fancy things have been removed to the Smithsonian. I have walked over to Georgetown with Mr. Hale, and rode over with the Dr. We got out and ran up the hills by the side of the road on Georgetown Heights. It was one of the finest views I ever saw. We have had no winter at all scarcely — most of the time I have had my window open. You asked me if I wrote my politics myself, or got some masculine friend to do it. Scamp! Do you think I am not up to such things myself? Yes, ma'am, I wrote them myself.

Monday morning. Since I commenced this one of our neighbors who lived in the same block with us has been shot dead by Mr. Sickles, Member of the House from New York. It occurred yesterday about noon. If ever murder was justifiable, I think this was. I

went yesterday to hear Mrs. Lucretia Mott preach. She was at our house Saturday night. One of the sweetest faces I ever saw, and a charming, benevolent old lady. I quite fell in love with her. Her husband's brother, Mr. Mott, is Member of the House, and has two delightful daughters, whose acquaintance I have made here. I hope it won't be quite so long before we exchange letters again. Good morning.

Affectionately yours,

ABBY.

MARCH 18.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I commence a letter to you with but a very indefinite notion of when I shall finish it. I received a paper, the "Observer," from you yesterday, containing a notice of Aunt's death, also that very curious reckoning up of the deaths for a year — making out the deaths in Hamilton to be at the rate of a quarter of the population yearly. Now I cannot believe that Providence intends to kill off the population at that rate, and I see no use in making such a calculation, nor any sense either. It reminds me of the time when a slight shock of earthquake was felt Sunday morning, and Squire Allen and several others improved it by exhorting sinners to repentance. For my part, I saw no connection between the two things. If God's love and goodness and justice are not enough to draw men to him I don't believe they will generally be impelled by a very slight earthquake. Nor do I think men will be benefited by being told that they are dying at the rate of a quarter of a town a year — particularly when they know they are not.

I went a few evenings since to hear Mrs. Fanny

Kemble Butler read a play of Shakespeare's. The audience was not large, being, as Maria remarked, decidedly sectarian, composed chiefly of Episcopalians and the gayest of the Congregationalists. Mrs. Butler is perhaps fifty years old, and from shoulder to shoulder the broadest woman I should think that I ever saw. Her arm is the arm of a blacksmith. She wore low neck and short sleeves — a dress that looked as if it was lace over silk, and no hoops. Her reading and acting were very fine.

Mr. Wood proposed to me that evening to go to his church the next evening to witness a baptism. I had never seen one (by immersion), and assented. The church was crowded, for besides the Baptists there was also an Episcopalian who was to be plunged by an Episcopal minister. It went off very well, but it made me terribly nervous to see them go backwards so. If they could only have been immersed face downward, I should not have cared. Dr. Peter Parker has moved into the house where Key used to live, so we shall have him for a neighbor.

MARCH 30.

I had a letter from Mr. Curtis on Sunday, argumentative and valedictorian, — desiring me to sign his death-warrant, if it must be so. I replied to it yesterday with six pages. You think the chief part of your leisure time is spent in writing letters. I wish I had kept an account of the number of pages I have written this year. . . . If I ever teach in any High School it will be Hartford. I can't yet tell what I shall do. My inclinations indicate very strongly not to teach at all. Mr. Wood's injunctions are equally stringent. The Curtises are mad to have me return

to Hartford. Dr. Bailey has his heart on my coming here. Mrs. Bailey says see what it is to be in demand! I had a long talk with Mrs. B., two of them indeed — but I think it would be more profitable in the end for me not to teach — particularly as I am so thoroughly tired of it. I will let you know as soon as I have decided. Mr. Goodlow, calling, says I don't know how popular I am getting in the city. A lady came to him for the set of papers containing my "Men and Women" — they had been recommended to her by Rev. Mr. Hall. A gentleman from Michigan wrote to the Dr. to send him a set of the papers containing the same, and entreated to know who Gail Hamilton was.

APRIL 5.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I was making a call yesterday, and while there the lady's mother came into the room, and I was introduced to her. After a while she rose from her seat and left the lady with whom she was talking and said to me, "What did I understand your name to be?" I told her, and her daughter said, "Why, it's Gail Hamilton. You know *her*." She then came and sat down by me, asked where I was from, and said I might be related to the Dodges of Wenham. Well, we went on talking, and she spoke of being in Essex and Gardiner, and Augusta, and finally it came out that she knew Captain Stanwood and his wife very well, — "Old Captain Stanwood," — a great while ago. She said she had sailed in his vessel many times between Ipswich and Gardiner or Augusta, I forget which, — had seen Mrs. Stanwood down there. She was a very smart, enterprising woman, and they used to have long talks together about the Ipswich people, and she knew Uncle Jacob

and Aunt Sally, and inquired for the children — and Daniel Stanwood, she believed, lived in her brother's house — and she knew Dr. Dana, of Ipswich, and Mrs. Choate, of Essex, and Mr. David Choate, and Mr. Crowell, and all those old worthies. Now can you guess who it was? Well, it was Mrs. Webster, the sister of Dr. Sewell, of Essex. Did you ever hear of her or of him? She is a pleasant old lady, and seemed right glad to see me and talk over her old friends and my relatives. Her daughter, whom I went to see, is Mrs. Lindsley, wife of Dr. Bailey's family physician, mother of Rev. Mr. Washburn, rector of Judge Huntington's church in Hartford, and sister of Dr. Peter Parker's wife.

I received a letter from Mr. Wood on Sunday morning. He says, "As to your continuing here, you know how much it would add to my happiness to have you in the doctor's family, yet, while my own pleasure would be secured by your doing so, I do not think it best if you do not design to give up all your aspirations for authorship. I shall deposit in the 'Institute for Savings,' No. 576 Broadway, before I return, \$200, which I have set apart for you so that you shall have this fund to supply yourself with the means of making a beginning," etc., etc. I do not think I shall touch it, as I don't think it will be necessary, but it is just as kind in him.

You ask me how old I was yesterday? Well, I've got to the water-shed and now I am going down the other side. Consequently, I am twenty-four. If I live till next year I shall be twenty-three and so on till I get to twenty, when I shall swing back again, and thus vibrate between twenty and twenty-five during the remainder of my natural life. I do not think

there is any prospect of my remaining in W. during the summer. I have no particular plan for the year to come, only to write in a general way and not to teach in particular.

APRIL 22.

Edward Spencer, of Baltimore, who wrote "Jasper," in the "Era," is going to have a story in the "Atlantic" pretty soon. He wrote to Dr. Bailey a day or two ago, "I should like to have held Gail Hamilton's catalogue for her when she was looking at the pictures. How daintily yet how defiantly she handles art — just as she would dandle a baby — not her own — yet with none the less grace and confidence for that. She understands sunshine, not philosophically or according to the laws of optics, but because she has lived in it and danced in it and knows it to be good. It is a very pretty morning star that will shine all the more brightly and serenely when the sun is fully risen. Her pure objectiveness, her perfect unconsciousness of the *ego*, is the great charm of her writings for me." Dr. Bailey thinks of going to Constantinople. Mr. De Naise will at any rate. His family have a reunion there. One of his brothers, who is an officer in the Russian army, is to meet him in Paris. The probability is now that he will go before the Dr. does — that the Dr. will meet Mr. Sherman and wife in Paris, they meet De Naise at Nice after he has made his visit home, and then all go to Italy together. I am trying to make one of those bouquet baskets of white beads to hang up in the window, have begun the third time and think I shall take it out once more. They are very pretty if well made. I have made the skirts of my two thin dresses, am making over a black

lace cape that I fadged up last winter — and mending in a general way to keep myself in some sort of trim. I am reading Prescott's "Life of Phillip II. of Spain" — very interesting — you must read it — and I have a blank book in which I note down the important places in which important things happened, that I may have it all ready when I go to Europe. You must read some of those books if you intend to go with me. Mr. Wood wanted me to send my papers on art to Miss Ransom, a young lady, an admirer of mine, whom I met here last winter — but, as she is an artist herself, I wrote to her telling her I would do no such thing. Mrs. Dr. Butler and her daughter called here on Monday evening. The Dr. was asleep on the sofa, Mrs. B. asleep in her chair. I routed them up and Mrs. Butler sat down by them and nobody introduced me, so I went on with my reading, listening when anything interesting was said, but saying nothing. As Mrs. Butler left after an hour or so she bowed to me and Mrs. Bailey saw me for the first time, said she did not know I was in the room. We had a little laugh over it, and the next day Mrs. Butler called again and said she was determined this time to make sure of me.

WASHINGTON, April 30.

I think your criticism of "Jasper" is just. There is not enough simplicity and naturalness — too much fine writing and learning. Do you know you made a pun and a good one too — a thing unprecedented in the Dodge family. The "Katy" was Kate Putnam, of Worcester. I wrote the piece years ago when I was in Ipswich, at Alvin's request. Easter Monday we had a holiday which I improved by finishing a

black lace cape. Then Martha, the sewing-girl, colored, who has made a confidante of me and repays me by giving me molasses candy and mending me up and doing various kind things, wanted me to write a letter to her "lover" in China. Didn't I lay it on hot and heavy? She actually cried when I read it to her. It was "just the feelings she wanted to express." "Miss Abby, you must have had some experience in it yourself or you never could have written so!!!" Mr. De Naise was in in the evening and wanted to know who Gail Hamilton was. She had written something about babies which De Naise read in the parlor at the National with wonderful effect, as a baby which had been accustomed to squall there diurnally had not since appeared. Dr. referred him to me. I said I had never even asked the Dr. who it was. Dr. told him it was quite remarkable what a desire there was to know whether G. H. was a man or woman. De Naise said some said that it was a cross old bachelor, and others a sour old maid. Presently the Dr. told him.

It is decided at last that Marcel is to go to Europe with his father. Mrs. B. did not feel easy to have him go alone. Marcel has finished with his tutor and is all ready to study law. It will be a grand thing for him and he is abundantly able to profit by it. Dr. sent me up a letter from somebody out West saying, "And the wonderful Gail Hamilton. 'Is it a man or a woman?' is a standing topic of discussion with my brothers and sisters. For myself, I have long since made up my mind that Gail is feminine. We like her immensely." Thursday I had a letter from my graduating class on some twenty or thirty slips of paper. In their surprise and gratitude for

my letter they sat down there at the party and with pen and pencil wrote me messages. I was of course very glad to get it. Ellen Hunt wants my photograph, but I don't believe she suspects how much it will cost. They all looked at my picture and pronounced it admirable. Nelly Tarr, who used to be governess here, whose a friend of Grace Greenwood's, who married Mr. O'Connor, sub-editor of the "Philadelphia Post," and who lives in Philadelphia, is coming to see Miss Miner, and she wants me to come out there and spend the evening. I suppose I shall go next week.

MAY 2, 1859.

This delicious summer air makes me want to go home. I want to live in the country — to plant, and sow, and cultivate. I want to have a kitchen garden and a flower garden, and I intend to have them, and will be a famous farmer as you will see.

I suppose I shall come back here next fall. I did not mean to teach the next year at all, but they want me so much to come back, and the Dr. is an invalid and wants to feel easy about going to Europe. Washington is one of the most orderly cities I ever saw.

The foot-passengers and drivers and shop-keepers are universally polite. Coachmen stop a rod off to let you cross the street.

It somewhat vexes me to hear people in other places talk about the corruption that exists in Washington.

There is a lady here — Miss Miner — who has organized and established a school for colored girls. She is a very energetic, practical woman with an indomitable will. She has been long an invalid.

She came to see me recently, when I remarked how bright her eyes were and how abundant her hair. She said she would tell me the secret of it. It is too long to repeat, but she has a firm belief that an intelligence higher than her own has taken her in hand, and has been and is affecting a cure. For a long time her hands, without any will of her own, would beat the diseased parts of her body severely — first spine, then liver, head, throat, etc., daily for five hours. Now, it only begins when she is weary. She is sensible, not given to vagaries, and her testimony would be admissible in any court of justice. It is one of the unexplained facts which cluster so thickly around us in these latter days, and in the midst of which we blindly grope — while a ray of light seems now and then to gleam athwart the darkness. In the course of time and the progress of intelligence I suppose all these facts will be properly classed, and be showed to be only a part of the great organism of the universe.

I must tell you I have been photographed by Brady. I tried three times and have got an excellent picture at last. It was not my own doings, but concocted by Mr. Wood and Mrs. Bailey. Mr. Curtis has sent for me to return to Hartford, offering me four hundred dollars to teach half a day, but I do not intend to go at present.

May 21. I received last Sunday a letter from Mr. Richardson, saying: "I have the honor to enclose to your address the within notes from Mr. D. S. Ford, one of the editors and publishers of the 'Youth's Companion,' and also of the 'Watchman' and 'Reflector.' I beg leave to assure you that we have

not had the temerity even to hint to him who or where you are, considering ourselves under a solemn injunction to keep the secret committed to our trust. Permit me to add my impression that you might find a connection with the 'Companion' pleasant, and that you might obtain fair compensation. In justice to the 'Congregationalists' I must express the hope that you will make no connection with any other paper that will seriously interfere with your writing frequently for us. Are you expecting to be in Washington again next winter? If so, you can calculate on sending us some more letters if agreeable to yourself," etc.

The within notes were :

No. 1.

FRIEND "CONGREGATIONALISTS": As you make the best paper in Boston — of course after "ours" — I am desirous to appropriate some of your excellencies. May I? Be clever now and tell me who Gail Hamilton is, and whether I can get him or her (whichever gender the name belongs to) to write for the "Companion." If you do not object to granting this favor please tell me how much you give a column for the articles of this writer.

Yours very fraternally,

FORD.

No. 2.

DEAR SIR: Be good enough to ask modest Gail whether it will be agreeable for him (or her) to write for the "Companion." If agreeable, be kind enough also to inquire what we must pay Gail for that privilege. So retiring a person I trust will not come down very heavily for the tin. Is it possible that there is one writer, especially for youth, who is fearful of notoriety? etc., etc.

There are several comments which I should make

on these notes if you were within hearing, but as you are not, I will give you the simple text and you may draw your own conclusion. I wrote to Mr. Richardson on Monday, telling him to tell that Ford that as I had as yet got only far-off glimpses of the Delectable Mountains, I had not set any price on my iniquities, but he might tell me what my articles were worth to him, and if I chose to write

— I would
He might depend on't
If I won't, I won't
And there's an end on't.

Whether Mr. Ford will be able fully to understand my message remains to be seen. Tuesday Dr. Bailey sent me up six books to notice. You will see what they were in the paper. As I keep nearly all the books I notice I have quite an acquisition to my library. It is a rather easy way of getting books. The Dr. is to leave next Thursday. The present war may have some effect on his future movements. It may prevent his going to Italy, though again it may be over before he gets there. I hope you will read up on it and not wait till it gets to be history, for then you certainly never *will* know. If you see a crocodile served up a week or two hence you will know where it came from. Tell Maria it is necessary to throw in judicious moral reflections in order to appease the populace, who won't eat a crocodile without condiments. I'm sorry you did not like "The Stilts," but you mustn't expect the best of everything even from *my* pen. I shall have to set Mr. Ford's application against your disapprobation.

MAY 28.

The Dr. and Marcel left at half-past six. About nine, as Mrs. Bailey was "clearin' up," she discovered their passports in the secretary! You must know, mother, that they could not set foot in France without their passports. Accordingly there was some flying round for the next hour or two. During the day we had three telegraphic despatches from the Dr. along the road telling us to send them by express. We sent letters to them, and expect to receive one this morning, after which we shall not hear again for three weeks or more.

In the evening, to cheer the somewhat depressed circle, I brought down some of my old verses, etc., and read them aloud to the company, consisting of Mr. Wood and Mrs. B., who seemed to be considerably entertained.

Monday, A.M. We have received two letters from the Dr. He bore the journey well — said he had walked more at the stations along the road than he had done at home in a month. They were to set sail at twelve o'clock, Saturday, in the "Argo." Mr. W. Frank and I went to the Navy Yard on Saturday, but there was no ship, so we only surveyed the various operations and great guns. Mrs. Dr. Peter Parker spent the evening here and entertained us with an account of some of her Chinese experiences.

JUNE 11.

Monday, after supposing myself destitute except a three-cent piece, I found a \$2.50 gold piece in one of my drawers, with which I was very much delighted. Now, mother, if I had been careful and not lost that, I never should have had the pleasure of finding it. It

is the second one I have found in that way when I thought I had no money. Moral: Never be careful of your money.

WASHINGTON, June 18.

I have taken a small piece of paper and I don't know that I shall fill that — I am so disgusted at the very idea of writing letters — bah! Don't expect another one from me at present. There is plenty to write about, but how can I bring myself to tell it all over? I *won't*, so there! I received your letter and mother's yesterday.

June 20. After the above spasm I laid my pen down exhausted and got up at five o'clock this morning to give you a few "*hitems.*" Saturday, June 11, I sent you my last letter. Professor Marix called and stayed nearly an hour and we had a delightful talk. I do like to talk with the right sort of people. Monday I walked over to Miss Miner's, — she teaches the colored school, — and when I got home, we went to a sacred concert of the children in Trinity Church.

Dr. Parker was in in the evening. Did I tell you that Mrs. Parker, after nineteen years of marriage, has just had her first baby? It is a boy, and they are both in raptures. She is very well.

JUNE 23, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER: You have probably heard by this time the news of Dr. Bailey's death on board the steamer "*Argo.*" It was very unexpected, almost as much so as if he had been in perfect health. We were expecting letters by the "*Persia*" that evening. Mrs. Bailey's only anxiety had been lest some accident should happen to the ship. That morning she

sent down for the morning papers to see if the "Argo" had arrived in England. She saw that it had and, without looking any farther, threw herself on the bed, laughing in a kind of rapture of joy. Fanny picked up the paper and read the next paragraph, which announced his death. Without saying anything to her mother she brought the paper to me. I heard her moaning in the utmost distress as she came up the stairs and ran to meet her. Her face was so white and terrified that I feared the worst. The paper was all crumpled in her hand and she could only cry out, "What does it mean?" She told me that her mother did not know it and I must tell her. I thought I could not. Maggie came crying into the room to know what was the matter, and I heard her mother calling on the stairs and I knew that it must come, so I went out and told her. Yesterday was a terrible day. I was with her all day and last night. The doctor gave her an opiate last night and she slept a good deal, and is a little calmer to-day. The blow was the heavier coming directly after the sudden joy on his supposed safe arrival. We received a letter from Marcel last evening. He says his father grew gradually weaker from the time the steamer left New York and a violent cold which he took hastened his end. Every comfort was afforded him and his last moments were calm and free from pain. Some time before his death every uneasy expression vanished from his face, his brow cleared, a peaceful and happy look came on him, and from that time till his death there was no pain, but he seemed to be perfectly at rest. His whole life has been a grand application of Christian principles to the affairs of life.

This will change my plans about coming home. I

cannot leave Mrs. Bailey yet — not, certainly, till after the funeral. Mother, I will make up at the other end of the vacation, if I do return, what I lose to you at this. Every one is very kind to Mrs. Bailey and to me. I have been writing to her friends.

VI

LITERARY PROGRESS

1859-1860

VI

LITERARY PROGRESS

1859-1860

JULY 3.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Perhaps you expected a letter from me before, but I have been waiting to be able to give you definite information about my coming home. You must look out in the papers for the arrival of the "Vanderbilt," and expect me to start a day or two after that. I suppose I shall have to stay one day after the funeral, because I witnessed the will and that will have to be probated before I leave. Capt. Naylor is going on to New York and he will be very glad of my company. He is one of my friends. You have heard me speak of him. He served in the Mexican war, and was a member of Congress — eccentric but good, and good company.

Mother, I wish you would meet me in Boston as I first proposed.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

CAMPTON, GRAFTON Co., July 30, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER; You will see by the date that we are safely here. I will give you first an account of my adventures in Boston. I went with all my bundles secure to F's, saw him a little while, and then

proceeded to — Dick's — went upstairs, saw a tall, moustachioed and whiskered young man, who seemed to be somewhat acquainted there, but had on his hat and was just going out. I stood a moment and then he spoke to the man behind the screen and he came out and I said, "Is Mr. R. in?" and he said, "I am Mr. R.," and I was taken aback, as he was about twenty years younger looking than I expected to see him. I stared, and he said, "Is it Miss Dodge?" and I said "Yes," and he asked me to come into the other room and sit on the sofa, and I went and couldn't think of a thing to say, nor he either, and then he introduced the tall man as the Rev. Mr. Dexter, and I told Mr. Dexter he didn't look at all like a minister, and he said he didn't have his clerical suit on, and he popped himself down on the sofa beside me and we talked and laughed and I showed him my picture and he didn't think it was very good — not half so pretty as I was! and said Whipple of Boston ought to have taken one of me, and he wished I would go over and see the kind of picture he meant. He wanted me to be photographed there right away, and I wouldn't and couldn't, and Whipple came in and they both went at me and I said I wasn't dressed for it — and Mr. D. said he didn't care for the dress — what he wanted was my face, and half persuaded, and half forced, I finally sat three times! Then he wanted me to go to Mt. Auburn with him and his wife in the afternoon, and I said I would. Mr. D's son, of eleven years, came out to Mt. Auburn in the cars. We walked around the grounds, then went into the tower and then came home. He says he thinks I must have been intended to be his sister. He never had any sister. We didn't get home till after six.

SEPTEMBER 25.

I remember you roasted and spitted and basted and carved me about Mrs. R., because I didn't answer her note, and because I said she was splendid, and I did answer her note, and she is splendid, whether New England is a province or a Cosmos. Splendid means brilliant, sparkling, shining, and the boy's story, and the girl's story, and the toad under the rock are just that, bless you! And she didn't write any either. She only scrawled a scratch with a lead pencil on a torn leaf of something, just because you had "egged" her on till life was a burden to her, and she took revenge by just saying that she had been a long time hesitating whether it was worth while to attack me, and finally concluded it wouldn't pay. Do you think I was going to get up an alliance, offensive and defensive, on that? Now you be civil, or I will just write a note to Mrs. R. and tell her that you called her a lizard.

Send on that "Little Pilgrim!" Quick!

Now see here, cotton-lipped Oleander, as the old man on the wood-pile said to the negro-woman contrabanders below — "I ain't rich, but I'm generous." I don't wish you ever to say anything about paying me. When you want me to write a story, you say so, and when you have more money than you know what to do with, give me some of it; but don't ever not ask me to write because you have nothing to pay with, and above all things and especially, don't ever suffer yourself to be annoyed by the shadow of an idea that you owe me anything but the most heartfelt devotion, and that you will never pay, and so I call it a bad debt and put it out of the inventory.

I went to see Whittier the other day. He told me

a shabby turn which somebody had done you, officially. May he come to grief! Whittier talked about Grace, too. Isn't Whittier irresistible? Isn't the Merrimac peerless? Don't talk about the Arno and the Rhine. They're no better than the Merrimac, and I don't believe there are any such rivers, either. Isn't Whittier even sweet? Isn't their Charles and Mary *Lambness* a perpetual poem?

Grace, you are coming to Lynn. Hamilton is only a matter of fifty cents or so, from Lynn. If society gets to be a "boah," and you want to lie on a sofa, and see nobody, and do nothing, and rest, and speak once in about three hours, why then Hamilton is just the place for you. Never mind the loss of money. Money is nothing but metal. This world is all a fleeting show, though it must be confessed that the most of even that is made by money.

I can't tell whether this story is anything or isn't, or what it is. I've just made it up as I went along — out of nothing, and very likely I have boggled over it, but what business have you to make me write a story late into Saturday night, when I want to be knitting a mitten for the soldiers, tell Annie, Grace, — with red, white and blue in it, — which I don't believe she has in her stocking.

BOSTON, MASS., October 5, 1859.

I am thus far on my way to Washington. I am also writing in an Editor's sanctum, in an Editor's chair, on an Editor's desk, with an Editor's pen, by an Editor's ink, on an Editor's paper, and don't I feel awed? That's the reason why I am graver than usual.

WASHINGTON, D.C., October 9, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER: You see I am safely here, so I will begin with you where I left off. After leaving my trunk at the Worcester depot, I went up to the "Congregationalist" office and asked Mr. Green if I could rent the office a little while as I wanted to finish a piece and write a letter. He put me at once into Mr. Dexter's part of it, and furnished me with writing materials, and I stayed quietly till I had finished operations, calling out to him once in a while when I thought of anything I wanted to say. He told me the way he suspected me the first time I was there was because I looked like my sister in Cambridge — also he read a letter from his sister speaking of Gail Hamilton and *his* power to interest children. Dea. James was introduced to me, and I had some conversation with him. I took the horse-cars to Cambridge. I felt really miserable in the evening, and took some wine the last thing before going to bed, and also in the morning before I went away. I think it was nothing but the excitement and want of sleep. Felt carried me over to Boston the next morning, and went with me as far as the first stopping-place, and there I will stop my letter, too. I want to send this by the first mail. It will serve to let you know that I am here and well, at last. Good morning,

Affectionately,

ABBY.

OCTOBER 10.

MY DEAR FAMILY: I will continue my narration. I had a really delightful ride to Meriden. The cars were very clean, very easy, and I had four seats to myself. The *rest* was just the thing for me. I had

as pleasant a visit at Abby's as I could under the circumstances, but I was not at all well. I had no appetite, and was only fit to go to bed — though I did not till the proper time. A little after one I left for N.Y., and arrived there safely before sunset. I followed the crowd and saw a horse-car marked "27th St. and Astor House" — so I got into that and told the conductor to let me out at the Astor House, as I did not know where it was. It was the end of the route. He told me where to find the private entrance — the porter showed me into the parlor, and presently Mr. S. entered, looking around, and I rose and he said, "Miss Dodge?" and I said, "Mr. Stetson?" Then I told him that I was travelling from Hamilton, Massachusetts, to Washington, and unexpectedly found myself obliged to remain in N.Y. over night, and so I had thrown myself on him in hope of not being torn in pieces by wild beasts, etc., etc. "Hamilton? What! Essex County?" Yes, sir. Why, he used to be there himself. It was the best place to live in he ever saw. He would be glad to go there now. Did I live in Backside or Foreside? What was my name? What was my father's name? He used to know Dodges. Well, he said I needn't be in the least afraid. Everything went on there just like home, etc., and he gave me his arm and went with me to look up my trunks, and sent a porter for the housekeeper, etc., etc., and everything went off very well, just as well as if I had had twenty men about me. I had breakfast at six and left in the cars at seven. Nothing in particular happened till I got to Baltimore. There it began to rain, and a very severe thunder shower. We had to change cars there and ride through the city in horse-cars. It rained a little when

I got in. The car was crowded full, and squeezed in among the rest, sat the Rev. Mr. Spalding of Newburyport! Of course there was something of an exclamation on both sides. He had been on to the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., and was going to Washington to see the sights. It was right pleasant to see and talk with him. At Washington Marcel and Mr. Wood met us. Mr. W., Mr. S., and I got into a carriage and waited some twenty minutes for my trunk to be got out and put on, and then we drove home. Of course it gave the two a fine chance to get acquainted, of which I was very glad, as I had been offering Mr. W. to Mr. S. as guide. I found Mrs. Bailey and the children well. The former in as good spirits as I expected. I did not sleep much that night and had a renewal of my attack in the morning, but am now well. Have recovered my appetite and strength. If things go well here it seems as if we might be very comfortable. Mrs. B. speaks encouragingly of the paper, but I have not much faith in it. Mrs. B. said that Mr. Wood brought with him such a pleasant impression of my mother! Good morning.

Affectionately yours,

ABBY.

WASHINGTON, 1859.

Mr. Derby's letter contained a letter which he had received from Miss Evans of Mobile, the authoress of "Beulah," a book which you remember I reviewed in the "Era" a while ago. She says "The review in the 'National Era' is an extremely well-written, humorous, caustic article. You write that it was written by a young lady whose name I could not clearly decipher. Ah, dear Mr. Derby, are you quizzing me or are *you*

quizzed? Don't you know Henry Ward Beecher and Henry Ward Beecher only wrote it? Why, sir, I see Beecher in every line, from 'Crockett's coon' to the 'hard, green apples.' It is admirably written and I have really enjoyed it—laughed heartily—so did pa. You probably know very well that the 'Era' is an abolition sheet and you may be sure Beecher contributed the article. Limited as is my acquaintance with him, I can detect some of his pet phrases." He said that when he read my "Beulah" notice he said to friends, "Why that was just the view Beecher took of it." He also sent me Mr. Beecher's autograph, and reiterates his belief that "You could do something handsome with a book if you only try. I mean in writing a book, for you are smart, if I have to say it."

I have had two letters from Mr. Richardson this week hurrying me up about my letters, which he wants begun right off. He also says in the first letter "Don't you find time to write more for us? Remember, you haven't sent an article for the *first* page yet, notwithstanding your fair promises! but undoubtedly you have a first-rate excuse, but seriously we should like more 'copy' from you." In the second he closes with "more copy." I will send you a copy of the "S. & S." with a story of mine in it. Look at the pictures and see if you think "Bekkie" would recognize herself. The girls are too old for the story, but he says they had to take such pictures as they could get, as they hadn't time to get new ones made. Send it to mother when you have read it. They have a Christmas story of mine for that also, and one for the February number. The notices of "Sword and Gown," Saxe's Poems, and the "Nat. Philosophy" in the last "Era" were mine. I shall have no letter next

week, but a rhyming one the week after. I saw a piece of calico that I thought was remarkably pretty, went in to get enough for a clothes-bag. It was only ten cents, so I bought enough for a dress. It is right pretty. Mr. Lovejoy told me he had written a poetical agricultural address. I said I wouldn't believe it till I saw it. "Didn't I know he was a poet?" "I thought his face looked like one — 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought' (you know he is big, brown, and burly), but I considered his forte to be letter-writing!" I laughed at him about the letter he wrote to me last summer.

I have written to Mr. Derby to-day. He has sent me a package of five new books : Chateaubriand, Voltaire, Pascal, and the "Fool of Quality," in two volumes. I made matters square with him some time ago. I told him I swept off my old friends with the old year and began the new with a clean record, that the snake sloughed off his old skin before he put on his new, and that I could not have successive layers of friendships any more than the snake could successive layers of skin — that if I didn't adopt some such purgative process I should have a congestion of the heart from a plethora of lovers — that I treated men and women just as I did oranges, suck all the juice out and then throw 'em away — that I believed in a rotation of crops morally and mentally as well as physically — that when you've taken the measure of a man, have sounded and fathomed him, and know that you can't wade in him more than ankle deep — when you've got out of him all your soul needs, what is the next thing to be done? Why, let him go. Do as the tick does, gorge yourself and then drop off. "Now," I said, "if you want a friend for just as long as she feels

like it, a fair weather, skin-deep, April-shower friend, why, I'm your man. I'll laugh and talk with you as long as it suits my humor and you are happy and prosperous, but when the clouds come, and the drops patter, and the winds blow, I'll stretch my wings and fly off." Isn't that fair? But "oh!" he replied, "won't I keep out of your net!"

DECEMBER 12.

I was at Congress every day last week, and of course it takes a large slice from my day. When they get a Speaker I shall not attend quite so closely. Mr. Burlingame with two other Members has taken a house on our street. My book, I hope, will not come out this season. I went upon the Senate floor after it adjourned and saw Preston King.

I saw Mr. Corwin (Hon. Tom) in the evening as I was going out — told him I didn't suppose he remembered me, but I remembered him. He said he *should* have remembered me twenty-five years ago. I only saw him on a visit here last year. He was not in Congress; then Mr. Clepham joined me in Congress and came home with me.

DECEMBER 21.

Wednesday I went to the Senate to hear Mr. Wade of Ohio. Right brave words he spoke, too. Mr. Fogg came and sat behind me and gave me the benefit of his comments. After Mr. Wade was through we went into the House to see what they were doing, and stayed through one ballot, but it didn't look as if they were going to elect a Speaker, and we went home at the beginning of what promised to be a long speech. I took my knitting-work up to

the Senate yesterday and did a good long piece — whereat Mr. Hale was greatly disgusted and begged I wouldn't do it again. Thursday Capt. Naylor joined me in the House and introduced a Mr. Mitchell, of St. Louis. He is a man who has been spoken of to take the "Era" — fine talents, simple in manners. He stayed till we went home. Capt. Naylor was here in the evening, told the people that my running comments on the speakers ought to be published in the "Globe" in parallel columns with the reports of the speeches. Said he saw Mr. Mitchell afterwards and he was quite charmed with — me! Said "What a sprightly little girl that is! I haven't met anybody so witty for years!" I don't suppose he did say so, but Capt. Naylor said he did, and Capt. N. *always speaks the truth*. Sunday morning Mr. Lovejoy came and wanted me to go to church with him, so I took him with me to Dr. Butler's, but he kept whispering comments which I was afraid people would hear, till I told him I never would take him to church with me again if he didn't behave. After we got out I told him I didn't know how *he* felt, but *I* certainly had a sense of relief.

DECEMBER 19.

At one o'clock we went to the House. A Southerner was blustering away, and then they went to voting. Presently I got into conversation with a lady who sat next me. I scolded considerably about two Members, who were making jackasses of themselves, and presently discovered that she was a wife of some Member. I told her that if she wasn't the wife of either of those I didn't care. She seemed a good deal amused at my remarks, and presently said there

was a little girl over there who wanted to come and sit next me. So a little girl crowded past the two ladies who were in company. I said to her "Why, I don't know *you*, do you know me?" She said she didn't *know* me, but she had read my stories. Of course I was a little taken back. I asked her where. She said "In the 'Little Pilgrim.'" How did she know they were mine? Father told her. Her name was Anna Dawes and she was eight years old. Her father is a Member. I remember seeing him here last winter. I think the two women were Mrs. Buffinton and Gooch, who have taken a house on C St. I thought Mr. Burlingame was going there, but he is at the National. Mr. Lovejoy sent up one of the pages to me in the gallery with a package of franked envelopes, one of which I shall send to you. Tuesday, Frank, Fanny, and I went to the House again. You see I want to be there when a Speaker is elected and see the ceremony of inauguration, so I do not lose a day. In the evening Mr. De Naise was here. He has just returned from his foreign trip. You know he and the Dr. were to go together. Mr. De Naise was going home to a family gathering in Constantinople (Turkey). He was present at the battle of Solferino—has talked with Garibaldi—was so near as to hear the balls whistling about him.

I received your letter, mother, Saturday morning. As to danger, you need not be alarmed. I don't apprehend any. There is too much bark to have very much bite.

"Tom" is Mr. Tom Corwin, a man famed for his wit. He was a Member of the House some twenty years ago, and has now been returned again. He has been, I believe, Governor of Ohio and a mem-

ber of the President's Cabinet. Mr. Sumner is back here, but I don't believe they will touch him again. I believe he has gone to Boston now to remain over the holidays. He is tall and quite handsome. I saw Mr. Grow at the House the other day. He used to be at our house last winter.

Yesterday I went to church, at ours in the morning, and at Mr. Wood's in the evening. Our church was beautifully dressed. All the pillars and posts were twined with evergreens and all along the galleries were hung gilt stars, crosses, etc., wreathed with evergreen. A magnificent bouquet was on the reading-table. We had a fine sermon from Dr. Butler, a very full house to hear it. A so-so-ish one from Mr. K. in the evening. I don't think I shall go to church any more in the evening. I am going to stay at home and read the Bible with notes and maps, and Neander's "Church History." I think it will be more profitable to me than preaching.

DECEMBER 28.

In token of my respect for your character, my esteem for your virtues, and my love for yourself, I enclose in this letter, with my best wishes for the new year, a collar which I have made for you. I want you to take notice that the lace of this collar is *real* Valenciennes and cost — a small fortune — more than I could afford — the broad lace was given me by Mr. Wood to make a collar for myself — the rest, by Mrs. Bailey. So, you see, it didn't cost *me* a cent! only the making. As Mr. Wood announced to me his intention of giving away one of the purses I gave him, I announced my intention of giving away this collar to you. He was rather gratified and said he

should feel as if *he* had an interest in it. I was going to get you a ring, but I am so wretchedly poor.

Mr. Burlingame walked home with me — told me about his buffalo hunt in Kansas. They couldn't get horse, and found they must hunt on foot, or go back without any hunt. As that was what they came for, he concluded to go on foot. The danger is that if you wound a buffalo anywhere but in the vital part, he is sure to turn upon you — the vital part is about the size of a turkey — and they went out on the open plain, without the shelter of a tree, and shot. He says it was the rashest thing he ever did, and he was a fool for doing it, and would not do it again. Their lives depended on their shooting straight. He and another man always aimed at the same buffalo and they never missed. Of the nine that were killed, they killed seven. Mr. Lovejoy is quite lame. Has to ride to and from the Capitol. One of the ministers at his boarding-place asked him what the matter was, and he told him it was his dislike of pro-slavery ministers struck in.

[TO LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT, AND GRACE HIS WIFE.]

WASHINGTON, 1859.

I received this morning a book called "Old Wonder Eyes," purporting to have been written by the distinguished individuals to whom I have the honor of addressing this letter. I have my suspicions as to the truth of this statement. In the first place, I don't believe the male Greenwood can write such a charming sketch as "Old Horace," or as "My First Day in Trousers." In the second place, I don't believe he would if he could. In the third place

(my dear Grace, this is for your private ear), if he did write the ones I have attributed to him, the rascal has done better than you or I, either. Really the book is a very sweet one, and I only wish I had ten small children that I might give a copy to each one. I have not read all the stories, and I dare say those I have not read are very mean ones. Your suggestion that the Dorians might have brought grapes from Cyprus, and have made them into wine at home, is a very good one, and I shall use it if I am ever assailed, but that it was made at the table is not a tenable position, since, if my classics is not very much mistaken, the young ladies of Doris did not "assist" at the banquets of the gentlemen.

Your god "takes the little children under his own peculiar care and does not wait to have them committed to him by miserable adult sinners." Now if there is any bigotry that is contemptible, it is the bigotry of your self-styled liberals. A good old Puritan of the straightest sect is bigoted, honestly, conscientiously, because he never thought of the thing; hasn't the slightest idea what bigotry is; but you who pretend to a more catholic religion, and broader views, you swing to the other extreme and are just as narrow and just as canty, with this difference, that you pretend to be wise above others.

What do you mean? Are we to ask God to do nothing which He does of His own will. He gives food to the just and the unjust, yet He has commanded us to pray — Give us this day our daily bread. This whole matter of prayer is beyond the sweep of my mind and of yours. It is enough for us to know that God has commanded it. A very little reflection will enable us to understand, partially at

least, the reason of this command, but our understanding does not affect our duty, nor does duty prevent its being a pleasure.

Am I going to spend a year in this —? Of course I am. Where did you suppose I was going to spend it? Did you think the President was going to offer me a room in the White House, or that the man in the moon was to pop the question, or that I should make an immense fortune by writing for the "Era," and set up housekeeping on my own account? When any of these things happen I shall probably rest on my lees. Till then I shall meet life with what strength I may, nor expect to find it a bed of roses.

JANUARY 2, 1860.

I think Mrs. Bailey will not keep the "Era" a great while. It is hoped that she will presently be able to sell it advantageously, as the care upon her is altogether too much. I don't think I shall write much more for it. At present I write more for the "Congregationalist" than for the "Era." They have a *Cunctare* letter from me every week, beside occasional pieces.

As to H. W. Beecher, I don't think he is a notoriety seeker. He has faults. He often offends my taste. He is not always reliable. He is full of crotchets, but I think him an earnest, hearty Christian, one that is doing a work that nobody but him *can* do. He seems to me to be reaching hearts that no one else can reach, and I think if some of our D.D.'s would let him alone and look to their own flocks and herds they would be better off themselves and do more good in the world. As to his creed, you know Congregationalists have no *church*, but churches.

Each one is a separate body and has its own covenant and believes what commends itself to its own judgment. I presume the fundamental doctrines of Congregational churches generally receive Beecher's support. I read some views in a late sermon of his upon Christ's personality, which I, for one, don't accept. They don't accord with my opinions, but they don't alter my opinion of Beecher.

Mr. Derby is of the firm of Derby & Jackson, New York book publishers, and they published "Beulah," "Future Life," etc. Mr. Wood gave him a letter of introduction last summer, and we have kept up a correspondence ever since, though we have never met. He says he is coming to Washington this winter, though I assured him he should not see me if he did. He sends me new books occasionally, which they publish. The last was "Prenticeana," being a collection of Prentice, of the "Louisville Journal's" witticisms.

I have attended Congress every day since it assembled, in the hope of seeing the Speaker elected, but have not yet seen it. I wanted to witness that ceremony once in my life, particularly after so fierce a conflict as the present one. I do not apprehend any danger from armed resistance, as you know the dogs that bark the loudest do not always, nor even generally, bite the hardest. I am going out presently to make one or two New Year's calls. We do not keep "open house," as the family are in mourning. Nor did we have a merry-making at Christmas. I had one or two gifts. I do not go out much and we do not have our last winter's Saturday night parties, but I see almost as many people. I am sadly tired of the Congress speeches. The Democrats have it all or

chiefly to themselves, so I now take a book and when a man talks in a "long-winded" way I read, but as soon as they begin to fight, I wake up and see what the matter is. I have taken to writing, also, for the "Student and Schoolmate," a children's (monthly) magazine, printed in Boston. With my best wishes for the New Year and for all coming years in this and every world, I am very affectionately,

Your sister,

ABBY.

Mr. Lovejoy came just as I was finishing my letter to you. I was going out to make a few calls. It isn't customary for *ladies* to call here on New Year's day, as they generally stay at home to receive visitors, but people who don't keep house go if they like — like me. So I took Mr. L. over to a Mrs. Cox, who had sent for me. We were offered egg-nog, Roman punch, etc., but I didn't take any. Then we went to call on the Buffintons, Dawes, and Gooches, Members from Massachusetts, who are keeping house together, and had a regular "jolly time." They had found out in some way that I was Gail Hamilton, and so you see I was lionized. Then we went to Dr. Parker's. He used to be our Commissioner to China — there we were offered wine, but declined, then we went home and some gentlemen called, and as Mrs. Bailey was ill, and besides did not "receive," I entertained them and sent them off, and that is the end of my story, but you see I have accomplished a good deal to-day, one way and another.

JANUARY 23.

In the evening I went to a party at Dr. Parker's, met several pleasant people there, astonished an old

Whig Roman Catholic citizen with my radicalism, so that he was moved to introduce his daughter to me, as he thought we should suit each other, being both so lively. His daughter proved to be a very pretty girl, but not irreproachable in point of grammar. For that matter, neither was her father. Fell in also with a Cincinnati gentleman connected with one of the newspapers, who talked about Gail Hamilton, also a young graduate of Yale who knew several of my boys there — also De Naise, and several other people whom I knew — enjoyed it on the whole very much. In the evening Judge and Mrs. McLean were here. He is the Supreme Court, you must understand, and be impressed thereby. I did not write the notice of Starr King's book — Mrs. Bailey wrote it. Found your letter highly amusing. I have never heard anything about E's being engaged. Dare say it's true, girls generally are. I've just had a letter from Mr. Richardson. Says my "letters are entirely satisfactory — hears many speak of them with lively interest — likes my first-page articles, they are just what he has been trying to get from me for this long time." There! I wish you would leave the coming and advert to the *come* generation in the way of embroidery. I have been at work at my flannel petticoat all winter and haven't finished the second breadth yet.

JANUARY 30.

I must write you in a great hurry, for till the House is organized I am a good deal squeezed for time, and you must not expect what Mr. Dexter calls "the merry and beautiful grotesqueness of my playful style," but only the barest details. People bore me dreadfully. I'd like to see nobody from week's end to week's end.

In the evening Mr. Mitchell came to invite me to go to church with him, but as I have declined going with Mr. Wood, of course I could not go with him. So I sent down word to him that I went to church in the morning to hear other people's theology, but stayed at home in the evening to construct a system of my own. Mr. Dexter wrote me a long letter the other day about my writing, etc. Thinks I ought not to stay in Washington longer than I can help — 't isn't the place for me. Ought to study more, and prepare myself for my life-work — that a N.E. village is a far better place for me, etc. What do you think about it?

FEBRUARY 4.

Wednesday at the House. La! I saw everybody and talked with 'em and laughed — what's the use of specifying. The Speaker was elected and I came home and was homesick, pitied the poor fellow so, the other fellows acted like cats and dogs and there was a great uproar. Dr. Lindsley was in in the evening and said they'd do better by and by. Thursday Miss Swan called to see me. Cold as Greenland. Seemed as if I should freeze, fire low in the furnace, and cross as two sticks. I was, that is. Friday ditto, but Mr. Wood wanted me to make calls and the calls had to be made, so I dressed, put on an engaging look, and went out. First to Governor Seward's, but their reception was in the evening, thought it was in the morning, then at Maine Washburn's, Boston Elliot's, and Syracuse Elliot's — all out — Mrs. Bridges', out. Mrs. Senator Wilson's — in — a little, pleasant, nice, rather pretty woman — very glad to meet me, had known me long through the "Era" — blushed and grinned, and vamosed. Mrs. Burlingame out — Mrs. Alley in

— liked her very much, pretty, beautiful eyes, knows Grace Greenwood. All the Daweses and Buffintons were at home. On the way Mr. Wood told me that he had met a gentleman a while ago who asked him if that young lady with him was Mary Dodge, of Hamilton— said that he was from Hamilton himself, had married a Dodge and had in his possession some kind of a commission of some old Robert Dodge, taken some time before the flood, I don't know when, and he wanted Mr. Wood to introduce him to me. It turned out to be Ben: Perley Poore. Before we got home we met him, so Mr. W. introduced him then and we had a jocose chat. If I had time I'd tell you what we said — but dear me — by and by when I *have* time I suppose I shan't have anything to write, but now I'm running over. To-day I locked myself in and wrote all day. When people came thundering at the door I said nothing, and escaped all callers; they thought I was out, you know — shan't tell anybody — mean to do it again. Went out to walk after dinner. Met Mr. Wood, who joined me. He's always meeting me, and joining me. Left me at the corner. Mr. Goodloe met me right after and turned round and went home with me. Wants to take a long walk with me. Told him he couldn't go far enough nor fast enough, but he might try it when the weather became pleasant — hope he'll forget it by that time. Got home, found Mr. Washburn had left a special invitation for me to come to his house to a soiree this evening, wasn't well enough to go. Mr. Mussey came afterwards to ask me to go with him. Declined, of course. Stayed upstairs and wrote all the evening. Tell M. by all means to call the baby Meriel. I think it's a beautiful name. Why didn't she ever tell me of it when I've agonized

for names to my thousand and one children. I must put it into a story directly. It's odd without being stuck-up or sentimental. I don't like the Lapham so well — Meriel Stanwood would be beautiful.

FEBRUARY 11.

In the evening I went to the Smithsonian to hear Mr. Gould lecture — nephew of Hannah F. Gould (the "Old Elm of Newbury" woman). Mr. Lovejoy came to see me. Went into the parlor and found Mr. Sumner and Mr. Goodloe there also. It's the first time I have met Mr. S. I rather like him. He has a very deep bass voice, and somehow he seemed to me to be a man of integrity. Mr. Dexter thinks he's about the purest man in Congress.

I went to Miss Miner's to hear her colored girls recite History, Philosophy — read, spell, and sing, which they did very well, especially the reading and singing. Mr. Wood and I went to the Senate to hear Mr. Hale speak, and were successful, that is, he did speak. We stayed from twelve to half-past four. Lizzy Hale and Mrs. Hale were sitting near us. When I went out I told Mrs. Hale that as I could not go down to shake hands with Mr. Hale by way of congratulation, I would with her instead. When we got to the door, however, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, began to grow furious in replying to Mr. Hale, and we sat down again. Mr. Welling came up presently and commenced a talk. He thinks Mr. Toombs a powerful man, intellectually as well as bodily. The notice of Webster's Dictionary in the last "Era" was mine. Mr. Lovejoy came to see me pretty soon after dinner and stayed ever so long, brought a new gold-headed cane that he had just received from an old anti-

slavery friend in New York. After he had gone, Mr. Hale came, and I congratulated him on his speech. Friday evening I was at Mr. Seward's with Mr. Wood — want to know what I wore? New green silk, low neck, short sleeves, lace cape with silk illusion puffs, and bows of narrow white ribbon all over it, and lap-pets in front, white kid gloves, lace things on my wrists, scarlet velvet bows with ends, a gold bracelet on each arm, a gold chain and anchor round my neck, and a bunch of flowers in my bosom. Mrs. Seward is an invalid, and Mrs. Frederick Seward, the son's wife, does the honors. Had a very pleasant time. Mr. Wood said that he thought Mr. Seward received *me* with distinguished favor — what the French call *empressement*. I thought him very affable, but I supposed he was just the same to them all. It is possible that Mr. Seward may know or remember that I wrote that Brady piece which resulted in Lady Napier's calling here. Introduced me to Hon. Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, who, you know, is making quite a stir now, and to Charles Francis Adams, with whom I had a long conversation. I have been wanting to know him a long time. I met Mr. Preston King, too, Mrs. Gurley, Judge Trumbull, and Mrs. Trumbull, and others. Mr. Baumgras wants to take a pencil sketch of my face. He's an artist. Mr. Clepham has sent me a ticket to the Arts Union, and I suppose I shall go down there pretty soon.

In a "hurly-burly" as usual.

Affectionately yours,

ABBY.

FEBRUARY 27.

About coming home — I have not decided yet — I can't form any plans for the future until Mrs. Bailey knows a little more what she is going to do. I mean that I hardly like to come away and leave her in her present condition, and she can't very well do anything until the House Printer is elected. Whether she is benefited thereby or not, she will then probably take some decided step. She will give up the paper if possible. She may leave the city, though I hardly think she will. Understand — I am not staying because I have any intention of remaining with her in any event, but because I simply don't wish to add another element of unrest to her already disquieted condition. We are on the lookout for an election every day, and have been ever since the election of speaker. As for my writing "harshly" to the "Cong." people, why, Mr. Dexter says he likes me when I'm wrathful. I told him the other day that he was the splendidest old foggy that ever was, only he had *no sense*. I scolded him terribly about one of his editorials, and he said it was every word true, and if he'd only had me sooner, what a man he'd have made! and that he had several rods in pickle for me. And you see, mother, I didn't tell them they were blockheads — only b-k-h-ds, and if they chose to fill in the missing letters, why it's no fault of mine. As for taking Mrs. Bailey's daughter home, I can only say that after long and serious deliberation, I have concluded that *one* daughter is enough for me to take care of, and that is the youngest daughter of Mr. James B. Dodge.

I haven't written for the "Era" because I haven't had time and because — it isn't good pay! By the

way, my piece is out — or a part of it — in the March “Atlantic.” I will send it to you and you may see if you can tell which it is. It’s a story. I expect I shall have some money some time or other, but for the present I seem to have pretty nearly touched bottom.

In the evening at the President’s. I was introduced to a famous old man — a Mr. Jacob Barker — an immensely rich old Quaker who lives in New Orleans. I’ve seen plenty of stories about him in the newspapers. He was mightily smitten with me — you see I laid myself out to amuse him, not because he was rich, but because he was such a jolly old fellow — he’s a cousin, I believe, of Dr. Franklin’s and looks very much like him. He told Mr. Wood he thought I must make the young men’s heart-strings thrill a little, and Mr. W. told him he guessed it didn’t make much difference whether they were young or old! Wednesday, the grand day, was a tremendously rainy one. We went down to Mr. Wood’s rooms about 11.30 A.M. to see the procession and waited till 4 P.M. Mrs. Gale was there and Mr. Wood’s brother and part of his family. Dr. Hall’s rooms are below Mr. Wood’s, and there is a balcony in front where we stayed a part of the time — breaking in on Dr. Hall’s bachelor solitude most uproar(i)ously — I didn’t care though — I told Dr. Hall it was a grand place to see processions and I should come again. He said if my President should be elected he would tear his balcony down. Dr. Hall showed me his curious old books and his pictures.

Introduced to Senator Foote of Vermont, a splendid-looking old man that I’ve been wanting to know this long while — he said he’d known my face a long time

—then Mr. Harrington and Gov. Bingham, now Senator from Michigan, attacked me simultaneously. Then Mrs. Seward brought up a Miss Walton, of New York, and Gov. Bingham, Mrs. Gov. Grimes of Iowa. Then Mr. Preston King, Senator from New York, came up. I told Mr. Seward that I wished there was nobody there but me, and that I was Queen of England, so that he should sit down and tell all about his travels, and he said he would some time, making believe I *was* Queen of England. Saturday Mr. Welling came to see me just after dinner and stayed till half-past eight P.M. We talked of everything in earth and heaven. I had a letter from Mrs. Spalding this morning, asking me to write “some more” in the “Era,” and enclosing a very high encomium of my last winter’s pieces from Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, author of “Brazil and the Brazilians.” She says: “What pointedness, what naïveness, what clear penetration and sound judgment she shows in her well-chosen and well-fitting words. It is not every day one can listen to such a conversation as that of Gail Hamilton. I wish I were in the way of seeing her. Mr. Fletcher has shared my enjoyment fully. He has pronounced the papers ‘charming, healthy, magnetical, and Christian.’” Mr. Dexter wrote to me that in looking over the table of contents of the March “Atlantic,” he said to himself, “There, I don’t believe but that Gail Hamilton wrote that story,” so he cut the leaves and read it, and then he said, “Well, if she didn’t write it, she *might* have written it, and on the whole, I think she did.” It *was* my story. Don’t talk about it. I suppose people will find it out, but don’t you proclaim it.

MARCH 5.

A Mr. Warner had been told that if he could get introduced to Miss Dodge, he would find her an acquisition. He's going to Hartford next week to help edit "The Press" with Mr. Hawley.

You see Ford is elected Printer, but there are so many combinations and corruptions that I don't believe Mrs. Bailey will get anything to speak of. Mr. Gallagher left on Saturday. He gave me a lecture of his which he said he always took with him when he left home to give to the new acquaintance that should strike him most. He gave it to me.

Mr. Wood was sitting in Dr. Gale's office and heard Mr. Morse (Professor Morse), the telegraph man, reading my "Atlantic" story aloud to the female Gales, and saying that he *should* like to see that young lady. Well, two or three days after, as I was coming home from my walk, I saw Mr. Wood standing out by Dr. Gale's door talking with a gentleman. I expected he would see me and poke along after me, as he always does. So I *didn't see him*. I marched along on the other side of the street, when I heard him calling: "Mary! Mary Dodge!" But I *didn't hear him*. The good soul was not to be wheedled in that way, though, so he came striding across the street after me, and said he wanted to introduce me to a friend. I scolded and stormed, but the friend, who was the veritable Prof. Morse, was already half across the street, so I choked off my mad, looked as "smiling as a summer morn," went up to him and said: "Mr. Morse, I can't bear to be introduced to people, so I am going to introduce myself." Then we had quite a long talk and I liked him very much, and he complimented me, and I complimented him,

and it was neck-and-neck which could lay it on thickest.

I took my copy of Miss Beecher's work round to Mrs. Judge McLean for her to read. Mr. Lovejoy sent me up the first draft of a speech to look over, which I did, and read it to Mrs. Pike and Mrs. Bailey, and told him it was very good, but a little too much spread-eagle, but he said he was going to fight humbug with humbug. In the evening Gov. and Mrs. Bingham called. I excused myself, and came off. After I was gone Mrs. Bingham asked Mrs. Bailey, "She is not an American girl, is she?" She thought I must be English, I had so much color! I guess she meant Irish, only feared it would not be polite. We played whist at Mrs. Cox's. We had cake and wine to refresh ourselves with. The wine had not been uncorked for fifty years. I only tasted it just for the name of it, you know. Mr. Derby does not know that he shall be able to come to Washington, so I have not seen him. They are going to publish a book — "Women of the North Distinguished in Literature," and he wants to put me in. He'll catch it if he does. I am going to write him a letter on that subject.

MARCH 12.

You wrote me a nice long, and withal very amusing, letter, dated January 20. I've read it over this morning with as much interest as on the morning I received it, but if you recollect that you gave me therein a downright scolding, you will understand the reason why I have not answered it before. No such thing — I was amused, though, inasmuch as while you were taking us writers to task for using foreign words, you used one yourself — wondering why the *literati*

couldn't stop doing it, etc. There, now! I commend the chalice to your own lips.

My dear, you needn't sigh over my privileges. I am just as eager to get home as you could be to get here — and a great deal more so than you *are*. I like here. I'm glad I came, but I don't want to live here, and unless I *am* going to live here, it's high time I was away. There *is* a kind of fascination in society. When I get agoing, I like to — go it! I've really had some thoughts of giving myself up to it in earnest, and seeing what I could do. You may think me very foolish, and I am quite aware that I have not beauty or money, yet without them, and without giving much thought to it, I can make a *little stir*, and if I should give my mind to it I think I could do something. Still I don't suppose it would be spending life to the best advantage, so, on the whole, I think I shall go to New England if my life is spared to get there. I shall leave pleasant friends and pleasant memories here.

I *did* see the Speaker elected, but it wasn't much of a see after all. He wasn't the one I wanted, and in my opinion he isn't a good Speaker. I'm a little disgusted with politics, too, and politicians. At a party a while ago I said to Mr. Adams (Charles Francis), with whom I was talking, "I shouldn't think you'd want to talk politics out of the House." "Oh!" he said, "I'd just as soon talk out of the House as in it." He is a quiet, well-bred Boston gentleman, and a great contrast to many of the "rowdies" in Congress. I told him once I thought it was a great piece of condescension in him to come to Congress. He is short, not much, if any, taller than I am, with gray hair, and bald, and looks so much like his father that I recog-

nized him in the House by his resemblance to the portraits of his father, whom I never saw. He told me also that the Clerk of the House recognized him by his resemblance to the picture of his grandfather. I have met him several times, and like him very much.

Another celebrity whom I have met is Mr. Seward. I saw him last winter, but was not introduced. I have met him several times this winter. I saw him the longest one evening at a reception at Mr. Washburne's (of Maine). I noticed him when he came in. He saluted the hosts and then bowed right and left to the people around, but the moment he saw me he came straight towards me, took me into a corner, and we sat and talked a long while. He was in high spirits. He called Mrs. Pike (wife of one of the editors of the "Tribune," the one who writes the J. S. P. letters,—they are staying with us now), and she sat on the other side of him, and Mr. Lovejoy came and sat in front, and so we had a little circle of our own. It was a few days after he had made his great speech. I told him I was going to flatter him a little if it was proper. He said that flattery never hurt him, for he had so much of the other kind that it counteracted the effects. I told him also the parts of the speech that I did *not* like — about negro equality. He said that was the part Mrs. Seward objected to, but he had found by long experience that the way to elevate the negro was to elevate the white man. He told us about his trip abroad. Mr. Foote, Senator from Vermont, is a fine-looking, venerable man, with gray hair and a piercing black eye. He says he has known *my* face a long time. The first time I went to call on Mrs. McLean she was very glad to see me, for she said Mr. Foote, who boards at their house, had brought home

such a glowing account of me that she really wanted to make my acquaintance. Augusta says she never saw anybody *toot his own horn* as I do — that I tell off puffs as coolly as if they were about somebody else and not myself, but I do it because I know if you were here, and I were there, I should want you to do just the same. I don't to anybody else except you and the family letters, only as I write the latter every week, of course they have more of it than you, who only get what happens at the moment to be uppermost in my mind. It's good fun, though. I like to get in a corner and have half a dozen round me and feel a little excited, and make 'em all laugh, and see the women look and wonder what is going on. I tell you, if I *should* give my mind to it, wouldn't I do a thing or two? Nevertheless I get horribly bored. We have so much company evenings. I long for quiet. At a party, when you get tired of one you can go to another, but at home you must entertain people as long as they choose to stay, and the more entertaining you are, you know, the longer they choose to stay. However, it's all very well, and after I am gone home I dare say I shall look back with regret sometimes upon the very things that tire me now. You needn't suppose, however, that I am going to vegetate in Hamilton; not a bit of it. The "Congregationalist" want me to help them; they will give me a salary of from \$400 to \$600 per annum for work that Mr. Dexter thinks will take only about a day or a day and a half a week. I should go to Boston twice a week. I told him I wouldn't make any engagement about it, but I would see when I got home. I think I should like it. I like *him*, so we shouldn't probably come into unpleasant collision. He wrote me also last week. I think

it will give you the best view of the case to copy from his letter, which I will do, leaving out unnecessary episodes. He says the Tract Society were asking him to write books for them, and he couldn't, because he had so much to do, and they began to explain their immense and peculiar need of spicy books when "I said to them, 'If you want books of that sort I can perhaps direct you to a young lady who may do something for you in that line, though her time is, and *is to be*, very much taken up in other directions.' 'You mean Miss Gail Hamilton?' 'Yes.' Whereat I was buttonholed and taken into the private room, and a suction hose applied to ascertain what, how far, etc., I knew of the aforesaid G. H.'s plans, and particularly with reference to the engrossment of her time. I didn't 'run' at all freely, but returned the compliment by applying *my* hose and inquiring what they wanted to know for. They were reticent, whereat I ventured to hint to them that, on further consideration, I doubted whether you would be able to do anything for them, that measures were in progress, that I had, in fact, made you a *quasi* offer, and that negotiations were pending between us which would probably count *them* out. Then they took me into another private room, and Alvord frankly stated that they were after you, and *must* have you, that he had seen Mrs. Cowles and Mr. Bannister, and had interested them in the great work which the T. S. was wanting to have done, and which nobody on earth *but* you could do, and they thought you would be glad to come to New England and have some permanent home and engagements, and he was on the point of writing to you to broach the matter, winding up by a pathetic appeal to me to 'use my influence' and let them have

you. I only pumped further. ‘*How* did they want you?’ Well, if they could get the whole of your time to write books and write for the ‘Child’s Paper,’ etc., they wouldn’t probably mind giving you \$1,000 or \$1,200 per annum if you wanted it. I told them that in all human probability you would not make any such arrangement, that you did not need to tie yourself up in that way, that you could get money enough by your pen without any such hampering, and, further, that I doubted if you would have anything to do with them anyway. I *did* tell him, however, that if anybody could do anything with you I flattered myself *I* could, and that I did think *I* could prevail on you to aid them *some*, that I thought it very possible, in connection with your other work, you might be willing every month or two to write them a little book (in their large type and small pages you could write a book in two or three days any time). He then begged *me* to write you and intercede, and beg, and plead with you on their behalf, and said he wouldn’t write to you about it till I had written and heard from you. I said I would write.” I wrote to Mr. Dexter that I was amazed at their audacity, that I would do it for \$1,200 just as soon as I would for \$12,000, and for the Tract Soc. just as soon as I would for the Angel Gabriel or Beelzebub, and no sooner, that the very fact that I was willing to put my brain in pawn would show that my brain wasn’t worth pawning, that I would write stories, and if they liked ’em they might have ’em, but I didn’t believe they would, and that I would not write to suit them, and I would not make any engagement, and if I did I would break it the first thing.

So the case stands. It would be murder — the idea

of my selling myself body and soul to write children's stories! I'd rather have less money and be able to call my soul my own. I haven't said a word of this to anybody but you. I'm afraid if father knew I had refused a salary of \$1,200, he would go crazy, so be sure you don't lisp a syllable of it in your letters. I shouldn't tell you only you are so far off. I shall tell mother and Augusta when I go home. For that matter, if I live, it will probably be a great deal better, even in a pecuniary point of view, that I should not make such an engagement, but, good or bad, I won't make it. It will probably not be decided what I shall do till I go home. I mean about the "Congregationalist" and all. I will tell you when it is. I am thinking now of starting for home on the first of April, but I may not so soon. I intend to be about three weeks on the way.

Did you see anything in the March "Atlantic" that sounded like me? I am generally reputed to have written "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." I'm not married and I don't think I shall be. I can't afford the time, and besides, the men ought to be given to the women who can't get along without 'em. I can support myself, and so I think I'd better do it. Besides, I have a greater "run" among the men themselves than if I were married. Now I am independent and every man is my "humble servant." If I were married I should be dependent upon the caprices of one. An unmarried woman has an immense advantage over the married woman. You think I "may have seen women on New Year's day, but I make no mention of them." My dear, I like women. In fact, I esteem them very highly, but I bag higher game — when I can. Women do to fall

back upon, but for first choice, give me a brace of bearded men.

I don't believe I shall come to Minnesota this summer. First of all, I want quiet and rest more than anything else. Second, there is so much to be done that I don't believe I can get away conveniently. Thirdly, this paper business will be new and I shall want to be on hand in order to see about it. Fourthly, I don't believe I shall have money, for Mrs. Bailey has not paid me a cent since I have been here and I don't believe she will or is able, so I have had to take my C— money. I am afraid I shall have to stay at home and write *one or two books* before I do much of anything. I should like to go very much, both to see you and the country and for the journey's sake.

MARCH 19.

Monday evening went to hear a Catholic Bishop Spalding of Ohio lecture. Tuesday Mr. Lovejoy was in in the evening. Mr. Pike was out, did not come home till twelve o'clock. Mrs. P., Marcel, and I sat up for him; when we heard him at the door we all went to help him in, pretending he was drunk, and "took him by his hind legs, took him by his fore-legs, took him by all his legs, and dragged him upstairs." A letter from Mr. Richardson, sending some pictures for a story for the "S. & S.," says, "A good many people inquire nowadays who Gail H. is, and they will have it that she is a man, or at least that she's for women's rights." In the evening three men fell to *my* share. Mrs. P. said that she told Mr. P. how I set myself down before those three men like a Christian and a martyr and entertained them. I told her I didn't entertain them much. I just let them talk.

"Ah," said she, "but you had magnetism enough to set them agoing, and you did talk a good deal yourself, too." I happened to feel in the mood, though, so we got on very well. It's a great deal easier to manage three men than it is one. You can make them play into each other's hands somehow. It is the single tête-à-têtes that kill me. A letter from Mr. Richardson, with my "quarter's salary," saying that he did not like my letter on Church-going, and must look out for me more sharply hereafter. I wrote back to him that it would annoy me very much to have everybody agree with what I wrote, because that would show that there was no need of my writing, etc. I can't write definitely about my arrangements yet. I want to stop in Philadelphia, and I want, if possible, to be in Hartford at the examination of the High School. You are not to suppose that I am proposing to stay at home during the remainder of my natural life. In such a case, I think I should hardly be contented even till the new was worn off. Still I cannot help looking with curious eyes from the metropolis to that State of rural simplicity.

Saturday evening I went with the Pikes to Mr. Washburne's. Had a nice, funny time. I'll tell you whom I talked with — Gov. and Mrs. Bingham, Mr. Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, and daughter, Mrs. John Potter, of Wisconsin, Mr. Hatch and daughter of I don't know where, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams and Mr. Lovejoy, Mrs. Bridge and Miss Miner, Mr. Elliott and daughter, the first very agreeable, the second very pretty, Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. Washburne, Mr. Johnson, of Washington, and his adopted mother, and Miss Donaldson, his aunt, Mr. Baumgras, Mr. and Mrs. Dawes, Mr., Mrs., and

Miss Hale, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle, and Mr. Grow. I don't recollect any others at this minute. I tell you I could "cut a dash" if I should set out! Sometimes I think I will. Most women are so stolid. They stand still and expect to be entertained. I circulate and talk wild and make 'em laugh and am natural and so people get round me. I told Mrs. Adams I had been wanting to be introduced to her a long while. She said she had seen me several times before, but there was always such a crowd round me and I was so busy talking that she had not come up to be introduced. Of course it was mere politeness that made *her* speak of being introduced to *me*. It was *I* that wanted to be introduced to *her*. "So no more at present."

From yours very truly,

M. A. DODGE.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 31, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I think if you should come into my room at this present writing you would go crazy, in a small way. I suppose there are on a moderate calculation a hundred thousand things scattered around the room. The table on which I am writing is so full that I despaired of clearing a place large enough to write, so I just set my atlas down right on the top of the things. Every chair is filled. My drawers have been broad open these two days, and everything is heaped up in hills in them. The bed is covered. The tables are covered. The floor is covered. The closet bulges. How these things are to be got together, I cannot imagine.

Your letters and the note came this morning. I can't stop to answer them now, particularly as there

is a good deal that I want to say, especially about my "Congregationalist" articles, but I reserve it till I see you, but I wish you, mother, particularly to understand that I don't feel bad about the Rockville minister—not in the least. It is the proof of my ministry. I wish you to understand that if I write much I shall probably meet with a great deal of opposition, for I shall express views which run counter to popular conviction, so if you faint now, you will have a catalepsy by and by when worst comes to worst. The only thing I am afraid of is that Mr. R. will be scared and won't print my pieces. That won't make any difference about my writing them, however. I shall write and print somewhere. If one won't, another will. There is an undercurrent of feeling that will sustain me. I *want* to upheave and overturn. Land needs to be sub-soiled, as well as top-dressed. "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right," says Hamlet, but I don't say so. It's just what I should like to be born for, and I hope I was.

I don't think I can write to Mr. Bartlett. I haven't spunk enough to write a good letter and I don't want to write a poor one—and I write so much that I loathe writing. Mr. Dexter told me the other day—wrote to me—that he heard the Boston Tract Society make a remark about me—that a gentleman from the rural district of N.H. said, "That 'air Dodge gal was a whole team, a hoss to let, and a dog under the wagon." That's all I know about it.

My plan now is to leave here to-morrow morning at 6.20—stop at Philadelphia ("1022 Wistar Street. Beat that into your brains before you start," says Mr. Lippincott), then to New York, and Mr. Derby is to

meet me at Jersey City, where he expects “a little angel [that’s me!] to rush directly into his arms,” says Mr. Derby — and he is to take me up the Hudson, a half-hour or an hour’s ride, to his home at Yonkers — then to Meriden, Conn., where I intend to arrive before Sunday, and where I will write to you again. This must do for this time.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

VII

BUSY YEARS IN HAMILTON

1860-1868



VII

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MAY 28, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: I have been looking out all along for news of the steamer "Prince Albert." Two days ago lo! I saw that the "Prince Albert" took fire three days from Galway. I really am afraid you're a kind of Jonah. That's the third time, since I knew you, that you've been in danger of being burnt out, or rather of being burnt in, which is worse still.

I'll try to give you a succinct account of my life and sufferings since your departure. I shall confine myself chiefly to my own biography, because I am the only person in whom you are interested of whom I can give you any information. I don't think I have heard from the Baileys since you went away, nor have I seen Mrs. Baldwin. I have been too busy to do anything but what was necessary in the way of visiting. The day I left you—you to look at the Old World—I to work in the New—I walked over from Salem to Beverly after a vain attempt to obtain a copy of the "N.Y. Tribune," visited my brother, and went with them in the evening to the silver wedding of Rev. Mr. Abbott, which went off as I suppose very much like other silver weddings, a great crowd,

nice cake, a quantity of gold and silver in the shape of coins, watches, spoons, forks, pitchers, a man and woman very smiling and happy and embarrassed, and extremely happy when it was over, I don't doubt; but it all went off well, and was a success — the only thing of the kind I ever attended.

My time, a great part of it, has been spent in anything but literary occupations. Do you remember the hideous gravel-bank in front and round our house? Well, I walked ten miles a few weeks ago to get a man to come and symmetrize it and turf it, and he came, but it was rather late and very dry. For four weeks and six days we had no rain, and I used to water the whole of that overgrown bank almost every day, and sometimes twice a day, drawing the water myself from the well, and carrying it up and pouring it into the watering-pot, and then pouring it on. I assure you it was no laughing matter, but it is a laughing matter now, for I just managed to keep the breath of life in the roots till the rain came, and now it is doing finely, only I suppose by the time you come home it will be all "sere and yellow," so that you will fail to see its glory — though after Italian skies, and Swiss mountains, and Irish turf, our bank will, I fear, be a very little, insignificant affair. Never mind, it keeps our cellar warm in winter and cool in summer, and that's what "Alps on Alps" won't do. I took my revenge on the bank for giving me so much trouble by putting it into print. After I had attended to the bank, the house had to be papered. I went to Danvers and found a man, then came home and turned everything topsy-turvy to get ready for him. He tormented us for a fortnight with paint and paste, and then left us in a turmoil that we have not quite got

out of yet. I have ripped up the old carpet in my room and put down another which is supposed to represent strawberries, though the ground is red, and the strawberries dust-color, which seems to be out of the natural order of things, a mistake of the artist's, I suppose. I have curtains — red patch, lined with buff cambric, also white curtains with red tassels under the former, also green blinds, so I may be considered as shut in from the world. I have also a lounge, green, — a favorite color of mine, and grateful to the eye, — but also, alas, yellow, which is not a favorite color, but on my lounge occupies the same relation to the green that Pharaoh's lean kine did to the fat kine. My lounge is hideous and comfortable. As soon as I shall have earned a little superfluous money I shall have it covered with dark green moreen. Meanwhile I call it "oranges," and defend it against all comers. Then I have my table, writing-desk, bureau, bookcase and books, stove, etc., and in my bedroom I have constructed a very nice wash-hand-stand, sink, etc., out of an old dressing-table and a few old nightgowns, very honorable to my taste and ingenuity, I assure you — though your ideas of luxury might smile at it, and I have a new white quilt on my bed, and altogether I am very comfortable. I get up in the morning between five and six, write or work till eight, then breakfast, P.O. letters, papers, etc., out-doors, walking, rambling, etc., as long as I like, then come in and do what I like till dinner at five — then do what I like again till nine, when I go to bed. It's a charming life to me, who have been so confined to hours. The way I've arranged about the meals is best for my appetite and health. Father and mother have their dinner at twelve, but I take my dinner with

their supper. It gives me better command of my time, and I think it suits my constitution better; at any rate, I am going to try it for the present. I intended to have a garden, but they tell me that the soil needs to be broken up for one or two years with corn and potatoes before it will be sufficiently mellow for gardening purposes, so I possess my soul in patience, and have dragged three or four boxes on to the top of the piazza, and planted a dozen or so different kinds of seeds therein, none of which, to do them justice, have as yet shown the slightest intention of coming up. Also I have a bed of morning glory and cypress vine which won't come up, a bed of beets, full of weeds, two tomato vines, both dead, two chickens, one alive and one dead — five more that pecked their shells open and died before they got out, and seven that have taken their chance at living — one calf who looks at me with his great purple, beautiful eyes, and makes a horrible piece of work eating the potatoes I give him, and a cow that gives two great pans full of milk at one milking, and cream that it takes five hours to make four pounds of butter from, let alone the ill-temper thrown in, which doesn't affect the butter. Our apple trees, and cherry trees, and peach trees, are snowy with exuberant blooming, and if the worms don't come, nor anything else unfavorable, you shall have cider, apple-sauce, and apple pies, and cider, and turnovers, and pan-pies, and peach preserves, and cherry puddings, etc., when you come back. In my cooking I know you will be interested. I'm doing splendidly. I've hunted up two recipes, and bought ten cents' worth of yeast. *Festina lente* — but I'll give you something nice after your journey, if your palate has not become vitiated with

(or by) foreign fare. My sister is at home this week, and we are endeavoring to put the finishing touches to the "spring cleaning," and our house in a state of order. I have about ruined my fingers with cutting obstinate carpets, and my wrists with lifting unwieldy furniture, but I hope now they will all "stay put." Shall I tell you some country news? The dry weather was so long continued that the woods became unusually combustible, and so went to *combusting* in various directions, and a great deal of fine land was destroyed (the wood, I mean, not the land), which *me judice* is a clear indication that this generation ought to burn coal.

The cattle disease of Massachusetts still rages. The government has called an extra session of the Legislature on next Wednesday to meet the demands of the case — oh, and Mr. Seward isn't nominated, I suppose you have heard before now, and Mr. Lincoln *is*. I don't feel the least enthusiasm myself, though I believe mankind in general is enthused to the last degree. I think Washington takes one beyond the pale of political enthusiasm. One sees too many *impromptus* cooked up there to be greatly carried away by an *impromptu*. I'm glad of one thing, that Greeley, Blair & Co. didn't succeed in switching their candidate on to the track. Chicago was in an exceeding state of "high-mindedness" — the N.E. delegates were received with great *éclat*. The greatest good feeling seems to prevail everywhere, always excepting Lt.-Gov. Raymond and H. Greeley, who are "at it again." I dare say a great many private claws are scratching private faces. I could have wished Seward to be nominated. Smoking or no smoking, he is, it seems to me, our ablest man.

They talk of "honest old Abe" (a hideous nickname) and his "splitting rails and mauling Democrats," but that isn't the very best recommendation a man can have for such an office. However, maybe he's a great man, I don't know. If he's worse than J. B. he is sublime.

To come back to myself again — I've had several invitations to teach since I came home, all of which I have "respectfully declined." Mr. Curtis wanted me to go there, and the Ipswich people wanted me to go there — neither of which I accepted, but like "Charlotte" for imperturbability I "go on cutting bread and butter." I did, however, so far relax from my indifference as to accompany Mr. Curtis on his travels in search of a teacher; went to the Salem High School, Normal School, etc. Then we went to Boston, Bridgewater, etc., to take a look at the "School-ma'ams" — that's all I have had to do with schools since I came home, and all I mean to have to do for the present. I do not write a great deal, nor study or read much, but I hope to accomplish more after we "get settled." At present, I am "taking in wood and water," hoping I shall be able to "get up steam" a little more by and by. But I can't tell you how much I enjoy the unrestraint of my present life. The wild flowers are very plenty and I have half a dozen glasses of them. I think mother is almost as anxious to hear from you as I am. She often asks, "Isn't it time for a letter from Mr. Wood?" I hoped to hear news of you by the "Persia," but in vain. Perhaps, however, one has gone to the "Intelligencer," and will reach me in that way. I want to know things that you won't put into your printed letters, but I suppose you will be so full of other things that I shall

have to wait till you get home before knowing — never mind — we have a new arm-chair big enough for you to lounge in till you have told your whole story down to its minutest details. The Lord send you health, happiness, success, and a safe return to home and friends, in this life, I mean (by the way, “Peter Schlemihl” is installed in a place of honor in the parlor). My dear friend, from my heart I wish you every blessing in this and in all worlds. I am sure you deserve it, if anybody does.

Good-night and good-by.

Gratefully and truly yours,

MARY A. D.

JUNE 28, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. W.: I received and read your last with great pleasure. I shall value the little pansy and its accompanying ivy very highly. It is something to be in the very places hallowed by such associations, only I should want to stay long enough to get into communication with the “genius loci” — but I suppose you want to get at something of the genius home-y. I am not in the best humor in the world, for I’ve just had an invitation to go to a picnic at “The Laurels,” somewhere in the vicinity of Newburyport — perhaps you know it — the Whittiers are to be there. My invitation came from the Spaldings, and I didn’t get it in season, and had to stay at home. If it had been a dinner-party I shouldn’t have cared, but anything outdoors I like. I have received your letters and the printed one in the “Intelligencer,” all excellent. My sister spent a week with us a while ago, which we employed chiefly in shopping and tinkering. You would be amused to see the way in

which my ingenuity is showing itself off. I don't think the world has any idea of my faculties in that line. It credits my brain, but has small faith in my hands. My brain is still employed in "stirring up" people about their prayer-meetings and such things. I have written a long article about Miss Miner's school, which she was pleased to pronounce the best account on the whole which had ever been written. Congress is adjourned and Mr. Lovejoy is "spouting" his way to Massachusetts. He writes me that he shall probably be here somewhere from the 10th to the 15th of July. We don't often lionize people. Don't have lions enough here to get our hand in, and I don't quite know what we should do with our lion. I shall shine a little in his reflected glory, besides being slightly self-luminous! I went to a conference the other day, the first time in my life, and was quite interested. I think such things are rather pleasant. They tend to create a social feeling, a kind of communion of saints. By the way, a new thing has happened in the religious world — at least I never heard of such a one before. A Brahmin — Rev. Mr. Gangooly, I think his name is — has been converted to Unitarian Christianity and has gone back to India as a propagandist of that faith. The Unitarians had quite a time ordaining him. The Japanese leave to-day, I believe. They must have been extensively bored, and if they don't think us a race of intense barbarians, they have less sagacity than I have given them credit for. The "Great Eastern" has steamed up New York harbor, her old Ironsides bulging with an unheard-of cargo of excitement, I don't doubt. New York seems to be monopolizing all the "big guns." Portland, you know, made tremendous prepa-

rations last summer, and this is the way the eel slipped out of her hands. Boston wanted the Japanese, but couldn't get 'em. It is suggested that the Prince of Wales fall to us, so that we may have a little glorification. I should like to see him myself. Why don't you go to court? I would. I'd see all the crowned heads possible. For my part, I like monarchies. I don't see but that England is just as free as we are. Anyway, I don't believe people would stay in office there after such a rebuke as has been administered to James Buchanan and Isaac Toucey by the House. J. B., by the way, has just vetoed the Homestead Bill, showing, as the "N. Y. Tribune" says, that some men have remarkably winning ways to make people hate them! The Baltimore Convention had an outrageous time and finally split in two. Caleb Cushing, the president, walked off and became president of the Southern part of it. Some think that the two fragments will reunite before election. I don't feel so enthusiastic about such things as I did before I went to Washington, though I hope the Republicans will beat. With success will come plunder, I suppose, and demoralization rushing in like a flood, and then decay and disruption.

I was in Cambridge the other day and heard Dr. Kirk of Boston preach. I was so much pleased that after I got home I sent him a letter, which he answered in a very friendly and pleasant manner. His style is conversational and his tone liberal. I had an application from the Society of Inquiry at Andover to write an "original hymn" to be sung at their annual celebration in July. The inviting note took the trouble to inform me that I should thereby be walking in the footsteps of Mrs. Stowe, Sigourney, etc. With

my peculiar adaptation to musical composition, and my perfect "posting up" on the Society of Inquiry, of which I never heard before, I concluded it would be wrong to refuse. so I sent them "a hymn," but I think it's a wonder if they ever hymn it. If you were here to-day I would give you a dish of strawberries and cream as fine as anything you ever got in England, or will get in France, I dare say. We don't raise them, though I mean to have a strawberry-bed another year, besides other things. My brother sent them, but I have a neighbor, Mr. A. W. Dodge, I think I've spoken to you about him, who has a fine garden for fruits and flowers, and he being very neighborly, I enter into his labors. One of my sisters is coming about the first of July, my Western brother and his wife on the tenth, my own sister on the nineteenth, some friends from Brookline and Hartford on or about the twenty-first, to stay a week or fortnight, then we shall perhaps go to Vermont for about as long, and so you see the summer is planned. It is a fine summer so far, not very warm, only the canker-worms are destroying our trees, and the bugs our squashes, and what the canker-worms and squash-bugs leave the rose-bugs destroy. I never knew what a precarious thing farming was till I tried.

I wish I knew your plans a little more, so that I could follow them on the map and say, "Now Mr. Wood is eating frogs here, now he is giving pence to *lazzaroni* there, now he is jolting in a diligence over such a road, now he is looking at a 'real Murillo.'" With all best wishes for your continued health, success, and a safe return, and with love from all mine to you, I am,

Very truly yours,

M. A. D.

JUNE 30, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: I wanted a musical term the other day, and I hunted for it in vain till I happened to think my "Future Life" will have it, of course, so I turned to "Future Life," and there it was, sure enough, and I was reminded anew of your universal adaptability! I don't know whether that word comes in exactly right there, but it will answer my purpose. The first matter of interest centring in your obedient servant is, that I have taken a S. S. class. I had one, the first Sunday, four, the second, seven, the third, and four, the fourth, so you see it has a changeable character. They are girls from thirteen to sixteen, and I think I shall be able to do something if I can get at them long enough to get hold of them. Anyway, as I am not teaching week-days, I thought I rather ought to teach Sundays, if only to keep my hand in. My "Fourth" was celebrated by two letters from a distinguished friend of mine — now travelling in Europe, very interesting, and very instructive, and entertaining to the family. Scattered all through the summer, like punctuation marks, you must see flowers from my friends, and cherries, and gooseberries, and various fruits which I hope will "make your mouth water," particularly if you can't get at them yourself!

I went to Salem with my brother and sister, to the museum, and revived my childish wonder at the curiosities which are no less curiosities to my mature than to my infant eyes. Tuesday I went to the anniversary of my Seminary — was considerably entertained at hearing extracts from my own graduating composition incorporated into the essay of one of the present graduates whose sister was a schoolmate of mine,

and who read mine aloud at my examination; wasn't it funny? And I also met many of my old school-mates. That night on my return home, I was gladdened by another letter from Mr. Wood. I think it's very nice to have "foreign correspondents," particularly "our own." I also found my sister Augusta home sooner than I expected, for a visit of six or seven weeks.

I have heard of the Piatts of Hartford. They visited at Mr. Gillette's, whose daughter is now visiting me. You may possibly have met them at Dr. Bailey's. Mr. Gillette was in the Senate a while, and they were in Washington at the time. Lilly is a very fine girl, one of the simplest, and truest, and *sensiblest*, I ever saw, thoroughly noble and capable.

We have scoured Essex County quite thoroughly, taking Wenham, Topsfield, Ipswich, all the Beverlys, Salem, Danvers, etc., in our way, and I must tell you that we went to the house and into the very room where General Putnam was born; were shown various curiosities, his autograph, a copy of the real old Stamp Act, a chip from the cave that he drew the wolf out of, his portrait, etc. I assure you Essex County is well worth looking at; so after you have completed the tour of Europe, perhaps you may like to make a "tour around my garden." Perhaps I ought to mention that I've been in the ditch twice lately, and so encountered perhaps as much peril, and certainly more harm, than you have in your wanderings, as my terribly blackened embroidery bears sad witness; but flowers and mosses must be picked even if people fall into the ditch. Lilly has put the ivy and the pansy that you sent from Melrose into a state of preservation, surrounding them with some

harebells that Whittier picked for me last summer, and I am going to have them framed. I think they will look very pretty. I can only give you the veriest outline of affairs, reserving the rest, as you do, till you get home, which may you in good time do, with body and mind refreshed and invigorated for a new lease of life!

AUGUST 30, 1860.

MY DEAR: Not one word from you since the twenty-fourth of July. Has "Mounsén" swallowed you up quick? Are you overwhelmed in the snow-heaps of St. Bernard? Are you verifying your descriptions of Madame Jura and the Jungfrau? Are you enamored of life in some old castle that, "like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest of purple Appennine"? I will suppose that you have not sundered all home ties, but that one cord is left along which a kindred life may still pulsate. So on Tuesday, July 31, Lilly Gillette went home, and that next day my sister and her friend went away, and I was left "in maiden widowhood to weep," but Mr. Derby had taken pity on my loneliness and sent me a very interesting new novel, "The Household of Bouverie," the access of which household consoled me for the departure of my own. The next day I drove over to the Ponds to attend a field meeting of the Essex Institute, to which I had been specially invited. It roams around and collects toads, flowers, bugs, and such small deer all the morning, and comes together and talks about 'em all the afternoon, with a little flirting thrown in by way of spice. Several gentlemen were introduced to me, among others a Mr. Upham, formerly M.C. from Salem or Danvers. He

had been at Dr. Bailey's, very likely you may have seen him. I walked home, it was so pleasant I couldn't resist the temptation, and I wouldn't if I could. It is only about three miles, and I do so like to walk, particularly alone. The next day I made the tour of Hamilton for another walk. The day after I bought two pounds of candy and treated the school children as they went home. Sunday one of my old schoolmates preached, a boy that has come up from the ranks and is, I rather suspect, going to be heard of in a local way. His name is Gustavus Pike, and he is rather original. Aug. 7, 1860, is memorable as the day on which I examined a horse with a view to purchase, but as the price was twenty dollars, and my investments could not go above twelve, I concluded to invest in another direction. Besides, I didn't think it would be safe for so inexperienced a rider as I am to begin on *fast* horses. August 9, one of the friends whom I met in New Hampshire, in my rambles last summer, "turned up." He's a minister and thinks my style is good, but my theology needs screwing up! Now you know, Mr. Wood, that the theology of my articles is the very point, but I am afraid you and I will have to put up with such things as best we may. Thursday, 9, our friend Derby walked up behind his brown beard and made himself generally agreeable. Knowing no other way to entertain him, I *trotted him out* — took him to Brown's Hill the first night, to see the prospect and the sunset, both of which he admired beyond my hopes. Friday we put some luncheon and books in a basket and walked over to the ponds and spent the day, which ought to have been to a New Yorker like a breathing-hole to a seal, and I rather

think it was. Saturday we went to Newburyport and called up "Sir Rohan's Ghost," which was a very pretty fair-haired, smooth-faced ghost, and roared us very gently, and in the afternoon the ghost's friend, a Mr. Spofford, a young lawyer of Boston and Member of the House, took the Ghost and us to drive, over to Whittier's in Amesbury, but unfortunately a broken bridge smashed between us and our goal, so we were, perforce, content to make the sweep of Newburyport, which didn't, however, require any great resignation, seeing we had a ghost, a representative, a publisher, and Yours very respectfully to fall back on. Sunday we went to church and Mr. D. enjoyed the fleeting honor of figuring as my "beau." Monday morning he left in a fog, and in the afternoon we took a drive to Manchester and picked berries on the way, Alvin amusing us with Zouaveing according to the latest fashion. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Derby and I called on the Spaldings at N., but he was away, and she had a sick baby, and we only stopped a few moments. Friday, 17, was diversified in my annals by going to Bull Brook with twenty or so people from Beverly in a big furniture wagon to get berries and have a dinner. True to our instincts, we got the dinner first. The men took the lead. Two fires were built, coffee made, a lobster chowder "got up," and crackers, cheese, cake, pie, etc., spread on some boards under an awning and we had a grand dinner. Afterwards we dispersed for berries and with those we picked and those we bought came home laden with spoils. I rode home on the outside with the driver, and, you will be interested to know, effected a conquest! One has to make the most of everything in the country, because there isn't a great deal of raw

material to operate on. Sunday, August 19, the True Church put off its robes and held forth in our meeting-house in the person of John Cotton Smith, formerly of Boston, now of New York, and I liked the True Church very well. All that week was devoted to camp meeting and there wasn't a clear day in it. It was fog, rain, and clouds with scarcely an interval. Methodism was fairly put in soak. I went up and viewed the grounds on Monday, and on Thursday stayed through the sermon, though I didn't hear very much of it, being too far off. Met some friends there, Mr. Spalding, of N., among others. Friday we started to go again, but got as far as the station and found it so interesting to see the crowds come in and go out that we spent our fare money for apples and stayed there all the morning, and, moreover, — don't tell any one what a "loafer" I am, — went up again at evening to see it again. Some of the Methodists remained over Sunday and groaned a little at our evening meetings. Last Tuesday we went to the beach and splashed in the water, and *antic-ed* on the sand, and had a fine time. I do like the water. When my ship comes home from sea I mean to build a house on the sand.

Our beets and parsnips have come up beautifully, my morning-glories and sweet-peas are out, and I have the plan of a garden for next year all drawn. Also, I have obtained several recipes for making bread, so you see I am fulfilling my early promise of being a successful horticulturist and cook. I had one "Intelligencer" with a letter from you in it, a few weeks ago, but I want to hear from you personally. Only think, I suppose I shall only write you one more letter before you will be coming home — unless indeed

you conclude to forswear the land of your birth and take up the standard of Garibaldi. Don't; America "hath need of thee," and I want you to see my garden that is to be.

Good-by — which means God be with you.

Yours most truly,

M. A. DODGE.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1860.

Friday afternoon mother and I poked off to preparatory lecture and endeavored to get into a suitable frame of mind for Sunday. Brother M. was, as usual, substantial, logical, terse, but not brilliant. The weight of his discourses doesn't allow him to cut capers. After lecture, a flock of Old Simmons Place-ers lighted in the parlor, and preyed upon us half an hour or so — well-enough people, though I don't see any particular object in such people's being born, anyway. Sunday went to Wenham in the morning, and it being Communion Sunday, Mr. Mordough came down from his metaphysical heights and the pulpit, and treated us to a few "plain and familiar remarks" — quite familiar — "*intimit*" even.

HAMILTON, October 22.

MY DEAR MOTHER: As you are so fond of letters, and as I have just finished one to Mr. Dexter which I don't see how you can get at, and as I am going soon to write one to Dr. Kirk, which you must also deny yourself, — why I thought I would write you a little wisp of a letter just to comfort you. I dreamed Saturday night that you came home that night. I thought Maria must have treated you ill in some way. I suppose what made me think that was because she

did throw the dish-cloth at me. However, I suppose you never aggravated her about the "Stranger within thy Gates." I don't dare say the whole of it, even twenty miles off. As soon as you were gone I turned and went, too, — straight home, into the house, changed my boots, and started off for Ipswich. It was seventeen minutes past nine when I started and it was twenty-five minutes past ten when I got to the Ipswich Station. The Prince came out and I had a good fair full look at him — though not half long enough, of course. I was more pleased than I had expected to be. Now for home experiences. We "still live" as you judge. I toasted bread Saturday night for supper — no it was Sunday morning. Father took to frying pork. I sat down to read the paper while waiting — forgot the bread — smelt it burning, but never thought what it was — and, oh, my! wasn't it black. We had quite a search for the cheese, but couldn't find it. I concluded at last that it must have walked off. I am sure it had every facility. It appeared, however, this morning. I guess father whistled to it. I skimmed the milk this morning as directed — thought the cream wasn't very thick, but supposed it must be all right, ascertained afterwards that father had taken out the pan I was to skim and had put this in its place, so I had been skimming last night's milk. No harm done, though. I just went down and skimmed the right pan and put the other back "to rise again," as the poet says. Seeing you were gone, father and I took the liberty to stop at home from meeting yesterday. Your tomato preserves continue good. I wish you had put your quinces in something else, though. It's considerable trouble for me to tie and untie that string every

time I want to go to 'em! Ma'am? Father suggested to me to-night that the roast beef had been gnawed. I looked at it and considered that it had been — very decidedly. You may know that it must have been something of a gnaw, or he wouldn't have confessed that it had been gnawed at all. The mice had, however, the good sense to gnaw only the solid fat, leaving the lean untouched. So we're no worse off, and the mice are better — which is a good thing all round. We had a milk dinner to-day to which father did full justice *in the cellar*.

Well, mother, don't hurry home. Stay another week if you wish. Stay the roast beef out anyway. When the pies are gone I'll make some cup-custards.

OCTOBER 31.

I got along very well keeping house. I made the most delicious Indian cakes you ever ate, they rose like a balloon and went down like lead — (down throats), but they did not sink into the stomach like lead. I made some cup-custards too — very good — and boiled potatoes. That's all I originated. Father cooked the pork and beefsteak. I have advised him to hire himself out as maid-of-all-work. I think he might perhaps finally attain to his long-coveted income of a "quarter of a dollar a day." Tell Huldah I got home with my yeast all safe, but it was only by the most strenuous exertions. When I got to Mrs. Gooch's I gave it to the servant, who took it down cellar. All through Boston I swung it by the neck, to the astonishment of the passers-by. In the cars the only place seemed to be close by the stove, so I held it up to the window. When I got home I set it down on the piazza till I made the bread, and

then I pulled out the cork and was half suffocated with frantic yeast. My bread was quite a success, still I don't think it *quivered* quite as much as Huldah's.

We've had Quarterly Fast to-day, and I did violence to myself — and went all day — in the vestry. Mr. Southgate preached two excellent sermons. Brother M. made a pastoral call after meeting and labored with me on the subject of going to meeting all day and especially to prayer-meetings. I told him I would do any amount of praying for him at home, but I didn't like to go to prayer-meeting. I was very glad of the opportunity to express my views because I think he's had it all his own way so long that he's rather forgotten to look on the other side. We parted very good friends. Hurrah! We've just had a torchlight procession. Have 'em every night "ee'n jist." Father goes to all the political meetings. I prime him before he goes — after all, I expect he'll go and vote for the wrong man. My pen makes me nervous and I can't write much. I ruined my gold pen yesterday.

NOVEMBER 10.

At Salem, November 3, I heard Charles Sumner, Wilson, and Mr. Alley. Saw Mrs. Alley to speak to her, though only across several heads. Gen. Wilson saw me and came up into the gallery. Did you see by the papers that the Pine-St. Fair netted \$3,700. I wrote twelve letters for their post-office, besides making several articles, with mother's help. I took Ettie home with me, but Mr. D. took charge of us both, took Ettie in his arms out of the cars and carried her to Mr. S's carriage, which took us all in. Ettie

is as happy as a kitten, and as round as an apple. She seems to be very healthy. I am expecting Mr. Wood here the first of next week. He will probably be in Boston on Thursday or Friday — sailed, or was to sail, in the “Europa” on December 1.

Father’s news: Two cows at home, a year-old critter and two cows boarding out, that’s my stock. (Doesn’t say whether they are at the Revere or the Tremont House.) Ain’t got any horse. Hay’s twenty dollars a ton here. Farmers have a good time here — cider, enough of it, two dollars a barrel — no complaint of money among the farmers — potatoes half a dollar a bushel — all have a good time here sellin’ — I’ll warrant there’s forty tons of hay, a good many days, goes past the house here in a day — corn eighty-five cents a bushel, farmers have a better time than mechanics do nowadays.

On my own account I desire to give you two bits of information. One is that father asserts he is not a farmer — and the other is that he chuckles to himself and us, but not to you, — “I’ll tell him what a good time the farmers have, and that’ll make him want to go back to his own.” Mother says she shall recommence letter-writing after I go to W., and shall remember you among the rest — is quite out of that line now, but wants you to write just the same — is quite as much surprised to hear from you in Louisville as she would to have heard you were in Minnesota. Father wants me to unload a part of the forty tons of hay, thinks it is rather too high reckoning.

BOSTON.

Our party is increased by Judge Nicholls of Hartford, and the rest are expected to-day. The steamer

sails at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Yesterday morning we all went down on board. It is very inviting, and I wanted to go more than ever, only the state-rooms look so small, and I do not like the being shut up so in a box. The dining-room, however, is large and pleasant, and the deck is a fine place. Mr. Storrs has bought camp chairs so that they will be quite independent. He has also provided himself with tea, lemons, and crackers. Rev. Gilbert Haven was with us, yesterday, and went down to the steamer. Afterwards we went over to Charlestown to Bunker Hill. We did not go up the monument, but went inside the lower part. We also went through the Quincy and Faneuil Markets, and I wish you would go there some time when you are here. The New Yorkers say they have nothing equal to the Quincy Market in New York. I thought I would be very careful of my money the first night I was here, and take it to bed with me, so I laid it out ready for that purpose on the table, and never thought of it again till I saw it lying there some time the next morning, so it was all safe, just as well.

NEW YORK, February 7, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I am so far safe at least, arrived last night.

I have written a letter already giving an account of myself up to the time of my disappearance at the B. & W. depot. You must send this with the other when you have read it, as I closed rather abruptly. I reached Hartford a quarter past one. I was to stop at Meriden. The New York train was late, but we got to New York before dark. Mr. Derby was at the depot to meet me, and I got here safe, only some-

what tired. We had arranged last night a grand skating party on the Park for this evening, but unfortunately the day has set in rainy, and so that and the ice are broken up. A letter from Leander Lippincott, and a paper from Mr. Wood awaited me here. The former informed me what delights awaited me if I had only come to see his new house and new trousers. Grace is away now, and I think I shall not go there till I return from Washington. About going to Washington, the people here think there is no danger. I should not wonder if Mr. Derby should go on with me. I intend to write to Mr. Wood to-day, and shall decide definitely according to his answer. If I go I think I shall go in about a week, but shall probably write to you first. I shall not go alone.

FEBRUARY 14, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER: You see I am safely here. I thought on the whole I wouldn't write till I got here, because you would be worrying from then till you heard again. Now you, at least, will know that the journey is safely accomplished. I see by my "Diary" that I wrote to you last Thursday, when it was rainy and I did not go out. I received that day the long-looked-for letter from Mrs. Bailey, urging me to come on as soon as I could. The next day it was excessively cold, so that we did not stir out of doors, but Mr. Fitch bought some parlor skates and sent them to us, and we had fine fun with them. They are like skates, only with four little gutta percha wheels where the steel runners are in common skates. Saturday it was milder, and we went up to the Central Park. Mr. Derby never skated, but Mr. Fitch is quite an adept at it, and he took hold of one arm, and a Mr. Boyce,

a friend of his whom we met there, took the other, and so I got on finely, and indeed went quite by myself. The sight was well worth seeing, and not to be conceived without seeing. It was estimated that there were thirty thousand people on the ice at the time we were, and, according to the tally, a hundred and fifty thousand during the day. When we came to go home we could not find the coachman. After looking about some time, Mr. Fitch put us inside, mounted the coach himself, and drove us home! I believe we live about three miles from the Park. We drove a little out of the way to drop Mrs. Derby's sister, and when we got home there was the coachman just ringing the doorbell. He must have walked or run pretty fast to keep up with us, but he was thoroughly frightened, and begged Fitch not to say anything about it. He had gone down to see the skaters when he ought not to have left his coach, and so missed us. After dinner, that is in the evening, Mr. Derby, Fitch, and I went down to the Dusseldorf Gallery of Paintings, which is owned by Mr. Derby's brother. It is in a new and very fine building. Of course I cannot describe the pictures to you, nor would it interest you if I could. On our way home — we walked for the sake of seeing the streets in the evening, but had rode down — Mr. Fitch wanted me to go into one of the jeweller's shops to see the pretty things, and then he insisted on my choosing something, that they had dealings with the man, it would all come back again, and he could afford to be generous, so, taking it all very naturally, as I think I have reason to do by this time, I selected a very pretty morning breast-pin, which, you know, I have been wanting for some time. It turned out that a pair of earrings went with the pin, so I got the ear-

rings too, which I shall have turned into pins, and now, as I have both pins and scarf, I don't really know what I do want next. On our way home Mr. Derby bought me a copy of Tennyson's works, two volumes, in blue and gold. Sunday Mr. Prince went to church with me in the morning, at Dr. Bellows's, Unitarian; in the evening at Dr. Chapin's, Universalist. Monday we devoted to seeing New York, just the outside of it. Went clear down Broadway, the principal street, to the Battery. Tuesday morning, at eleven, I started for Washington. Mr. Fitch had ascertained the evening before about the trains, and went to the depot with me, bought my tickets, and when he went to get my trunk checked, found that the train only went through to Philadelphia. The alternative was presented of going back and starting the next morning at six o'clock, or going on to Philadelphia and remaining over night. I concluded to go on to Philadelphia, passed a very pleasant evening, sat up till about twelve. The train left the next morning at quarter past eight. We all got up, had an early breakfast, and then Mr. L. and I started again for Washington. Kept alone as far as Baltimore, when a gentleman who had sat near me all the way asked me if I was going on to Washington, etc. Well, I can't tell you all about it, for it's a very long story from beginning to end—too long to write, but I'll tell you when I see you, only he was a Democratic postmaster and editor of a Democratic newspaper in Massachusetts, and we had a spicy talk, which ended in his wanting to send me his paper, which of course required me to give him my name, and wanted me to send him a paper from Washington, which I promised to do.

FEBRUARY 19.

MY DEAR MOTHER: When I closed my last letter I meant to write to you before this, but my attention is called in so many different directions that I find it very difficult to do any one thing in particular. I received a letter from Augusta yesterday informing me of the death of little Ettie. I was almost as much surprised as if I had not known of her illness. It was so long that I supposed she was quite out of danger. The letter having to go to New York and be remailed, was longer than usual in reaching me. I got it Saturday, not yesterday. I shall try to write to Brown and Mary in a day or two. I have sent some verses to the "Congregationalist" which I thought might be pleasant to them.

I believe I left you rather abruptly after I left the cars on Wednesday night. Mr. Wood met me at the station, and Marcel just outside of it, and we went directly to Mrs. Bailey's. Mr. and Mrs. Pike, with their daughter, are boarding here. Thursday we went to the Supreme Court and to Congress for a little while, but it was not interesting, and I came home and went to writing. I had to go by Dr. Gale's to take my letter to the post-office, and she threw up the window and made me come in. Then we walked a little while and she came home with me. I found that Senator Bingham, ex-Governor of Michigan, had called to see me while I was out. He had caught a glimpse of me the few minutes I was in the Senate. I was sorry, because he is rather a favorite of mine. Saturday I met De Naise on the street, who informed me that I was in no danger, as he had made arrangements to take all his lady friends to Stamboul in case of outbreak. Sunday I went to church in the A.M.

Governor Chase, and Wm. Pitt Fessenden of Maine, were here in the course of the day, both distinguished men, whom it is worth while to see. To-day I am preparing to go to the Capitol. The city is undoubtedly quite safe. The cannon are ready to fire, the artillery companies stationed, and the soldiers patrolling the streets. The men were under arms, and the horses saddled all day last Wednesday (the day the votes were counted). The railroads were guarded.

FEBRUARY 26, 1861.

Went to the Senate in the morning with Mrs. Pike and Mary and Mrs. Bailey. Governor Bingham came up in the gallery to see me and made quite a long call. One of the senators spoke to him from the floor and told him to come down and vote, but he wouldn't hurry, said he'd get down time enough to vote, and kept on talking with me. Then they called again, and finally I got nervous and made him go. In the evening went to the Senate to hear Mr. Wilson's speech. He read it, and not very well, though it was a good speech. Sunday I went to Dr. Butler's in the morning. Mr. Fred Pike, our Mr. Pike's brother, member-elect of the next Congress, and who came on with Mr. Hamlin, was here at dinner, Mr. Hale to tea, and Mr. Wood in the evening, as he went home from church.

Mary Pike and I went to the Capitol. Mr. Hale had invited us to come up and send in our cards to him into the Senate Chamber, and he would show us around. We visited the Vice-President's room, the marble room (the finest in the Capitol, I think), the various committee rooms, etc. Mr. Bingham wanted to show me the Agricultural Department, and the Inau-

gural preparations. Wednesday Mrs. Lovejoy called. Mrs. Bailey and I went to the Congress greenhouses with her and then to the House. Mr. Sitzky came to me in the gallery and we had a running fire for a while — though he is too modest to be very pugnacious. Mr. Fogg, the New Hampshire editor, whom I met last winter, walked home with us and stopped to dinner. Governor Chase of Ohio, ex-Senator, and just-made Senator and probably Cabinet-minister, dined with us also and sat next to me at my right hand, a fine-looking, upright, and very agreeable man — gave us a taste of the speech which he had just made in the Peace Convention. Thursday Mrs. Dr. Butler and Helen called and invited us all there on Saturday evening to meet Dr. Lord, a gentleman who is delivering a course of very interesting and instructive lectures (historical). Mrs. Bailey and I came out and paid a visit to Mrs. Vice-President Hamlin. She is a young woman about twenty-five, dark hair and eyes, milky, soft skin, gentle and modest, rather pretty, but not quite healthy enough to be as pretty as she has the capacity for being. Mr. Pike and his brother, the new Member, came while we were there, and we were quite gay. Friday at the Senate in the A.M. Saturday Mr. Mitchell of Missouri, who had come to town the day before, called on me to renew our last winter's acquaintance. Before he was gone, Bell Naylor called to ask me to go to the Capitol with her, which I did. Dr. Butler sat in the seat behind us, and enlivened the dreary remarks of "Joe Lane" with entertaining conversation. Mr. Gallagher of Kentucky called in the evening, Dr. Stone of Boston (he visited the Baileys, not me, I never saw him before), and Judge Huntington, who is always a gentle-

man and whose visits are always pleasant. Mr. Lovejoy called and spent an hour or two with me after dinner, and I read to him a little book that Dr. Kirk had sent me, entitled, "No Sect in Heaven," which led to quite a theological conversation. In the evening Mr. Gallagher called, bringing with him a friend from Kentucky, whom I endeavored to edify for a while. Mr. Davis of Rhode Island also spent the evening here (he also was not my company, but Mrs. Bailey's), and before long Mr. Goodloe came so that I had both him and Mr. Gallagher on my hands, but I took it easy, in a big chair, one on one side and the other on the other, both Unitarians, and we fell to. Fortunately no two Unitarians were ever known to agree exactly, so whenever I found myself "cornered" I just set them to fighting each other and under cover drew off to repair damages. I don't as a general thing like to pay visits or have company on Sunday. I don't think it is a profitable way to spend the day, but the only way to be rid of it here is to stay upstairs and refuse to see any one, which I used to do when I was here before, but as I am here now for so short a time, I thought it might seem a little ungracious, so I just make the best of it. Monday we went to the Colonization Building at 10 o'clock to see the procession. It came a little after twelve, Buchanan and Lincoln in the same carriage, side by side. Afterwards Mr. Chandler Young, a secessionist just come from Florida to resign his District-Attorneyship, and who was present at the inauguration of Jefferson Davis at Montgomery, took Jane Cox and me in a hack up to the Capitol, where we took position, saw the oath administered, stayed through a part of the address, and then went back to see the procession on its

return. In the evening I went to the ball with the Pikes. Mr. Lovejoy came down to see me and took me to the ball-room, but did not go in himself. I wore an apple-green silk, a Paris dress, flounced to the waist, or rather ruffled, each ruffle having a kind of pattern edge and floss fringe, the waist pointed behind and before, with a bertha to match the skirt, white puffs of tulle in the bosom and a tulle chemisette, a narrow black velvet round my neck, my coral bracelet on one arm and a gold one on the other, etc., etc. It was so late before Mr. Lincoln came that they began to dance before he got there. When he came, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief who in Triumph advances." Everybody formed on each side of the room, leaving a passage between, Mr. Lincoln being conducted through it, bowing right and left, to a raised platform at the end of the room. Mrs. Lincoln followed, led by Mr. Douglas. Then the crowd filed up and were introduced. Before this was half through we went out to supper, and when they came back, my attendant, who at that time was Mr. Bingham, took me up. I said, "Mr. Lincoln, I am very sorry for you, but indeed I must shake hands." He then gave me another shake, and with a very paternal and benevolent and gentle squeeze said, "Ah! your hand doesn't hurt me," and then the crowd came up and I passed on. Sometimes I promenaded, sometimes I talked, and sometimes I only sat still and looked on, which was to me the best part of it, the dresses and dancing were so beautiful. Lord Lyons was there and Chevalier and Halsewam. Mrs. Lincoln danced with Mr. Douglas, who held her bonnet. Mr. Hamlin and a lady whom I did not know, were their *vis-à-vis*. I think she only danced once. "The Prince" was

there also, a very nice-looking and well-behaved young gentleman. Mrs. Lincoln was elegantly dressed in a blue silk with a train, a point-lace cape, and white and blue head-dress. I wore my hair curled in front, with a wreath of green leaves and gold grapes — there, I won't say another word about the ball.

MERIDEN, CONN., March 20, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I suppose you will be glad to learn that I am thus far on my way rejoicing. Wednesday I made several calls and went to the White House to see Mrs. Lincoln, but she did not receive that day. Katy Chase and Nettie, daughters of Gov. Chase, spent the day at our house. The former is about twenty-one, tall, slender, beautiful eyes, hair, eyelashes, and feet, very graceful, great repose of manner. Friday I went again to the President's with similar success. Mrs. Lincoln's children were sick and she did not receive. Monday I went to Philadelphia. All the Pikes and Fred Bailey went to the station with me. Mr. Lippincott and Annie Grace met me on my arrival. We sat up and talked till one o'clock, got up the next morning at six, and came off in a driving snow-storm; reached Meriden about seven in the evening. Mr. Wood has an office with Mr. Chase at a salary of \$2,000 a year, so I left him comfortable. Don't you be worried about Fort Sumter. It will all come out right in the end. I'll give you my views when I see you. Mother, when do you want me to come home? In a hurry? Mr. Dexter wants me to be present at the dedication of his church, which will be on the 4th of April, and I shall make my arrangements to be in Boston at that time.

[To MR. WOOD.]

APRIL 17, 1861.

My time has been constantly taken up since my return. I have written very few letters, and have seen a good many people. I stopped in Philadelphia one night. I did not stop in New York, but came on directly to West Meriden, where I remained ten days recruiting and luxuriating, lying in bed mornings, and getting up to delicious little breakfasts arranged for the occasion, went on one or two excursions, made a few visits and received a few back again, had one little party made for me, then went on to Hartford and stopped a few days. From Hartford to Boston and Cambridge, where I remained a few days. I met Mr. Spalding in the cars the other day. He proposed an excursion into the country when the mayflowers come, but ah, me! when will the mayflowers come? A blocking snowstorm fastened me up in Meriden, a blocking snowstorm followed me up in Cambridge, and the day is dark and dreary. We have had possibly no warm weather since my return. The pleasant days have been "clear, but oh! how cold." Still the grass begins to look green on southern hillsides, and the crocuses and hyacinths are not afraid. How do you feel about the wars and rumors of wars? If Washington gets too warm for comfort shall you not begin to think of turning your face northward? Every one is of course full of the matter here. There is great enthusiasm. You will have our Beverly Companies in a day or two, I suppose. It must be rather stirring there. What do they say about Anderson? And how does Mrs. Lincoln wear? and what of Seward, and Chase, etc.? I suppose

the mails to Washington will not be cut off, even if hostilities do commence in that vicinity. To prevent any trouble, however, I think you had better write to me pretty soon and make sure.

MAY 14, 1861.

Went into Boston to see pictures — the “Home of the Bees” — with some nasturtium leaves looking out from the canvas and a butterfly alight on one of them, and some beautiful mignonette, but otherwise not remarkable — also the “Picnic of the Bears” — representing them in human attitudes and with human sentiments, grotesque and fanciful in conception, but not so fully carried out as I conceive possible. Also the gallery of the Allston Club — said to be the finest collection of pictures ever in this country. Rosa Bonheur has one or two horses there. I also looked in at the Park Street prayer-meeting. The vestry was cold and dingy, not to say dirty — the meeting decorous, but not so interesting as I should think it would be in a time of religious excitement. At five o'clock I went to Concord and stayed till next night. Una is in Dio Lewis' school at Lexington. Julian at Cambridge. Rose at home. Friday evening we stayed at home and looked at the Dorè Bible. Saturday at 12 M. we went to Emerson's lecture, which I should have enjoyed if I had not been so very sleepy. The air was excessively bad — though the lecturer was Emerson!

JUNE 12.

Mrs. Faulkner made a call here this morning. She has been in town a day or two, and went from our house to the station on her way to Cambridge. She will be eighty years old next fall, and she goes to

Newburyport, and Salem, and all about, alone. Her father was a Frenchman, her grandfather a resident of St. Domingo. It was the custom then for those who were able, to go to France at the birth of their children, on account of the superior attention to be secured, — the negroes being the only attendants to be had in St. Domingo. Her father was accordingly born in the city of Nantes, in France. He returned to St. Domingo, afterwards fell in love with a girl in Hampton, Virginia, married her, and there Mrs. Faulkner was born. Her father was a Catholic, her mother a Protestant. Her father desired her to be christened by a Catholic priest. There was none nearer than Baltimore, whither they accordingly went, and she was christened Marie Louise (Blanchard), a friend of her father's, Toutant Beauregard, standing god-father. The traitor, General Beauregard, bears the same name and she supposes him to be the grandson of her god-father. He was very fond of her, gave her many presents, and when he dined out used to send his servant to fetch her at dessert. At the age of three or four years she went with her family to St. Domingo, where they remained till the breaking out of the civil war there, and the ensuing negro insurrection. She was there during the bombardment, rushing with the rest of the women and children to the part of the city farthest from the shore. One cannon ball came rolling along so near her mother that the wind of it blew her dress. For fifteen months they did not undress at night. The women and children went on board the American ships in the harbor every night, and came back to their houses in the morning. The unburied bodies of men lay about in the streets, and she once saved her father's life by clinging about

his neck and preventing the blow of the assassin. After a while the negroes drove the whites from the island. She saw Toussaint L'Ouverture — was on board a vessel when the British boarded it and impressed one of their seamen who was an Irishman — but at her entreaties he was allowed to remain. She married in Virginia a Capt. Lord who originated in Ipswich; went with him to the Mediterranean. He died of yellow fever in New Orleans, leaving her a widow at the age of twenty-two. After eight years she married Dr. Faulkner and came to Hamilton to live. All this she told us this morning and I write it to you because I think it interesting. One thing more — while journeying up the Mississippi with her first husband, the boat was tied to a tree and they took a stroll around as you did. They entered a cottage and asked for some water. It being in the vicinity of the Beauregard family she asked the woman if she had ever heard of a Toutant Beauregard. The woman smiled and said he was her husband. He had left her a widow and poor. She called in her son from the field and introduced Mrs. Faulkner as his sister. That, I believe, is the last she has heard of them till this Beauregard turned up. She instituted the first Sunday School in Hamilton and superintended it herself for a long while.

I receive frequent letters from Mr. Wood. Marcel Bailey is in the army; was in the advance-guard when the march was made to Alexandria. Fred is gone to West Point. Things seem to be growing finely. Corn, beans, potatoes, squashes, beets, cucumbers, rose bushes, sweet peas, morning glories, dahlias, gladioluses(?), asters, mallows, pansies, nasturtiums, and other things up and doing. Grass promises well.

Mr. Pike, of Rowley, preached on Sunday, prayed for Gen. Scott and the country in a way to do your heart good, whether it did them any or not.

HAMILTON, July 25.

After the cars left the B. & W. depot, I left also and strolled slowly to the C — office, carefully checking a strong itching to strangle the little newsboys who added to "Times, Transcript, Journal," "the Federal army defeated — retreat on Washington," as nonchalantly as if it had been nothing more than a corn-doctor's advertisement.

[TO A CHILD.]

HAMILTON, MASS., August 20, 1861.

MY DEAR LITTLE MARY: I found a pair of gloves yesterday on the table. They are just about large enough for a honey-bee, and just about the color of a hare-bell. Whose do you suppose they are? I have concluded to send them to you, and if you don't know any little girl who owns them, I think you may as well take them yourself.

Since I began this I have had an invitation to go to drive — so I cannot write you a *whole* letter as I intended, but I hope you will remember me and love me *a little bit*, and I will you! Good-by.

Very affectionately yours,

MARY ARBY DODGE.

P.S. — I think we must have a postscript, so please give my love to your papa and mamma and that little Anna, who says, "Oh!"

OCTOBER 18.

I went to Boston — visited 'round, heard Gough lecture — did a little shopping, returned as far as

Salem — met mother there and came home at night — found among other letters, one from Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, the “Phocion” of the “Congregationalist,” editor of the “Home Monthly,” etc., wanting me to write a series of articles for young men in his monthly, or anything else I chose. I declined, assuring him that I had nothing whatever to say to young men.

Mr. A. W. D. showed my “Ode” to Mr. C. Cushing, who professed to admire it, and being asked to criticise it, pointed to the first line and asked if the reapers were done brown? I thought usage justified that construction, and tried to hunt up authorities, but with small success — so it came into my mind to ask Charles Sumner! So I wrote a letter to Charley, and asked him — telling him at the same time what I thought of him personally, and enclosing the opening paragraph of my article on “Forgiveness,” published last fall. Charley sent back to me his Worcester speech, writing “Thanks” on the envelope, and the next day sent a letter saying that he thought my verses excellent, including the first line, that I must write more, etc. He has also sent me two or three other of his speeches. Now, Mr. Wood, don’t you go and tell him that I told you. Monday night, October 7, Mr. Dodge brought home a bundle of yarn, and I took enough for four pairs of socks. I had previously engaged Mrs. P., Mrs. N. W., Sr., and mother to knit a pair apiece if I would provide the yarn. Mr. D. has taken up the business extensively, and has, I should think, as many as fifty women knitting. We have finished one pair — mother and I. I knit the first one, and it is big enough for the foot of a mountain. Mother says it will do for somebody whose foot is bandaged. Mrs. T. P’s

will walk alone, Mrs. P. says, they are so stiff. Her yarn is coarse and her needles fine, so you will probably hear famous exploits wrought by a pair of socks.

Our Conference came on Wednesday, October 8. The people brought provisions and set the tables at the Parsonage House, now empty, and had enough to feed a regiment, and the regiment fed accordingly. We were the only people in town, I suspect, who "entertained" at home, and we had a tableful, partly because they wanted to come, and partly because father invited some, and partly because there was such a crowd at the Parsonage that I felt bound to invite people here. As J. and I were walking home together a gentleman overtook us and accosted me. I had never seen him before, but J. introduced him as the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, of Gloucester, and by some hocus pocus he was at our house to dinner with his party of three, a Mr. Trask whom father used to know, etc. Mary met her minister, Mr. Barbour, in the aisle and wanted to bring me up for an introduction, but I kept behind. After services in the afternoon, however, Mr. D. came trotting round from the other aisle with him; said Mr. Barbour was so anxious to see me that he was just going down to the house to call, but chanced to catch a glimpse of me — so there was no escape. After that was over, Rev. Mr. Bremner, a Scotch minister from Rockport, came to J. and wanted an introduction, so she shoved us together, and then a semi-circle of Trasks and Briggs, and a general mob collected and I was glad to get out and go home. Now you see *what fame is*. We had ten to dinner and thirteen to supper. I lost my white pin in the forenoon and Mr. Thatcher advertised it,

and Mary found it on the sidewalk coming home at night. Thursday afternoon I canvassed the Backside for blankets, quilts, socks, etc. Every lady gave encouragement, but few gave blankets. Aunt Susan heroically gave up one of her ancestral wrought quilts. They said, however, that they would look over their goods and see what they had and bring them to me — so as Petrarch said to Laura, “I live in hope.” If it clears this P.M. I shall start again. I intend to scour the whole village, and if the rascals don’t divulge I will expose them. Friday evening there was a “grand War Rally” at the vestry. Rev. Spalding of Salem was announced, but did not come. Eben Kimball and W. D. Northend did. Mrs. — characterizes the former as a “bustin’ feller,” by which she means a modern Demosthenes, though she does not know it. I explain this for your benefit, Mr. Wood. My sister has lived in Hamilton, knows the people, as Mrs. — expresses it, “from egg to shell,” and understands the vernacular.

I forgot to say that Mrs. — called on us Conference evening. Two fellows, the old one that stopped all night in the snow-storm at the Mordough Council, and another one, stayed so long that I did not know but that they were going to spend the night here, and after having been in an exhausting receiver all day I was not specially pleased to have Mrs. E. P. come in before supper was fairly off the boards and stay till nine o’clock, but she did, and I read the newspaper and snubbed her and snapped her and laughed at her, and she, sweet innocence, did not know a thing about it and went away as amiable as you please. Where ignorance is bliss, etc.

The result of the lecture was that ten enlisted from

Hamilton. That is the story that I heard the next day. Subsequent modifications have reduced the number to one, and perhaps two, but I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. That one is Eddy Whittredge and perhaps David Wallace. I have heard a Saunders mentioned, but I don't vouch for him. David Trask has gone.

Ordination came on Tuesday — a day that eclipsed the Conference. Fortunately the North Association had a centennial in Rowley that day, and that diverted the current from us — otherwise we should have been inundated. The day was a gem set flawless in the gusty October. Rev. Mr. Felt came to our house in the morning; came in the first train. I like him much. He is a man of dignity and education. He is going to send me his Memorial of his wife and his Ecclesiastical History which he is now writing (of New England). The morning exercises were in the vestry and were interesting and frivolous — *me judice* — Mr. Fitz, Mr. Sewell, Southgate, Middleton, Johnson, Choate, etc., were there. Dr. Blagden, of the Old South, presided. He seems to be an easy, solid, good-natured, happy, affectionate sort of man. I think I should like him. At noon Mr. D. took the bishops and the other clergy, delegates, etc., over to the Ponds to dinner. They were extremely pleased. Dr. B. thinks he has found the Garden of Eden at last, and says Mrs. B. must come there and board next summer. Mr. D. took occasion to read my "Ode" to the company and gave Dr. B. his last remaining copy of it. I expect it will die out now. Prof. Park came with Prof. Phelps at noon and were as attractive as a menagerie. They were to have gone to Mrs. D's to dinner, but mistook the

house and got to Mr. S's — did not discover the mistake till they were seated at the table. Prof. Park disconcerted poor little Mrs. S. a good deal by scanning all the people at the table and gazing around. She could not divine what the trouble was or what he wanted till he satisfied their curiosity by asking slowly, "Is — Gail — Hamilton — here?" Gail Hamilton owes the continued possession of her faculties to the fact that she was not there. I never saw so many carriages in Hamilton, nor so many people in the meeting house, nor so much talent in the pulpit, as there was that day. Prof. Park preached the sermon and it was splendid. His face is a sermon — a volume — a library — a college and professors. So strong and so full of genius. Dr. Blagden gave the charge to the pastor — excellent. Mr. Southgate charge to the people in his best style and royal good sense. Mr. S. was not averse to charging a people that Prof. Park preached to and Prof. Phelps was brother-in-law to. Brother Amos gave right hand of fellowship and brother-in-law Means made the ordaining prayer. Never ordination was so happily executed. Nothing was spun out — nothing flat, and everything went off nicely. Mr. D. came down in the evening, bringing Rev. —, of —, to the Mecca of the place! and W. C. gave the Mohammed a book that he had written, which Mohammed received graciously, but hang me if she ever means to read. Now you see, Mr. Wood and the rest, we have been about as busy the last few weeks as anybody in the country, and we have hauled up on the dry dock to repair damages.

Yesterday P.M. Mr. Johnson went up on the hill and came in on his return, stopped to tea and awhile

in the evening. It is a luxury to look at him and think he is not Mr. Mordough. The Mary Forrest (Mrs. Freeman), author of "Women of the South," etc., Mr. Derby's friend, and to whom I sent the fern, is his cousin. He had read some of my letters there before he ever thought of coming to Hamilton. He says people say to him, "Now you came from Hamilton. Tell us about Gail Hamilton. *Is she a man or a woman?*" After he was gone, mother and I went to Mrs. Patch's and spent the rest of the evening.

If you don't any of you hear from me again very soon you must reflect that I am knitting and begging for the country as hard as I can.

Truly yours all around,

M. A. DODGE.

OCTOBER 26.

MY DEAR L. K. L.'s: I send you the story. I don't know about its being good, though. If it turns out to be, it will be a proof that extraordinary times produce extraordinary men — for I have been overwhelmed, submerged, annihilated with fairs, sewing-societies, conferences, ordinations — in fact, Hamilton has gone mad with dissipation, and before things had fairly settled down, I "up" and made a box for the soldiers, which wasn't a box at all, but a China cask and a barrel. I had to do the thing myself — went to almost every house in the village — and if I fall insane, I know what I shall run on, "quilts, blankets, under-shirts," etc., but don't send me to the hospital. I shall be quite harmless.

The nest-egg of the story I wrote a year ago, but the chicken full fledged never came out till to-day. Let me know when Grace comes this way. I want to

get a peep at her at least. If I can kidnap her a little while, I think I shall do it. Long enough to give her a drive in Hamilton and let her see the world.

Truly yours affectionately.

Good time coming — wait a little longer,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, MASS., November 26, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: Thanksgiving is over. Motley legs and wings, the débris of many a vanished fowl, the last of the Mohicans, furnished, but can hardly be said to have adorned, our table to-day. The day of plum puddings and pumpkin pies — called pumpkin out of respect to the memory of our fathers, but refined by the more fastidious taste of their children into squash (refined gastronomically, not philologically), is past. Now if you can parse the above sentence I will give you a certificate of fitness, and a recommendation to any district of which you may wish to take charge this winter. Two of our families were present on Thanksgiving. A third was expected, but was prevented by the advent of a young volunteer who very unexpectedly (to his aunt) joined the Mass. Light Infantry a few days before Thanksgiving, for all which the Lord make us truly thankful.

Here we are on the very brink of winter, snow lying white on the ground, snow scurrying down in white whirlpools from the gray and angry sky. I have received two letters from you since I last wrote. The first part of the penultimate, I am inclined to think, is what our friend Artemas Ward would call “rit sarcasticall,” but I should just like to have you lay your hand on the Bible and affirm, if you dare,

that you are not in the habit of rounding off your stories from the abundant stores of your own imagination! Did I not have to watch you with lynx-eyes (what kind of eyes those are I don't know, but I've heard of 'em) to see just where the facts gave way, and the romance set in? Don't you remember the touching and exquisite story of the early love of our old Public Functionary, and how, being closely questioned thereon and pushed into a corner, you were forced to confess that upon a frail foundation of fact you had fashioned a fair fabric of fancy? Did you not once upon a time sit down and roll off with fluent tongue a breakfast scene in Windsor Palace, just as if you were one of the party? Don't you remorselessly retail conversations between Lord Palmerston and his valet? and now you set up to be sensitive on the point of Munchausenism! Very well, if you were not vulnerable, the arrow would not cause such a commotion!

I met in the train the other day Richard Spofford. Richard Spofford is engaged to Harriet Prescott. Harriet Prescott is the author of "Sir Rohan's Ghost." Richard Spofford is a Douglas Democrat, a friend of Commodore Dupont, commander of our Naval Expedition, of whom he spoke in the highest terms. He tells me that Dupont, Pendergrast, and Barron, the rebel of Hatteras, were peculiarly tender and intimate friends, that Barron is P's wife's brother, and that she and all her friends are in Norfolk and vicinity. So this civil war cuts into families.

Did you ever meet Rev. Mr. Pike, of Rowley? He is a man of parts, one of the most welcome of our "exchanges," a man, I think, of fine literary taste and

ability, and slightly peculiar, withal. My acquaintance among the clergy is extending! Did I tell you of one who called on me one evening and presented me with a book he had just published? Since his return home he has deluged me with letters, tracts, almanacs, books, papers, and finally tells me that his wife, incited by his telling her that he found me knitting socks for the soldiers, has engaged herself and the parish in like good work. Unconscious influence!

I have been to court! A young lawyer and his wife, resident here, called for me to accompany them to Salem to hear a case "just for the fun of it," Mrs. Lawyer never having been in a court-room. So I did, and we were so much interested that we went three days in succession and heard it through, nor departed till the jury did. Mr. Phillips, late District-Attorney, or Attorney-General, perhaps both, was the Senior Counsel on the losing side and argued the case with much ingenuity and apparent candor. He adopts the English style of speaking, has a soft, sweet, pleasant voice, is gentle and gentlemanly, courteous to his opponents, remarkably fluent, uses choice and elegant language, is never violent either in tone or gesture, but calm and conversational. The opposing lawyer was Mr. Abbott, the gentleman who delivered the Agricultural Address to which my "Ode" was introductory. He was more able but less pleasing than Phillips. I have since borrowed a law-book, and the next thing you may expect to hear of me will be that I am arguing before the Supreme Court. I have already been admitted to the Bar! But I suppose it would please you to have me passively, rather than actively, engaged in courting.

DECEMBER 27, 1861.

When I was in school I had few intimacies — for the first two years none. The third summer I was attracted to a girl whose name was Ellen Chapman Hobbs. Her father was a lawyer in Wakefield, N.H. She was a remarkable girl — highly intellectual and intense — not handsome, but with a face that lighted up wonderfully, and with a slender, airy figure. It shows how blue-stockingly we both were, that we fell in love in the Logic class, charmed by each other's recitations. This friendship founded on mutual respect outlasted our school-days, unlike the "general run" of school-girl friendships both in its basis and its duration. After leaving school, she taught awhile, and then was married to Mr. Edward Ashton Rollin, of Great Falls, N.H. She has had three children, the eldest a precocious boy who, of course, died of a brain disease at the age of ten months, and two daughters. She has sent me several urgent invitations to visit her, which, for various reasons, I had been unable to accept. But about Thanksgiving she renewed them, offering as an inducement that, for the first time almost since her marriage, she was well. So I put myself into a little travelling basket, tucked a new feather on my bonnet and a new collar on my cloak, and started. I had not seen her since we were at school together and I was somewhat anxious lest our expectations, founded on youthful memories, might not be met. I am happy to say that her womanhood has fulfilled the promise of her girlhood, and we enjoyed to the full our five days' visit. She is pleasantly situated, has a noble husband, who is, moreover, a "rising man." He was Speaker of the House last year, though he is only thirty-three now. They have

a fine house, etc. She reads Schiller and Cicero and Racine, and makes all her children's clothes, and pots her own pickles and preserves, and is a perfect wonder to me. On my way home I stopped in Newburyport. I went with Mr. Spalding to visit Miss Hannah Gould. She lives there in a great house all alone. She is a little "odd" at first, but simple and sincere. Her front entry was piled up with soldier's traps, and she is a thorough patriot.

Grace Greenwood made me a flying visit on the 17th inst. Came from Whittier's and stopped over one train. I went on with her to Lynn to join a party which had been made up to go to see Hermann, the Prestidigitateur — that's Boston for juggler. They chartered a horse car, thirty or so, and we went over to Boston at six and came home at 12 P.M. He displayed himself in the theatre and swallowed handkerchiefs to a marvellous extent; it was the first exhibition of the kind I ever saw. The next morning I went to Cambridge where we had a family party, it being the 12th anniversary of my brother's marriage, and his second child, little Melly, is just as sweet as she can be and survive. The next day was memorable as giving me my first glimpses of war. I suppose it seems incredible to you that anybody should have lived in this tumultuous country for the last six or nine months and not have seen a regiment, — not even a company, — but it is the sober truth, and I am that body. So I was extremely delighted to learn that the Cavalry Company was to come in that day, and I climbed up on an apothecary's shelf and saw them pass by. I thought them the perfection of splendor, but the initiated only said that they were "very well, considering."

Mr. W., are you not ashamed of yourself for saying that we are outside Barbarians who don't keep Christmas? Keep Christmas indeed! Didn't I tramp over the frozen ground a mile or more to take some oranges and some money and some brightness to a poor sick woman, and didn't I give ten cents around to all the children, and a quarter apiece to two Irish women to go to the Fair with, and hunt up a brass candlestick among the neighbors for them to put their Xmas candle in, and didn't we have a turkey, and then a Fair in the evening? Oh! now you'd better talk about outside Barbarians, and didn't I buy a catch-all at the Fair, and a wax baby in a plaster of Paris crib and cotton wool blanket, and a family of mice, and a doll's hat, and a silk bag, and a quilted petticoat, a brilliantine apron, and a soft ball to give to my various juvenile friends for Xmas presents? Not keep Christmas? Ask my purse and see what story that will tell. I am impoverished by reason of the intensity with which I kept it.

I took my Glengary cap out of camphor weeks ago, but the skating does not appear. There is plenty of cold, but no water to freeze. We lack the raw material. However, I have a splendid sled which goes at a 2.40 pace down the hills about here, and in lieu of ice is the nicest thing in the world. But it is cold to-day, not so cold, either, as it is boisterous. The wind is rampaging about our house, and though my coal-stove is brim full, I cannot get the summer heat. My hope is that the wind will presently get tired and go off. We all wish you all a happy New Year.

As ever

Yours truly,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, February 11, 1862.

We are to have a new Methodist church. \$900 are subscribed. "We, as a people, cannot build it," says Mr. —, but the Conference, or something, is going to help them. So says report. The Methodists have one convert—I have forgotten what special rapscallion it is—but Aaron Caswell tells Rev. Kitwood that he mustn't put any dependence upon him. So I am afraid he is not quite so converted as might be desirable. My flowers were saved by mother's ingenuity. There was a pyramid in the middle of my chamber floor when I stepped in. I had a good hearty laugh all to myself when I took it down. I can't describe it, but I will give you the materials: a table, flowers, a big chair, a little chair, a cushion, a broomstick, a pillow, a scarf, a lounge, a dictionary (Webster's Unabridged), a writing-desk, a big shawl, etc., etc. The flowers drooped, but with the exception of one little sprig, they have all come out as good as new. I had to knit these mittens by guess. If they don't fit, bring them home and I will knit another pair.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK,

July 24, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I wrote to you from Springfield. At Springfield I parted company with my trunk and have not seen it since. The baggage-master thinks it must have gone up to Vermont somewhere, and we have been telegraphing back and forth, but I assure you it is not very comforting to think of all my fine things lying packed up in my trunk, tramping around among the hills of Vermont, and me promenading in my old travelling-dress, a kind

of chimney swallow among the Birds of Paradise. The house we are in is sometimes called "The Saints' Rest," on account of the Reverends and D.D.'s that congregate here. I have met several agreeable people here, one a highly accomplished and beautiful woman with four children; is a splendid singer, and has lived much abroad. We are intending to leave Saratoga on Monday, and shall not make any stay of any length till we get to Montreal.

The trunk has come safe and sound. My beautiful and accomplished lady, Mrs. Blanchard, congratulates me, "though," she adds with her musical, clear voice, "your costume is so neat in itself that it leaves nothing to be desired."

DECEMBER 23.

I had a magnificent Christmas box on Saturday from an enthusiastic New York admirer, containing a set of the New Cyclopædia, bound in gilt and morocco, an elegant portfolio, a large double photograph album, and six or seven richly bound holiday books: the "Munich Gallery," "Gems of British Art," "Bitter Sweet," "Sunshine in the Country," etc., most elegant books you ever saw, from a man whom I never heard of till within a few weeks; he tells me in his letter that he has already bought, to give away, two dozen of my books. You must come on and see them, but I shall not allow Mr. Emanuel to finger them.

Our minister we are going to lose. Mr. Johnson asked a dismission a week ago Sunday. It was quite unexpected to most of the people. We are very sorry to have him go. I do not know any one better qualified for his position than he. He is a very gen-

tlemanly, intelligent, and scholarly man. He remains till after New Year. Mr. — brought me a beautiful azalea in full and profuse bloom, for a Christmas present. I have a new wire flower-stand on which this towers preëminent; below is a geranium hovering between life and death, a rose-bush with violent symptoms of budding, a striped verbena decidedly sprawly and scrawny, but tough, and two pots of crocuses as yet not visible to the naked eye. I have a turnip in a broken cup hanging by the side of the window, in which a morning-glory is struggling against fate, and a cocoanut is in front of the window following the same course. A Coliseum ivy in a glazed pot hangs at the other window in a flourishing condition. In the corner, on the what-not, is a beautiful German pot with a German ivy almost run up to the ceiling.

Did I tell you I had a letter from Parker Pillsbury, speaking in the highest terms of some papers of mine? Did you know he was born in Hamilton? He thinks if I keep on Hamilton may yet become the American Bethlehem!

December 10. I went to Boston, heard Wendell Phillips lecture before the Fraternity audience on the President's proclamation — very fine. Went out to Chelsea that night; the next day visited in Cambridge. A. and I went into Boston in the afternoon shopping. Velvet bonnets were from \$17 to \$20, and I don't know how much more. Felts were to be had trimmed for \$9.50. I bought a drab felt for \$2.50, ruche, etc., to the amount of fifty cents, came home, took an old maroon velvet bonnet and feather, and two drab feathers of an old bonnet, and have made such a stylish bonnet as would cause you to open your eyes in admiration. Mother's outfit for this winter consists

chiefly in flannels, a new cape to her bonnet, and two pocket handkerchiefs. She had a new slate-colored thibet in the fall. Mr. Dexter wanted me to send by him to the country parson a copy of my book as a kind of excuse for him to call. Mr. — thought he would be pleased by it, so I took one of the amended fourth edition and wrote, "If the country Parson will not disdain to accept a nosegay of wild flowers from an American hillside, he will give a great pleasure to one of the sincerest of his admirers, G. H.," etc., on the fly-leaf. On my way home from Boston we went to hear Mr. Milburn, the blind lecturer — subject Milton — very good.

— is married, we hear, out in New York, where she taught, — you remember I got her the school, so I suppose I may be said to have got her the husband. I hope I shall not be held responsible for damages. The soldiers have all left us, to our great satisfaction. They made quite too free with the turkeys, chickens, cider, etc., to suit the ideas of Hamilton farmers. They were not very well officered — one of the regiments, the one which caused the trouble.

Mr. Wood is coming North during the holidays, and wants me to meet him in Boston and go with him to Andover to Mrs. Stowe's. Shan't do it. Mrs. Stowe has been in Washington and gave him the invitation. In my book, do you remember a paragraph concerning "Herman, or Young Knighthood"? The story was written by Miss Palfrey, daughter of John G. Palfrey. She has sent me a copy of a volume of her poems, "With the very hearty thanks for more than one passage in C. L. and C. T. of," etc.

Write early and write often, as the New York poli-

ticians tell their Tammany Hall-ers to vote. Where people are so far away, it is necessary to keep the connecting links constantly bright by being well rubbed with paper.

Yours truly and affectionately,

ABBY.

[A POSER.]

HAMILTON, MASS., February 3, 1863.

Mr. Derby, my friend, *on the nineteenth of this month*, I sent you a letter. Did you receive it?

Yours very truly,

M. A. D.

Now, Mary Abby, my friend, how could that possibly be? Didn't you mean the nineteenth of next month?

SMITH.

FEBRUARY 16, 1863.

Mother never knows how to write when I am at home. Her only satisfaction is to sly a letter away somewhere in the fall of the secretary, and take it out at odd minutes after I have gone to bed, or when she thinks I am quartered in my room for the day. Once in a while I take her in the very act, and she looks as guilty as you please. So now you must take me for want of a better.

C. and S. were here to tea Monday, long enough to hear a few of my book-letters read. Mother is greatly alarmed lest I should be puffed up overmuch, but no sooner does any member of the family come into the house than she says, "Oh, Abby, just get your St. Louis letter and read," or your New York

letter, or your Chicago letter, as it happens. And if she has heard them read three hundred times before, she sits with as wide-open ears as if they were entirely new and fresh. Not a newspaper puff appears but I see her "nosing round" among the old papers with her scissors three or four days afterwards, and I can always detect her errand by her "sheepish" look. At a breath of censure, you should see the furies that flash from her eyes — but *I* am in danger of being puffed up!

A. D. Richardson, brother of the "Congregationalist" man, correspondent of the "Tribune," lecturer, etc., wrote me the other day saying he wished I would write some sort of an address to the women of the country; he thought, and General Howard thought, something of the sort might do good. It was, of course, rather an indefinite "general order," but I put down a few notes of things in which I thought there might be an improvement. While I was writing it, a letter came from C. A. Richardson wishing me to come to Boston to hear Mason Jones, the Irish orator. I went straight to Mr. Fields to see if an article, supposing it was written, could go into the next "Atlantic." That night I went to hear Mason Jones, was quite pleased with him, went over to Chelsea with the Richardsons, and the next day stayed there and wrote a little notice of the Mason Jones affair, and then wrote my appeal to the women. In the morning took my paper to Boston to Mr. Fields, who read it, liked it. Mrs. Fields came down and gave it a name, and it comes out in the March number. I thought you might like to have the history of one article. It was done up in about the shortest metre of any article I ever wrote, and I suppose it

will go at right angles with all your convictions and principles.

Thursday Mr. Fields invited me to go with him to a reading-club they had in Boston, — about twenty-five, — Agassiz, Holmes, Mrs. Howe, E. P. Whipple, etc. They were going to meet that night at the Governor's, and he was going to read the commencement of one of my (unpublished) articles, — one, by the way, in which Alvin figures. When you were paddling us round in the pigs' trough in the orchard, you didn't dream that the Governor would ever have the story, did you? I didn't.

Mr. Wood sent me ten dollars the other day to get some white cotton socks knit for him. I have bought the yarn, and some people in Beverly are going to knit them. He gives a very amusing account of his domestic affairs in a letter I received from him to-day. His seamstress has unfortunately — for him — and perhaps for her! — been lately married, and he put out his stockings and things to a new person. He said he thought he would look at them when they came back, and found they looked “darned ugly.” He could find in his whole stock only one shirt to put on — all the rest had a button off, or a rent in the bosom. Grateful for that one, he assumed it, but on buttoning the collar, off came the button; so there was nothing for it but to sew it on himself; and putting it on once more, he found he had got the button on the wrong side.

Don't attempt to ridicule father out of his river-fear. Fire and water are the only two things he is afraid of, and them he fears both by wholesale and retail, much more than is good for himself or others.

MARCH 6.

Saturday Augusta and I went to Boston together. I went to Mr. Fields' office when I first got to town and left my basket, and told him I would come back about five to go home with him, which I did, and we had supper at six and rode to the concert at seven. It was by Madame Urso. You may remember Camilla Urso, who was around several years ago playing the violin as a child—nine or ten. Since then she has been married, lived in Memphis—had five, some say seven, children, a miserable, good-for-nothing husband who has promised to keep away from her, and now she is trying to support her three surviving children by her art. She has had almost no practice for these years, yet musical artists say that her skill is unimpaired and that she even plays better than ever. How that may be I cannot say, but I never heard anything so fine come from a fiddle. When we got home we found Hawthorne there, who remained as long as I stayed. He is a glorious man, a very ideal man in his personal appearance, with an infinite forehead, his gray, dry, long hair thrown back from it in all directions, deep lamps of eyes glowing out from under their heavy arches, black eyebrows and moustache, a florid, healthy face—a pure, sensitive, reticent, individual man whom it is enough to have seen, to have looked at, to have been in the same house with. He talks little, but he talks extremely well. You see the same peculiarities in his conversation that charm you in his English papers in the "Atlantic." On Sunday evening several people were in and he disappeared altogether. Three or four times I would look up at him across the table and find his deep, inextinguishable

eyes looking at me — and when he said “ Good-by ” he invited me to come to Concord, and said he would assure me of a welcome, and that I should not be pestered with admiration, and that he would take me to Emerson, etc. I shall never go, but it was nice to be asked. Moncure D. Conway, whom you probably know about, stayed there Sunday night. He reminds me much of Alvin, is tall and slender, dark hair, eyes, and whiskers, and a nose large and somewhat like Alvin’s. I liked him, too. The trouble with me is that I like everybody. Monday morning we went down to breakfast at half-past eight, and did not get upstairs till near ten. Mr. Fields himself is very entertaining and amusing, a fine mimic, genial and funny, and I had nothing to do but listen and laugh and look at Hawthorne, when I was sure he would not be looking at me. I also had a long talk with Holmes, who is as crisp and clear and incisive in his talk as in his books. He is a man who has an admirable command of all his resources. His sword is two-edged and keen. You don’t need to talk yourself; he keeps the ball rolling without aid, and his talk is extremely good, though I don’t feel as if I had the full benefit of it. I would have much preferred being alone with him, but there were others in the room, though the conversation was mine. Also, I saw Rev. Mr. Waterston, whose only child, a daughter of eighteen, died in Rome. Whittier wrote a poem upon it. He gave me a very cordial and urgent invitation to visit his house, and I believe I made a promise to do so. Also, I saw Mr. Quincy, grandson of old Josiah, and son of young Josiah Quincy. Mr. Fields’ house is full of pictures and autographs and curious things, old books, etc., a set of Byron’s

poems, which he himself had bound and gave to Leigh Hunt with his own inscription inside, a "Boccacio" which Leigh Hunt's wife gave him before they were married and which he gave back to her afterwards on the anniversary of their wedding-day, photograph books of English people — the Queen and the Royal Family — the Queen, by the way, being as dumpy a little Dutch girl as you shall see in "Knickerbocker." I came home the next morning; found several books awaiting me, one from a Mr. John Tappan, a rich old man of Boston, who was much pleased with an article on Dea. Safford, which, by the way, has created quite a sensation about here. Mr. Fields tells me that a gentleman from New Hampshire sent down to him requesting permission to copy "A Call to my Countrywomen" in the N.H. papers, and also to have it printed in pamphlet form for general distribution, which he granted. So you may imagine me electioneering in N.H. to some purpose, I hope. Wednesday I went to Newburyport — found Mrs. Spalding very comfortably located at the boarding-house of a Mr. Tilton, and looking much better than I have seen her this long while, which I attribute to entire absence of housekeeping cares. Mrs. Bannister, who used to be Miss Grant, boards in the same house with her. When I was at Ipswich I used to be sent over to Mrs. Bannister's every now and then, to "mend my manners," I suppose, and I acquired such a fear and horror of Mrs. B. that I have never had any toleration of her since, but she invited me into her room and as I did not quite know how to refuse, I went and spent a very agreeable half hour with her. I asked Mrs. Cowles afterwards if Mrs. B. had not limbered up. She said she thought it was I that had changed and not

she, which may be the case. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Gage also board there. He was a Unitarian, but afterwards became Orthodox; has been much abroad, and is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of German literature, is familiar with German biography and theology. He is supplying Mr. Spalding's pulpit, having resigned his own on account of illness; is leisurely writing a book. I had an extremely interesting and valuable talk with him, and the next morning he went to the station with me and gave me a book of his own on a subject which we had discussed, "Zum Gedächtniss eines unvergesslichen Abends," which, being interpreted, means "in memory of a never-to-be-forgotten evening." We have had the *smartest* snow-storm of the season. Didn't go out yesterday; snow at the gate almost up to my neck. I have shovelled a path through it just in time for the minister to come and make me a call, wants to come here. Ratherish odd, I should think, — introduced, he asked at once if this was the authoress. I told him no, it was the coal heaver, duster, and washer, but took him into the parlor. He asked if I liked to write. I said he must wait till my "Life and Sufferings" were published. Was I much interested in matters of the town? Well, yes, but I did not think I should go to town-meeting to-morrow. Did I intend to spend the rest of my days here? I should probably stay the rest of the winter, especially as spring has already come in. On the whole, I have not made up my mind about him, and unless he comes to stay, shall not probably do so at present. This much is certain, he is not Mr. Johnson.

MARCH 17.

We had quite an eventful morning. When I went downstairs this morning mother was standing keeled up over the wood box in the sitting-room, holding the cover open at a respectful distance and the cat clawing inside "like mad." I began to take out the sticks with the tongs amidst a flutter of paper, the cat growing eager every moment, and as I removed the last stick I caught sight of the fore-quarters of a mouse making frantic attempts to scale the ramparts, but he was gone in a minute into the inexorable jaws, and I reflected how necessary it is to be a cat if one would catch mice! No human agility could seize that swift-footed animal in its electric transit. The cat, after having devoured the mouse and been sufficiently petted and praised for simply doing her "dooty," let alone following her inclinations, began to look strange, shaky, and bewildered, and finally lay down and went into a long fit, or a succession of short fits, after which it became necessary to remove the cat outdoors and to keep her out also. Saturday afternoon Mrs. J. H. Hannaford, with a friend, a Mrs. Webber, and two boys, came up in a sleigh and made a call of an hour or so! Monday I had a letter from A. D. Richardson, now in Washington, — says he has heard only words of praise for "The Call," and thinks it must do much good. Mrs. Fremont and her daughter spoke of it in the highest terms. This morning I had a letter from Boston requesting permission to print "The Call" in pamphlet form for general distribution!

I went to Amesbury, to Whittier's, on Mrs. Bailey's biography business. They did not know I was coming. I rang the bell, was shown into the sitting-room

where Miss Whittier sat reading facing the door, and he writing, back, ditto. I went up to her and said, "shall I have to introduce myself?" She had seen me only twice — both times in summer dress. She rose, said "No," but looked dubious. *He* jumped up and came to me with both hands extended, "Why, it is Gail Hamilton," and then we all three walked into Paradise, shut the gate, and threw away the key. I can't tell you all we talked about. Miss W. is a modest, large-eyed, but not beautiful woman, gentle, timid rather, but opening to acquaintance — not well, full of tastes and sympathies and sense, no silliness — heart not very demonstrative, nor very the contrary. He is the king of men and what is the good of talking? We talked about the Baileys and the anti-slavery cause. He thinks the biography should be written, "and nobody would do it as well as thee if thee would undertake it," but thee won't — and besides she can't. It would be a labor of love to him, but his health is not sufficient. He thinks Mrs. Bailey herself would make a very readable book. We both concluded that John G. Palfrey was the man, if available. They, too, like "Spasm of Sense" extremely. I lamented that I could not be anonymous. I had always meant to be, but never succeeded. "It is a great deal better as it is. It puts thee on thy good behavior." "You don't trust me," I said. "Yes, I do trust thee, but thee has a great audacity — great audacity." I told him of my Christmas present. Both were surprised and delighted. Miss W. said when any good thing came to her it seemed so strange that *she* should have it — be thought worthy of it. "I warrant *thee* didn't feel so," said Whittier. "No," I said, "I took them like a queen." He laughed and

clapped his hands in great glee. We were talking of music and I bemoaned my incapacity. "Thee mustn't complain," he said, "the Lord has given thee a great deal." We talked theology like fury. I told him we had one of his Amesbury ministers eleven years. "Did *thee* sit under —?" You should have seen the tone and expression, "I wonder thee has come out of it." "He was a good neighbor enough, but I thought him a mighty stupid fellow." He told how he had berated Harriet Kimball for leaving the Congregational and joining the Episcopal Church. Miss W. said it was the most cruel thing I ever heard. He had no mercy, and she sat as meek as could be and "supposed it was all deserved." He said he had a qualm of conscience afterwards, she was so patient. "Now if it had been thee, I wouldn't have cared." "But you would have let me pay back," I said. "I should have known thee would." They had a parrot which kisses and snuggles up and walks over the house and asks for water and eats peach preserves. I lamented that I did not look as an intellectual woman should and made a fool of myself when I wished to be particularly wise. He said that was the best part of it — that he liked me because I didn't seem literary — bore no mark of mental effort, care, or logic. Well, are you tired? Pooh! I could spin out a bookful and have plenty left for an appendix. When I came away he said he thought some good angel must have sent me. He had had a headache the day before, and I rather suspect they both needed a brightening-up. I went in the ten o'clock train to Mrs. Spalding's, and as it was Fast Day went to church with her and heard Mr. Gage preach a very good sermon, though he told me after-

wards it was a year or so old. At tea Mrs. Bannister asked me to come into her room, which I did, and then she invited me to climb into her big sofa rocking-chair, which I did, and then she bade me stay there, which I did, and she rocked me, and I live to tell it! Friday I called to see my old friend Fanny Goodale Thurston, whose husband has just asked a dismission from his church, — also on Marianna Porter, and we talked about Miss Prescott, who, she says, is as good as gold, but believes in nothing, past or future, man or woman, but is desperately in love with Dick Spofford. Saturday I had a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Fields, filled with gratitude and delight at an article which I had written to please her, — on a musical theme, — just think of it!

HAMILTON, MASS., April 21, 1863.

I came across "Brisee" in a bookstore the other day, and bought it and read it. If I am right you said it was written by two young girls — sisters, I think, seventeen years old. If so it is quite wonderful, and whether so or not, it exhibits great power, yet it offends me deeply. I have been reading with great delight John Stuart Mill's late work "On Liberty." Also an old work — at least ten years or so — and that is old, you know, in these times, — "Thorndale." I dare say you have seen it. Such a black Baptist sheep as you would of course have alighted on a work like that. It is full of thought. Let me give you a piece of advice. Whenever you feel in the mood to write a letter, don't fold up the mood and put it away in a drawer out of any charitable motives! In fact, such humility in one of your sex — and I believe I

may add without offense, in one of your spirit — is rather suspicious, and I have a notion that it was only part mercy — and the other and larger part, inertia! Human nature, you know, is so apt to baptize an inclination with the name of a duty. Now be frank and confess that I am at least nine-tenths right. And what right have you, pray, to localize Daniel Webster in the inhuman way you do? My excuse for you is that you have dwelt so much among the possible scenes of the "Future Life" that you mix up the two worlds rather indiscriminately, fancying that the judgments you pronounce for this may apply also, or rather lap over, into the next. But you must bear in mind that Apollo is neither Jupiter nor Rhadamanthus.

I must say I am quite at a loss to understand why there should be any difficulty about entertaining the Haytien Ambassadors. They are the accredited ministers of an accredited government, and I think this embarrassment is the most arrant nonsense and the most vulgar prejudice, and why Lord Lyons and the foreign diplomats should be troubled of soul, I cannot comprehend. I wish I was the leader of society in Washington! I would put one or two things through, I warrant you, and all opponents should bite the dust! But "thee mustn't complain," says Whittier, "the Lord has given thee a great deal."

Did you know a woman in Washington has been claiming the authorship of "Country Living," etc.? Somebody down in Maine wrote to me a circumstantial account of the whole affair. A gentleman had "seen the manuscript," and the "world would soon be undeceived," my correspondent had been informed,

and I was begged to say yes or no to the authorship.

APRIL 25.

April 21 was distinguished in the Royal Family of Hamilton by the reception of a bundle of "Calls," sent by Mr. Barnard, part of an edition of 5,000 printed for general circulation. Wednesday to Boston to see *Bierstadt's picture* of the *Rocky Mountains*. I was introduced to a Miss Hammond, who was the most brilliant talker I ever heard, talked pretty much all the time, but without any arrogance or assumption — naturally, easily, with the most musical voice and the most perfect enunciation imaginable — talk rippling, overflowing with wit and humor and satire and sense. I thought of Miss Palfrey, of whom Mr. Fields has several times spoken to me as a very brilliant person. At the table Mrs. Fields let drop from her lips the name "Miss Palfrey" and I saw the plot at once. This Miss Palfrey is the daughter of John G. Palfrey — and wrote "*Herman, or Young Knighthood*," of which you may have heard a certain book speak in very high terms of praise. Miss Palfrey was much pleased and sent the author a volume of her poems with a neat little inscription. Well I saw just how it was. They, knowing that I always hate to "meet" people, and yet wanting to bring us together, had planned a ruse. Mrs. Fields had come down to the office to see if I would come, and hurried away to secure Miss Palfrey and were going to get me acquainted with her under the mask of some common Miss Hammond before I knew it. I said nothing, but after supper when we were going upstairs Mr. Fields said to me "Isn't she bright?"

and I said "There is but one," and we both laughed and understood it. He said he knew his wife would let it out before it was ready to come. However, we all went home with Miss Palfrey and then we went to a concert, a performance of the old church music of England, which was very fine, — much finer, Mr. and Mrs. F. both said, than it was generally performed in the English cathedrals. The next morning Miss Palfrey came again and invited us all to tea that evening, but I was coming home at night, so it was postponed till my next visit. She said her father came to the door that evening in hope of an introduction, but he was at the top of the steps, and we were at the bottom, so it would have had to be hallooed.

MAY, 1863.

I treated the company to oysters. It was mother's first experiment with them, and when I asked how she liked them, she answered politely that she neither liked nor disliked, for there was no taste to 'em! Then we went to Bierstadt's picture, and then they went to Cambridge, and I went shopping around promiscuously and to Mr. Field's office awhile and then to his house, where were Mrs. Hawthorne and her daughter Rose. Mrs. H. is a short woman, not so tall as I, with a peculiarly pure look, — the look of a woman who has had a life of content. Her hair is slightly gray and slightly wavy. She is very simple and straightforward — quiet in all her tints and tones. Her husband is to her just as much a hero and lover now as he was the day she married him. She is receptive and kindly — just such a wife as Hawthorne should have. Do you care to know how she was

dressed? A black velvet Zouave jacket trimmed with two-inch-or-so broad lace, a skirt of some black and white striped stuff, a white under-waist of white muslin and lace and things, a handkerchief pin, collar-pin, and belt-buckle with a carbuncle, and I never so much liked a carbuncle before. It glowed like a liquid ruby drop in her soft muslin. Rose is perhaps ten or twelve years old, a quiet, well-bred child, prettily colored, with the poet's gold in her hair, but which common eyes would call red, — such a complexion as light blue befits. We spent the evening quietly by ourselves, Mr. — being with us a part of the time and upstairs, writing, a part — but we talked him out and off to bed long before we went ourselves, which was not till after twelve.

Dr. Murdock wants me to write for the "Watchman and Reflector," "satisfactory price," etc. I told him I was pretty fully engaged, but he wished me not to say *no* right off, but think about it awhile. I was not to tell the "Congregationalist" or anybody about it, and you see I don't. About every time I go to Boston, Mr. Fields belabors me about not "spreading myself," etc., that nothing is worse than to become common, etc. So *he* would be pleased with Dr. M's proposition. My rose-bush has three buds on it, and I have put some of my flowers and my bird outdoors this morning. Your pamphlet wants "such beneficent disarmament and coercion to be enforced by heroic volunteers in ample numbers, who are willing to lose their own lives if need be," etc., etc., etc. That is precisely what I want. The precise manner in which the Peace Society proposes to accomplish this I have never yet seen. I suppose they would go down on the Rappahanock and tie a pocket-handker-

chief over the muzzle of every gun. If in any way they can disarm the rebels I should be heartily glad to have them bestir themselves. Meanwhile the best method seems to me to have plenty of men, guns, and ammunition in the field, and faith, hope, and charity at home, and bang away. Trust in God and dry powder is the best Peace Association I ever heard of. You should remember, too, that the object of war is not to shoot and mutilate as many as possible. It is only to do just so much of it as is necessary to coercion. This is not only a theoretical, but a practical distinction. It is a fact that shooting that brings nothing to bear is everywhere frowned upon. It is a fact that the moment the men whom you are trying to kill are blown into the water, you peril your life to save them. It is a fact that men are taught to shoot low, because your enemy's life is not desired, only that he should be put *hors de combat*. What we are all striving after is peace, with a basis of righteousness.

JUNE 11, 1863.

I beg that you will not go out of your way to strike down my friend "Thorndale," because it is not a religious novel at all, nor any kind of a novel. I dare say you have never read the book, you are certainly belaboring the wrong name; but the fact is, you are so heterodox yourself that you will not let any one else come near. You wish to monopolize the heresies in your own proper person, and so you fend off every one else who shows the smallest disposition to overleap boundaries. And as for your somebody's "History of Baptism," which you counsel me to read, I assure you I shall do nothing of the sort. Is it not enough that I have to wade through (speaking Bap-

tistically) your periodic homilies on the subject, but I must straightway involve myself in Octavo Appendices? I attribute your ever-recurring dissertations to some new outcropping of original sin. Whenever you have been guilty of some special worldly enormity you atone for it by a theological thunderstorm, which always bursts on me. Fortunately it could not break on one better able to stand it. I am glad that you are enjoying the ministrations of an able shepherd, and hope it will bring you to a better mind. We, too, are in hopes to secure a trumpeter who will give no uncertain sound, but we are not yet confident.

I am very glad you liked Camilla's face, for I do not think it eminently calculated to please the populace, so it must depend for suffrage upon the upper classes.

All your letter was interesting and amusing. I do not in the least wonder that you write such long letters, for I should do it myself if I only had the time. I think it is very charming business, and I think, too, that you have a peculiar knack at writing letters. They are not exactly letters, and not exactly essays, but a cross between the two. I often find myself lamenting that so much fine writing should be wasted on the desert air. I do my best to prevent it by reading them to the whole family, and we have many a hearty laugh over them. I assure you I explain all the wickedness out so as to make it as palpable and undisguised as possible, and there is a great deal of wickedness in your letters, Baptist that you are.

All your civic arrangements for me are very clever, and you are to consider me as bowing a polite thank you, but while I am assiduously cultivating your friends, pray what disposition do you propose to make of my own? While I am "revelling in the

halls" that you have provided, what shall be my shut sesame to the doors that open to me of their own accord? I do believe that nothing could satisfy the demand of your benevolence but a regiment of desolate people whom you could furnish with home and heaven (by immersion). You carry out your creed into daily life in the most astonishing manner. You are not content with sprinkling people with your beneficences: you plunge them in, dip them, submerge them, and hold them under.

I went to Boston a while ago, and had a charming visit with Mrs. Hawthorne. We live in hopes of the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and Lee, and all their armies, but God speed the right, anyway! Isn't it delightful to see the Kilkenny cat-fight over Kinglake's work? My sister has been at home and passed a week with a friend. It was pleasant all the while and we enjoyed it much. I took occasion to do up several "odd jobs" of sewing, for I cannot write when there is company in the house. I am promised an English ivy from Kenilworth Castle; what do you think of that? I think I shall start on my travels the last of this month, or thereabouts, but I have nothing definite arranged. I am just now galloping over the pages of foolscap to be ready to start. As it is, I shall not be able to do all I wished first. Strange how roads lengthen before you, don't they? Oh, if only writing did not interpose between thought and print, but in that case I suppose we should flood the world with balderdash. As it is, writing is a kind of sieve; to be sure, a good deal of bran gets through, but nothing to what there is on the upper side. Good-by.

Very truly yours,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, MASS., July 14, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: Four letters of yours awaited my arrival home. On the twelfth of June I went to Boston, where I spent Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, — went to the gymnasium, shopping, walked out to Roxbury, heard James Freeman Clarke and Edward Everett Hale preach, chime bells, Catholic church, etc. Tuesday I went to Cambridge and visited my relatives. Wednesday my sister and I went to drive in the beautiful suburbs of Boston, Dorchester, Brookline, etc., and indeed I know of no city so set in beauty and taste and culture as Boston. Money seems to have been directed by intelligence and art, and I fancied a rebel cavalry charging over those lovely gardens and defacing the beauty. Thursday I went to Concord and stopped till Monday, visiting and visited by the Hawthornes, Emersons, Alcotts, Sanborns, Manns, etc., etc. Boated, drove, walked, went to the old bridge and battle-ground, and gave the tribute of a sigh to the two poor Britons who lie in a foreign grave, dead in an unrighteous cause. Monday I went back to Boston, and out to Hillside, Roxbury, to visit the Dexters, who have a very charming house, with the broadest view without, and the finest library within, of any private house I recollect to have seen. Tuesday Mr. Dexter went shopping with me in Boston, and I took a bookcase for literature, and a clothes wringer for economy, and with many a parcel and package went home. On Saturday came a letter from — among the mountains, saying I must go there, and I started on Tuesday, reaching the Alpine House, Gorham, at night, stayed there till next morning, then went with the Lowells to the Glen House, drove up Mt. Washington, visited

all the curiosities, examined the views at leisure. The next morning we drove to the Glen Ellis Falls, and the Crystal Cascade, looked at them from different points, in the afternoon back to the Alpine House, I on the top of the coach, and we all running a race into, or away from, a thunder shower which met us a few rods from home, but too late to do any harm. Friday morning we took a walk up what here would be quite a mountain, but there was only a hill, and in the afternoon were driven to Berlin Falls, a marvellous work of nature, but I remember that you are not much interested in mountain scenery. I think, however, you could not have helped being interested in that. Saturday and Sunday it rained pretty much all day with intervals of rest, and we had opportunity to watch cloud shiftings and cloud scenery. Monday we drove to Jefferson, some eighteen miles and back, dining at the Waumbeck House, and getting a broad-side view of the whole range of mountains. In the evening I took another drive with a friend to the Lead Mine Bridge, some nine miles out and back. Tuesday we all went to Bethel, laid by through the middle-day heat, then were driven to Paradise Hill for a distant view, and after tea all about Bethel and its valleys of delight, fording the Androscoggin, and enjoying to the top of my bent. Wednesday we went up Sparrowhawk mountain, and in the afternoon I was driven in an open buggy back to the Alpine House, about twenty-one miles. Thursday morning I came back as far as Newburyport, stopped one night with Mrs. Spalding, came home, stopped till noon, read my letters, one from you, went to Boston and Cambridge, into Boston Saturday morning, a little shopping and proof-correcting, and then back again to Hamilton.

So you see I have had a quite busy month. I am now laboring under an invitation to make a voyage to Labrador by the captain of the yacht. He takes a party every summer; took out Church when he made his iceberg studies. Bradford goes with him this year. If it were not for my numerous engagements I should be delighted to go. Though I do not quite like to put myself beyond hearing of the ways and doings of my country. We have Vicksburg, and Lee checked, which is much to be thankful for. Of course the war is by no means over, but I think people are getting more and more to look to God with gratitude. While Gettysburg was no decided victory to us, it certainly was a decided repulse to the rebels. So we wait in hope.

I think you hear the changing events of the day with a very commendable serenity.

Very truly yours,
M. A. D.

HAMILTON, MASS., November 24, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: You have rightly judged that my time has been, and still is, very fully occupied. Lilly Gillette and my Nantucket friend spent nearly a week with me, and I went to Boston and saw and heard the great organ. I am very glad you were not there, because if you had been, you would just have thrown away your "Future Life," and said, "We have got there." That is, you would have had a perpetual monomania on the subject of music afterwards. The organ noise — poetical term, is it not? — was to me the soul of might and majesty, of crash and storm, of the ripple of summer brooks, and the softest notes of birds. Sometimes it drowned you,

and sometimes it enchanted you, and withal it is so beautiful that you forget it is large enough to put our whole house into it with a third story built up, and plenty of leeway for a kitchen garden. Charlotte Cushman, who read the ode, was the guest of Mr. F., and I was very glad to see her. She is theatrical, that is, she is unlike other women. She bears down upon a room, she does not enter it. She hurls and waves Shakespeare around us as if it were a banner of triumph. I think she is a woman built on a large scale. However she may have been when she was a baby, I can hardly conceive that she would have been otherwise than trammelled in private life. As it is, I find a peculiar fitness in the magnificent distances of her everyday paths. To spend the winters in Italy, to take trips to America as other people take them to the White Mountains, to look upon the ocean as her common highway, this is appropriate, her very oxygen. The morning she went away she gave to me, as a queen might, a very rich and beautiful scarf. Be pleased to know that it was no flimsy raw silk nonsense such as you see in shop windows, but heavy and ribbed, and gorgeous in color, such as might well come from Italian sunsets, woven in the looms of Raffaele's countrymen.

The mail which brought me your letter brought me eight others, most of them to be answered. You may fancy that I have somewhat to do even to manage my letters. I finally came to such a pass that I had to write my letters in the evening after people were gone to bed, for when I have company I can really do nothing of the kind, but whatever other people can do, it is very certain I cannot write after nine o'clock. It keeps me awake after I do go to bed, and it wakes

me at three or four in the morning, and that I cannot stand.

Among other things I have had applications for all sorts of services. One society wanted me to lecture! on some course or other. Several newspapers tempt me to write for them with the most unheard-of liberality. They are getting up a new literary paper in New York, and one of the proprietors came down here. I gave him small encouragement, and after his departure sent him a decided negative. One or two letters have come about it, and to-day he hopes again that I will "not refuse our renewed overtures," and they are unwilling to go to their task of establishing a great weekly paper without my aid and help! I am sorry. I should like their money (*O tempora! O mores!*), but write for them, I cannot. With housekeeping, and teaching, and visiting, and company, I have already quite as much as I can attend to.

Another thing I have been doing that takes much time is having my dress and my mother's and my sister's dresses made. Mine is trimmed with beautiful Malta lace, — real, — and is very fine. So is my mother's, so is going to be my sister's, and the former has a new bonnet besides. That article in the "Evening Post" was written, I am told, by a namesake of mine, who I suppose branched off from the family a hundred or two years ago. I went to a concert in Salem one evening and could not tell the difference between its singing and that of the finest opera singers. I went there the other night to hear Gough, and laughed away ever so much cobwebby stuff from what brain I have. He is an actor, a speaker, — he tells stories inimitably, — and uses his face and his coat-tails unmer-

cifully; but for the thought and the expression, I have heard better.

MY DEAR ALICE: By all the laws of politeness, I should have acknowledged the receipt of your collar before, but the thorns and briers of care and toil have choked down politeness till this time. Now I do acknowledge it, and I think it's lovely and wonderful, too. How did you know how to make it?

We are having lovely rain and charming growth — only the canker-worms are eating up all the apples, and the bugs help themselves to things generally. It has been a cold spring. I have enlarged the borders of my flower-garden, devoting all last year's space to roots and taking about as large a piece to seeds. I drove to Wenham the other day and brought home a panful of pinks and pansies, and other named and unnamed flowers. Mrs. H. gave me a basalt rose-bush, which already has three buds on it, also a prairie rose-bush which Brown set out by the front door when father was back in the field somewhere. A gentleman whom I met in Newburyport last summer sent me also from Berkshire County a honeysuckle root and some humming-bird balm. The latter I put in my garden, where it flourishes like a green bay tree. The former I got Dan to stick down by the piazza when father was gone to Uncle Benjamin's. I don't think he has discovered it yet. It grows famously. We have five tomatoes. I built a conservatory for them, but the wind blew it over and almost crushed one of the tomatoes. Corn is up half a foot, I should think. Beets, squashes, and parsnips heaving in sight. Rhubarb climbing over the barrels. Pear-trees set out last year full of buds.

Uncle B. is very lame with his long-standing rheumatism — owing chiefly to his long standing and hard working by land and by sea, I don't doubt.

JANUARY 7, 1864.

I have had a letter from J. S. C. Abbott — wants me to write a chapter for his forthcoming second volume of "History of the War" — on the Emancipation movement — to be incorporated into his book. Directed to Abigail Dodge, so I shall not answer it. Also had a magnificent letter from a captain in the 7th Ohio — from Chickamauga — given to a wounded comrade who was going home for safe carriage. He says: "I do not know whether authors care whether people *love* them for what they write or not. I do not think on the whole that men do, but you are a woman and I trust will listen patiently while I, with cap in hand, speak a word for myself and the brave boys who call me 'Captain.' You can never realize what strength we have found in your strong, womanly pages through these more than two long years. They have been the gleam of sunshine on many a lonely picket post, and beneath the murky sky of many a battle-field. Did you think as you read of the charge along the crest of Lookout Mountain that some of your words went in our hearts up the craggy slope to that 'Battle in the Clouds'? Did you know that the van of 'Iron Hooker's' bayonets wore a fiercer, sturdier gleam for what you had written? You did not know what friends you were losing as that shattered, struggling line toiled up to that pestilent summit. When you read of other volleys and other charges sweeping down still more of the remaining handful of the 7th Ohio, please remember that you lost friends

in the carnage of that hour, who, though they knew you not, were content to stand at a distance and cherish your name. Pardon this freedom, but deign to accept this trifle from the grateful hearts of the 7th Ohio." Also a letter from some unknown man in R.I., who says he wanted to say how much he liked "My book." "It is so cheerful on the surface and so serious in the depths, so replete with outward confidence and inward diffidence, so defiant in word and so supplicatory at heart, in short so altogether womanly, as to attract one's best angels to him as he reads, and make him feel a sense of something astir in you better and deeper even than genius." It is from a "tedious old man," as he calls himself; does not expect me to read it now, but lay it aside for ten or twenty years hence. It is three sheets full of warning, advice, love, and consolation, and one of the nicest letters I have had, besides being very able, but he gives no name.

A new story told me the first time to-night. A Mr. Whitney happened to be in Havana, and at a hotel heard some American talking about G. H., one of them owning the book and having lent it around. They were quite full of enthusiasm — one old lady in particular, who thought it was very much to a young gentleman's credit that he should own such a book, and then they fell to discussing the author, who, it seems, was a young lady in New Hampshire. After it was well settled, Whitney from Salem told them who it was, and that he knew the author's friends and so was authority, etc., etc. I proceed now to cap the climax and leave the subject. The Backside sewing society, nobly emulous of Over-the-River's literary resources, have procured a library. It is somewhat limited at

present, but quality atones for quantity. Its present list numbers two books — “Country Living and Thinking,” “Memoirs of Daniel Safford.” You see they go on the correct principle of fostering native talent. Mother was a little startled last night to find that she had turned the whole dipperful of gravy into the teapot, but it doesn’t make much difference if you only think so. Good night. My energies just now are largely devoted to purloining pork for the cats, in which I have been so successful that the elder had a very bad fit of indigestion this afternoon and lost her supper.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

JANUARY, 1864.

You challenge me on the subject of Sundays, so I will lay down my platform. If soldiers were freezing I would knit stockings for them on Sunday evening, while the frost lasted, no longer. I would not make a practice of it. At the same time, I don’t say it is wicked for other people to do it. Christ overturned the Jewish Sabbath, and as far as I can see left the Christian Sabbath to every one’s conscience, guided by indirect lights. For me, I have not the smallest difficulty in disposing of my “long Sabbaths.” My only trouble is that they are not long enough. I go to church in the morning and have a Sunday-school class afterwards, and the rest of the day is my own, and I crush all the juices out of it, the afternoon and the sunset and the evening, the perfect rest and quiet. It is intense delight. I am alone, with nothing to do, and I revel in it. Do you know, I do not need happiness to be happy, but only that one should stand out of my sunshine? If I am just not fretted, I can man-

age the rest. But you talk of calls and letters. What, then, is the good of your Sunday? Why is it not just like any other day? On Sunday I want peace to flow in like a river with no counter-currents and not even the cleft of a keel. I wish every day were longer, but Sunday most of all. I wish we could have summer days crowned with winter nights. Night is the only tolerable part of the winter. If I were rich I would *create* winter evenings — a room hung with purple draperies, heavy and rich, and sweeping the floor, falling in lines and broken curves, and filling the air with dusky shadows, and the red sunset should come in and meet the red fire-glow, and when the sunset deepened into twilight there should be none of your flickering, glaring gaslight, always exploding or leaking, or something, but a golden globe like the sun shaded into soft tints that touch everything with a glow shining upon nothing, but making all things seem self-luminous, smothering a hidden flame. Shall I go on? I hope you are reading this in open court, that all things may be in harmony. But don't think I am latitudinarian in respect of Sunday. I am not. I only think we are to go according to the New Testament, and not according to the old. How much there is to say about everything, isn't there? And after you have said it all, — which I never did! — how fragmentary is the view, and how you have left out all the important parts and sprawled over the trivial! *You* means *me* in this case. I wonder if sprawled is an admissible word. If it is not, it ought to be. Anyway, it is in — Why do you speak of Lowell's Johnsonian English? What was language given for but to conceal ideas? Your "bushel of words" is a necessary part of the mind's furniture before it can

set up housekeeping. Did Eve never eat the apple that people can see ideas god-like erect in native honor clad and not be ashamed? Of "Sir Launfal" I have but a hazy memory, but do you not find there "a day in June, . . . then heaven tries the earth, if it be in tune," etc.? I have a vague memory of a dancing, lilting measure. "Lilting" is Harriet Prescott's word. But I saw it and liked it, and — took it.

If you have come to the conclusion that you don't know what you think of me you have reached the goal, and I do not see anything to prevent us from living happily ever after. Not that I am harder to understand than others, or that you are slower at understanding, but every human being is individual, and the first step towards an interpretation, or even a peaceful position, is a recognition of this fact. It is a terrible fact. It often appalls me. It seems to me dreadful to live in solitude and die unknown, to touch your kind only as a water-drop touches the hot iron on which it rolls about, with perpetual intervention. The consolation is, apart from the fact that God pierces through and comprehends all, that there may be those who know you through their imagination, their magnetism. They recognize you not by sight, but touch, as the needle turns to the pole it will never see, by some mysterious current which it obeys unconsciously. I mean something, but I am not sure I have dug it out and brought it to the surface, and in letters you are not bound to be lucid.

I read your discourse upon "Charitableness and Charity," with illustrations drawn from life, with becoming meekness, but disdain your imputations of a lack of the former. I am willing to attribute to myself all manner of deficiencies in a general way,

but when you come down to concrete things, you will find that I shall predicate of myself every virtue. But, seriously, I do not think you would find me uncharitable. I do not know that there are not a certain class of qualities for which can be found no forgiveness, but I have too much need of forbearance myself to be chary of it towards others. Moreover, I know that there are so many circumstances which bear upon every deed, and which are entirely elusive, that I am loth to judge unkindly; at least I think so, but maybe I am wrong, for our ignorance of others is only equalled by ignorance of ourselves. It is not quite true that I *think* of you only externally; though it is true that that is all I know, but not all of which I thought. It was just because I did *not* know "what I should get in exchange" that I was shy of making the experiment. And it is this hidden part alone that gives one a firm footing or a treacherous Chat-Moss. But do not frighten me or attempt it. I am rather apt to take things literally, and I believe I have much faith in you. If I may not have, then I care for you not at all. It is weak to look for perfection, but it is wise and it alone is wise to look for aspiration, though that sounds sentimental. Nevertheless, that which may perhaps be sometimes and by certain people called sentimental, is the best. A man may and must be dust-covered in the work-ways of his life, but if he has not a love of cleanliness, and an underlying purity, he is unworthy. Behind all the tangled undergrowth of the woods must be no morass, but a little lake smiling in the sunshine. I do not care how elegant, or how learned, or how pious, man or woman may be, if you cannot be sure that when you strike down you will come to clear water, that however

remote the metal may be, when you do smite, it rings back to you, clear sound for clear sound — there is nothing. If this exists, one can forgive much.

Seeing the “chambered nautilus” is tossing around the ocean, can he harden his shell too much? Think what a bruised appearance he would make if he became soft as putty and were flatted and dented at every collision! To be sure, he runs a greater risk of being broken, but it is better to be broken than to be beaten out of shape. I like your house nestled in its “sunny spot of greenery,” but you live in a settled country where the law gives protection to life and property. If you were in a wild district where guerillas and mad huntsmen rave, you might find your account in building, after old Jewish fashions, brown, battered, dingy old houses, stricken with poverty and desolation; but, climbing up through the crazy staircase and passing through bare halls, you, being a friend, are admitted to the inner room where diamonds are heaped, and marble fountains gurgled rose-water, and the air vibrates with celestial harmonies.

I am afraid from what I said a while ago, you may think I set up a higher standard than other people. I do not. I do not suppose there is a fault or a weakness anywhere about in which I do not share, but as that queen of women, Mrs. Browning, says, I “seek to love high though I live thus low,” and I do not wish to have anything to do with people who do not love high and try to live high too.

JANUARY 30, 1864.

What a wonderful thing is the imagination! All this lovely soft weather we have been having was as sweet as spring, but it gave me no spring sweetness.

So like the spring, it was yet entirely unlike it. Spring always seems to open heaven to me. It hints all manner of hidden depths and half-revealed possibilities, and new creations. It is vague, and dreamy, and eternal. Nothing in the fulness of summer, though I love summer, so speaks of immortality and the highest happiness as the tenderness of the early spring — beauty budding from grayness and roughness, just as delicate as the sky. But under all this wintry warmth lay the feeling of winter and not of warmth. I do not mind a cold day in March or April, but a May-day in January will not, I know, bring may-flowers. Nevertheless, I love it too and wish I lived in the — Bermudas — is it? where they have perpetual spring. And now it is cold and a snow-storm, and spring is indefinitely postponed.

I always find it easy to believe agreeable things. When people say they like me, it seems so natural that they *should* like me that I have not the smallest hesitation in giving them full credence. If they say they do not like me I always think it is prejudice, or they do not know me, or something. It is an agreeable frame of mind to be in, is it not?

Call together your surveyors and lay out twenty roads, if you will, according to the truest mathematical principles, but on a warm June morning you will take a short cut across lots, and despise them all. It is better to brush the dew from the clover, and find the ground-sparrows' nest, and hear the rustling of the corn, than to walk in the Appian way. Speaking of the Appian way as a road, you know, not as a romance. So don't just go and make up your mind that you will not like me, because, when you are fairly and firmly settled in that conclusion, I shall start up

all of a sudden, and you will find it like one of Thackeray's, or somebody's, closing chapters, "The Conclusion, in which nothing is concluded." Nevertheless, there is a beauty in the law. Among all the mischief with which Satan supplied my idle hands, I once read a law-book — Warren's something — and I blush to acknowledge I found it very interesting. It seemed to me as if the theory of the law was almost an exact science. But practice of the law for all manner of rogues is a very different thing. I read "Charles Auchester" two days ago, and that made me extremely dissatisfied and uncomfortable. I could not abide the thought of coming down from the musical heavens and go to blasting rocks again. But when you think of it, blasting rocks is very good work. The fragments may become polished stones in the temple of beauty, and the earth that was rocky and sterile may be smoothed and wave in many a wheat field, or smile with flowers and nourish bird and bee. The bees will not thank me for their honey, nor the flowers for their fragrance, but by so much the world will be the richer. Not that I am impelled by so abstract a motive. On the contrary, I blast rocks because I have a natural tendency to gunpowder, and for so many shillings a day, still the beneficence of the thing does not make the work less welcome. And last night I was really glad not to be happy. There is so much suffering in the world that you *cannot* help that it seems to be a kind of pleasure to suffer with them. I should be afraid to be happy. I don't mean happy exactly, either, for I *am* happy as far as that goes, but I mean *satisfied*, and that I am indeed not. There are ever and ever so many things to enjoy, but to be satisfied is another thing. The happiest thing of

all is that we are so inwardly self-sufficient. I suppose it is the dissimilarity between the outward and inward world that makes friction, but it would be a bane and no blessing to have the friction removed by bringing the inner down to the level of the outer. If you were a mere lawyer and had no higher ambition than to gain cases, you might be a more contented man but not happier. I think it is only the surplusage of people that I care for. People who are just adequate to their circumstances, just worth their weight in bread and butter, are very comfortable, and often agreeable and convenient for especial occasions, but you would never dream of writing them letters, though you may send them regularly printed bulletins. But nobody and nothing, not even courts and blasting rocks, can take you away from yourself. It is all noise and dust and confusion, but you have only to walk home and the sunset opens to let you in, and to all things unlovely and angular you may say, Shut, Sesame! You are monarch of all you survey, and all the things your life has missed, and all it has ever lost, come to you. Dreams are facts, and possibilities are every-day life, and every-day life is the Kingdom of God, which is a Bible truth, because the Bible says it is within you. Now do you not see it is of no consequence to be rich? — because no money can buy you a farm in the Delectable Land, and for all your agricultural tastes, real estate is of more value there than anywhere else, though I don't object to farming if one has plenty of money. There, you see, is where money is necessary.

I have a word or two to say regarding Longfellowishness. Did you ever know two sweeter poems than "The Children's Hour," and "Weariness"? Now

when you say sweeping bad things, put in the twinkling good things too, and L. is surely a musical poet. He sings well, and he is a good man. And do not swear about Renan. There is not half so much blasphemy in him as there is in some of our good D.D.'s — and I am Orthodox and can say that. By the way, did you observe the different tone assumed by the “N. A. Review” towards Renan and Alger on the one side, and Gillett on the other? Renan and A. were tenderly admonished, and poor Gillett was vigorously demolished. I think I am not sectarian, — if I am, I do not know concerning which sect, — but, I despise the bigotry that can consort with an education sufficient to edit the “N. A. Review,” and smile at the wildest errors of its own sect, while it squints fearfully at the slips of another.

[To MR. WOOD.]

FEBRUARY 9, 1864.

I see that I am to be handed down to immortality in the guise of reading-books. I am incorporated into a series of some sort of practical readers, but of what selection is made I am ignorant. Don't laugh at my Stumbling Blocks and don't expect me to give up my iconoclasm because the world persists in bowing down to false gods, and don't lose faith, though my mother — since hearing of your dissipation at parties — thinks you have not much faith to lose!

My father has been long ill, and my hands are quite full. My brothers and their wives, one or more, are here nearly all the time. My mother and I are alone with him to-night. Though I have not the quiet and leisure to write letters, I can very easily

manage to read them, so pray do your part towards benefiting the world, by constituting yourself a private Christian Commission and furnishing the Hamilton hospital with suitable reading. Nothing but original matter is needed.

[TO MR. FRENCH.]

FEBRUARY 10.

I like to write letters. I believe it is a weakness and I unfortunately have all the foibles of my own sex, and all the faults of yours, but still I like to write letters and especially I like to write where there is a little unexplored ground. There is no particular exhilaration in walking down and up and up and down the same gravel path, though it may be tamely pleasant if it is not also a covered way, and even then there is a degree of enjoyment in the mere motion, but it is a great deal nicer to go down a lane where you have never been and know not whence it came nor whither it leads, but only know you struck into it all of a sudden, and will perhaps strike out again just as suddenly — but meanwhile the apple trees are all abloom, and the gray walls green and graceful with swaying vines and vocal with tiny life. I am not deceived for all the blue sky and splendid sun. I know there are snow-banks underneath, but I know something more than this which makes me happy, that violets and anemones and blood-root and spring-beauties are under the snow. You are missionary ground and you must be converted. What, are you better than the Emperor Aurelius? You talk of the past as if it held the elixir of life, and of the future as if it had no certain treasure in its bosom. For me, I am not sure of the past, but if

there is any present I am sure of the future. Life is not made up of this spring, or next summer, or last winter. Life is one. Next spring is only a lifting up of the fair and fragrant spring that underlies all life, lifting itself up above the snows and frosts which have overgrown it but can never crush it, and will finally die away in the sunshine that never dies. Winter is not "just as good," and never will be, and you know it. Even if you are shut up in a city, the very knowledge that the "birds are singing elsewhere" is an unspeakable blessing. It is not the music that you hear, but the songs that sing themselves in your heart that make the melody of life. When I am ready to fly out with impatience of the clang of tin pans and iron kettles it is just those otherwhere singing-birds that make it all tolerable, for I know that somewhere, somewhere, there must be a land where pans and kettles are unknown, and the robins have it all their own way, and there I mean one day to pitch my tent. I shall feel just so at fifty. What difference will it make? It is not another but only the fiftieth part of the same spring. If God only gives me health and independence there never will, I think there never can come a time when I shall not grow green and tender and fresh and happy with the leaves! Memories are nothing. That which has been is nothing to that which shall be. One of the few things I don't know, and cannot understand is, why evil is let run wild in the world. I can understand why it should be let in, but not why it should be let loose.

I want you to feel confident of the future. Don't suppose that I don't think you are a good Christian, but I want you to feel that the one thing real is not

the past, but the future. Do not tell me that is a matter of years. I am old enough to have had every experience under the sun, and I *have* had most of them, and what I have not felt in myself I have felt in others, so it is all the same. One way or another I rather think I have felt pretty much all there is to feel, and though Orion and the Pleiades shine brightly in the past, they will pale their ineffectual fires before the splendors of the far future. The Delectable Land is not indefinite. It is my home. It is there only that I shall be really myself. What am I here? Hair and hands and circumstance, a merino dress and a broom and a frying-pan, which things I hate, and a small residuum of *me*. And you ask me what I shall care for in the spirit-land! Ask me what I care for here! There I shall have all beautiful things and I shall be beautiful. No conceptions can equal the glory that shall be. Music and poetry and painting help us, I suppose, to lay hold on the skirts of that glory, but it is only the fringe of the garment that we grasp. Why, this life is beautiful only so far as it is transparent and lets the other life shine through. Think of going into a world where the brooms and the dusters and the court-room crowds fall off from you, and nothing is left but that which is truly your *ownest* self. I don't want any new senses in Heaven, that is, I shall not clamor for them. I am contented with those I have. I can get all the pleasure I want through them, of that kind. In fact, if two or three things could be altered I think this world would make a very good Heaven as it is, but because the two or three things cannot be altered my principle is just do what has to be done here, and in the next world we shall perhaps be a step or two higher. If you are

good and I am good, perhaps on some "Heaven-kissing hill" we shall talk this matter over and you will see how wrong and Pagan you are, and how right and Christian I — and because you will then be good and have lost all your pride and vain-glory you will not mind admitting your error, and because I shall then be myself because the little speck of me, which is all I care for here, will have expanded there and become everything that *is me*, I shall not have the smallest difficulty in expressing my opinions and shall talk you blind the first evening, for I fancy it will be always sunset there. We shall be at work in the morning, but shall have glorious evenings, and we shall be so good ourselves that the sunsets will not reproach us. Think of yourself with every wicked wish and passion and purpose melted away, and nothing left but pure gold. I am so accustomed to be alone that I am always entertaining company to myself, and if you should not care to take a walk with me I should be quite happy to take the walk by myself, and instead of talking to you I should talk with the brooks and the birds, who are never tired, or at least have no tongues to say so, which is just as well. At the same time there are advantages in a human companion sometimes, and I consider it very kind and courteous in you to let me write to you, only I do not wish to go too far and turn an act of courtesy and of pleasure into an act of forbearance. Rude behavior, rudeness of manners, moral rudeness, I abhor with my whole soul as the next thing to sin and sometimes sin itself. I want every good and happy thing to come to this country and build it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. You always seem to say easily everything you have to say — which must

be very charming — and yet very likely may be only your style, and you do not mind the bits you give for the ingots of gold that it pains you to be forced to leave behind.

FEBRUARY 16.

I can see very well that you are laughing at me, which is very just, for I can easily believe I wrote what deserved to be laughed at, at least if I did undertake to give a definite idea of Heaven. In fact, the fault I find with all the books I ever read on that subject is that they are definite, when I think it should be left to revelation and imagination. I do not call you a Pagan because you cannot see what is invisible, but because not seeing you will not believe, and so will not be blessed. You lack faith, which is the evidence of things not seen. I know no more than you what lies in store for us in the future, but when God declares that it is something so beautiful, so glorious, as never to have entered into the heart of man, I take Him at His word. What do I do then? I conceive the very highest that I can and rest on that. I cannot think what Heaven is, but I can take out of the earth everything that loveth and maketh a lie, everything that defiles, everything that is disagreeable. I paint it in all the colors of the sunset, and breathe upon it the fragrance of the summer, and people it with all the great and good and wise and witty and charming people — people who never misunderstand you and are not selfish and — that is not Heaven — no — when I enter Heaven if through God's goodness I do enter it, I shall be disappointed, but it will be because Heaven is so much more grand and delightful than the poor little weak notions I had

formed of it on earth. I do not believe God holds out to us hopes which he never intends to fulfil, and so I make the most of every pleasure here, but with the happy feeling underneath that the pleasure is only a faint foretaste of the joys that shall be. Not a lily-of-the-valley, not a bird upon the tree, not the ripple of a brook but has somewhat to say of Heaven. You say that we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage. So Christ said, but He added that we should be as the angels in Heaven, and that I have no doubt is something infinitely better. What is marriage here? A little speck of honey in a hogshead of vinegar. But in Heaven there will be something of which earth-marriage is a type, but which will be all honey and no vinegar. You may depend upon it there is something in Heaven which corresponds to marriage because that which alone gives marriage vitality and worth, that alone which lifts it above the earth is a need, an element of the soul, and if the soul dies not, its elements cannot die. You would not be yourself without your memory. You do not marry on account of your memory, but that thing which you do marry on account of is as essential to your identity as your memory. If there is one thing I cannot abide it is settling down into anything. Do you know the great trouble is that people "marry and settle." They would better be hung. "Settle" is just another word for growing set and crusty and routiney. When you have levelled one forest turn to fresh woods and pastures new. Cultivate the soil till you have exhausted its possibilities. I do not believe in exhausting them anyway. We often think we have when we have not. It is our own slight farming, not the field, that is exhausted, and we often think we have

fathomed our friends when it is that our short lines have given out, not that we have touched bottom. Every human soul is infinite and you cannot settle down with it if you have any appreciation of it. If you have but eyes to see you will always be making new discoveries.

I do not live in a nest, I live in a cave, and my present busy-ness is, and has long been, to repair a breach in a wall that was made some forty odd years ago, and of which, of course, I must be entirely innocent. The nuts and blackberries are very good, the squirrels and ground-mice are my companions, and birds in their summer rambles. We understand each other well. The trees have much to say to me, and the hills and I have a fellow-feeling. My amusement is to go up to the fence and peep through.

“God’s own profound
Is above me, and round me the mountains,
And under the sea —
And within me my heart to bear witness
What was and shall be.”

If you ask twenty people who live right around me not one of them will tell you this — I alone know it. People often irritate me because they think I am in the world, and they want me to do this and that and the other, which would be quite the thing to do, if I were indeed in the world, but they never see that I am not. I should like to be there. I look with pleasure on the people who are there. I think I should have done somewhat if I had been there, but I was born in the cave, and all I can do is to work from it, and do the best I can in it. I think I can do more for other people there than I could if I stood

with them in the world, and that, I suppose, is the reason I was born there, but for myself directly I cannot do overmuch in the grotto. You have mapped out only, here and there, an island in your life, but I am good in geography, and I can draw you the coast-lines of your continents, and I see only a fair and fruitful land.

You wonder who sees your letters, I do not wonder who sees mine. I trust you entirely. When I write to people, I commend myself entirely to their discretion except in specific instances when they have no data to reason from, and then I say, "Do not mention this to any one," but in usual cases I assume that the person to whom I think it worth while to write, is a person of sufficient discrimination to know what to do with my letters. I make no stipulations, and if I should be mistaken, and you should make an unworthy use of my confidence, I might be angry with you, but the fault would primarily be my own, for not having sagacity enough to discover your real character. I know my own surroundings, you know yours. I know the persons who are sympathetic, so do you. I am perfectly certain that you will not disclose anything of mine where it will be unnaturally done, and if it were necessary for me to say to you, do not show this to such an one or other, I should not write to you at all. You are at liberty to do whatever you will with my letters, guided only by your own sense of propriety and honor and delicacy, if indeed, they are not all one. It is perhaps too much to ask, that you shall have the same confidence in me — as I have probably given you no grounds for it — yet there is nothing else to trust to.

[TO MR. WHITTIER.]

FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am very glad I did not write you the letter I have been going to write you for two or three days, because now your letter is the spontaneous growth of the soil, and shows that you do think of me sometimes with malice aforethought.

Lilly wrote me that your sister was not well, but it is very sad that one must go to Connecticut to hear from one's neighbors, though I should not in the least mind going to the Rocky Mountains to hear that she was well. I would go straight over to you this afternoon, if it were not that my father is quite ill, and it is necessary that I should be at home. He has not been well for a long time, but last night in the night we thought him rather worse. This morning he is up and seems comfortable.

I have much confidence in the spring, if we can only get over a few weeks now — and there is always healing in its wings.

Good-by, you dear peoples you—
from *Me*.

MARCH 2, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: Both your letters have reached me, but the continued and increasing illness of my father has prevented, and still continues to prevent, a satisfactory reply. He is now confined almost entirely to his bed and is very weak. We have secured a nurse. He seems to have no violent disease, but suffers from a general debility. I do not know when the book will appear, but you will probably have as early a copy as may be. Do not, however,

let your expectations be greatly raised. The most plentiful the book will reap will undoubtedly be disapprobation, lurching sometimes into contemptuous pity and sometimes into unsparing abuse. It is not heterodox enough for the heterodox, and orthodox enough for the Orthodox.

I thought you would choose a note rather than no letter, and have therefore written. Believe me,

Very truly yours,

M. A. D.

[TO MR. WHITTIER.]

HAMILTON, March 5, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS: My father died yesterday at twelve o'clock without pain or struggle. He only ceased to breathe. My visit will of course be postponed. The funeral will be on Monday at two o'clock. He was seventy-six years old on the seventh of February. He looks pure and peaceful, and dying seems to me less terrible.

Yours very affectionately,

M. A. DODGE.

Oh, what a mystery is all this life and death! What *is* it that lies beyond? Why does a man die? What has the future? We are born into the world and we die out of the world, and what is it all?

We buried my father on Monday, not in the tomb of his ancestors, which is already crowded with its silent population, but in a grave in the southerly part of the churchyard under the shade of a young evergreen. I went there the other afternoon, and it was very pleasant and sunshiny.

Of the thirteen members of my father's brother-

and-sisterhood, only one brother remains. They all lived to be married, and till the youngest was past eighteen. My grandmother died at ninety-four. There are no grandsons in the county, and the place that has known my family for centuries will soon know it no more.

HAMILTON, MASS., March 13, 1864.

MR. JAMES :

DEAR SIR: On the second day of last January I received a very pleasant and very valuable letter from some one who did not give his name. Yesterday I read a book, "Substance and Shadow," and I am almost certain the writer of my letter and the writer of that book are one and the same person. I hope you will not think I am trying to discover what you do not wish me to know, but the letter was so kind that I did want to thank the writer, and this book is so much like it that I am sure you are the one, and so I cannot help thanking you. If you do not remember writing such a letter perhaps you did it in a dream, but it must have been you. Your book interested me intensely. I have not quite finished it. There are parts which I do not understand, and parts which quite take my breath away, and places where I think if I could get access to your writing-table, I should watch when you went out and then steal in and draw my pen through a sentence or two. You would of course be very angry when you saw yourself printed with all my erasures, but I should only laugh in your face and you would soon grow amiable again and confess that I was right. But for all a few trap interruptions, one feels that he is walking over a stratum of solid, primitive, granite truth, and he acquires strength from the tread.

I am trying to work a little in your kingdom, but with so much less of power and insight that it seems almost presumptuous to think of myself as a worker at all. Yet some may receive a little illumination from my flickering candle who would be dazzled blind by your flood of sunshine. People may be benefited by fragments of truth when they are not strong enough to accept a system of truth.

Do forgive me for this letter if you are not the one. I can thank you for the book, you know, anyway. And if you *are* the one, I thank you for the letter more than I can tell.

Most truly and gratefully yours,

MARY ABBY DODGE.

MARCH 23, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: Friend, I was going to say, but perhaps after reading this letter you will be less disposed to assume such a name, so I fall back on the safe generalization.

Your letter was very good and kind, and gave me much pleasure, but I am afraid I must have deceived you in some way, though nothing was farther from my intention. I finished your book last Sunday and was most deeply and almost painfully convinced of the infinite distance between us. Your letter only made the difference more obvious, but not more actual. When I expressed to you my satisfaction in your book, I did not mean, in the least, to put myself on a level with you or to give the smallest intimation that might lead you to suppose that I was capable of "intellectual sympathy" with you. It was only your letter that made me venture to write at all. I may

have "intellectual maturity," but it is the maturity of the violet which, at most, is slender and short-lived, and not that of the elm, deep-rooted, and outlasting generations. The violet is not without its uses, you know, but it won't do the elm any good. I wish I *could* understand your book, for I know that it is somewhat, — but no preface can explain it to me, because the obscurity lies in my brain and not in your sentences. I never was equal to metaphysics. I like its results, but I do not like its processes. I can see but not share your delight. Kant, and Schlegel, and Sir William Hamilton, are nothing to me. I cannot bring myself to be interested in their theories, but you gird at them with true knightly ardor. I cannot tell that they are wrong, because I do not know what is right. Now do not cast me off entirely. My frankness ought to commend me a little to your good graces. And indeed I am not wholly given over to intellectual fatuity. There are portions of your book that I do thoroughly take in, and subscribe to, with all my heart and soul. I recognize them, not as true, but as a part of the eternal truth of the universe — fundamental and unchangeable. I rest in it with the deepest satisfaction. And that makes me all the more sorry that I do not comprehend the whole, or do not comprehend it clearly or accurately enough to be at one with it. I think after a while I shall read the book again and maybe, you know, I shall have grown nearer to it. One grows so much in a short time.

You see I only look at things on the surface. That is my weakness. My strength is that I see them as they are, and not as tradition, or prejudice, or popular opinion, represents them. Anything that the sun

shines upon and the wind breathes upon is in my domain. You go delving down among the roots of things, into the subterranean caverns where thoughts are made. I cannot go there with you, but when you come out I find I stand on the same ground where you have planted yourself. That on the one hand gives me confidence in the right line of your unseen, underground motion. How came I not only to acquiesce but exult in your assertions, if I were not in some measure capable of understanding their import and their necessity? You speak of "Mill on Liberty," a book that I read with an unutterable inward solid satisfaction, something deeper than delight, as deep as peace. Do you not see that I must respect myself the more for enjoying what Mill writes, and you write up? So with a perfect consciousness of what a reed I am to lean on, I yet contrive to gather a little content from various sources. As a staff I am nothing, but perhaps I can make a little music.

Though I do not wish you to think of me any better than I deserve, neither do I wish you to think of me any worse. Fumbling blindly at your palace-door, I am not entirely sure that there *is* any me.

If after all this confession you still care to know my thoughts, I will, with your permission, send you a book which will soon be published by Ticknor & Fields. It is only a fragmentary thing — all my things are fragmentary. But travelling my by-ways I occasionally strike into your highway, and there I think you will reach out your hand in friendly greeting. You must remember, too, that I had a different starting-point from you. I set out from a low-land, rather boggy, thickly tangled, densely peopled, and overhung with dark, low clouds. You, I suspect,

began on a broad and sterile plain, harder to live on than mine, but easier to leave. I am not nearly so far up the mountain-side as you, but it is much that I am even at the mountain's base. Of one thing I am sure, we are one in "the great humane drift of our thought." I am in no danger of letting that be obscured, for it was that which drew me to the book. You will do your great; I shall do my little. I shall whisk off a few thistle-heads with my stick; you will bend your Atlas shoulders under the vineyard and lift it up into the sunshine — but both to the same end — that wine may be borne to parched lips.

I feel very sadly that this is not at all such a letter as you crave, and as I fear you look to receive, but if the great boon of your life is to be found in giving, you have still the best of authority for calling yourself most blessed.

I am very truly and gratefully yours,
M. A. DODGE.

[TO MR. WHITTIER.]

MARCH 30, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Thanks for your kind words, you know they are coin of the realm to me. Your letter pains me. Death to me is not dreadful, but disease is. If she did not suffer I should not mind the loss of health. It is the very goodness of God that strikes me with terror. He is utterly good, yet he lets such terrible things happen, and where can one look for refuge? Nevertheless, do not think this, for it *is* right now and in the end it will be seen right and the best thing. Doesn't it give you light at the heart's depths to think of the future — the exceeding

and eternal glory, so exceeding that it is even a *weight* of glory? Wherefore, comfort ye one another with these words. Don't be cast down. I see such an ineffable brightness before you. I don't see, I suppose, the darkness that surrounds you, yet I feel the shadow of it, but the light is just ahead.

Give my love to that darling little drooping, sensitive plant in this pell-mell world, and to your own blessed self, and don't mind my adjectives, which won't suit your Quakerly reticence, but they are the sweetest matter-of-fact.

Good-night and always *good-morning*.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

APRIL 5, 1864.

Your letter quite terrifies me. My ignorance on the subject of Agricultural Colleges is unfathomable and inconceivable. In one paragraph I have fallen upon an idea in your letter, but as for being of the smallest use to you in founding your college, I must beg you at once to disabuse yourself of any dream of such a thing. I have no doubt everything I shall say has been said before twenty times. It is only that I thought I might reach a class of people whom you regular agricultural writers could not or do not reach, the people whose prejudices are baked brown and close and hard. Don't misunderstand me to be assuming any undue ignorance. Modesty is not my forte. I know what I do know, but especially I know what I don't know! And your Agricultural College is just one of those things.

I do not design to advance any new theories, but only present a few that I have always had lying

about. On one point, however, I am certain, that is, in my own mind, the boys should be governed by their sense of honor and not by rules, but everything depends on tact in management in that case as well as in every other. As for business I do not believe there would be any good in talking it over with me. You don't seem to know what a reed I am to lean on, or to make music with, too, for that matter. The only use of me is to make me into a pen, — a gray goose quill, — the wherewith being already to your hand.

APRIL 6, 1864.

I am living here very quietly just now. My little pupil is going to school, so I am released from the task of hearing her recitations and from the responsibility of her education. My mother and I are alone in the house, but we have two families in the other one, and that makes it much less lonely. It will be far more pleasant when the summer comes. As yet we have very cold, wet, unpleasant weather. The appendix to winter is far more wintry than the winter was itself.

Last January, New Year, I received a very charming letter from some one who did not sign his name. The other day I was reading Henry James' "Substance and Shadow," and I became convinced that the writer of that book and of my letter were one and the same. I accordingly despatched a note to him and found my surmises were correct, since which time I have taken to myself great credit for my sagacity. Have you seen the "Veil Partly Lifted"? It is by some Furness. Do you know anything of him? I consider it a quite remarkable book. I have Jean

Paul's "Campaner Thal," but have not yet had time to examine it. A book of essays by Chancellor Hoyt, of the St. Louis University, has been engaging my attention of late. How many good books there are if one had but time for them all! But of reading as well as making them there is no end. I am just now largely engaged in the poultry business. We have twelve hens. Within a month they have laid considerably more than twelve dozen eggs—that is, twelve dozen beside all we have cooked—and we have also a hen setting. The chickens are due in a fortnight and I look for their appearance with great interest. Do you not think I have done very well for a beginner?

Thursday morning. So far yesterday and now children are making day musical with their chatting and laughing. How beautiful is the racket of children's awaking in the morning! They are so full of life and laughter. The birds are singing, too, and the spring is surely coming, though it is cold to-day. I am very busy these last few weeks and shall be, probably, till summer. Then I shall take more time to be lazy in.

APRIL 12.

I have not read any of the papers you mentioned, because, as Sydney Smith might say, it prejudices one so to know anything about his subject. I had these few things I wished to say, and I thought it best to say those clip and clear, and not try to do too much. Perhaps I may one day give another blow at it, but I think this paper is quite long enough for a comfortable reading. I know and have read so little about this matter that what I have said may be quite

stale, flat, and unprofitable, only that paper is seven cents a pound and we keep it to buy crockery with.

All I wanted to know about girls in this college you have told me, though in a very snappish and unbecoming manner. Women are not a distinctive feature in this college; that was the point I wished to be informed of. I have therefore said nothing about that department. You will see I have confined myself to safe, if not to sounding, generalities. In discussing the construction of the college the woman question might come into play, but in my paper it would have been out of place. I agree with you entirely — which must relieve your mind greatly — about girls and boys in school, but if you could give up your occult profanity) as if I should not know the Evil One under a Scotch plaid!) and look about you, I think you would find there is a great deal for girls to do in an Agricultural College besides dusting and ironing. But you are a man, poor creature, and what can one expect?

Wednesday morning. One thing I forgot — I think, and so does my mother — for whose opinion I suppose you care no more than you do for mine — that if this is printed it ought to be done anonymously. Nobody will have any confidence in *me*, but if they think it is some *man* who wrote it, it may have a feather's weight. It was my settled will and purpose to keep myself entirely hidden from knowledge or conjecture from beginning to end, but the world, the flesh, and that Wicked One, whom we veil under an apostrophe, have conspired to thwart my purposes and have partly succeeded, so far at least as to think, or to take for granted, that my pen is of the feminine gender. Besides, also, I suppose I have written so much trash

that I shall not easily get credit for anything like sound sense. I will only say this one thing more. Don't look at my paper in the light of what it is not, but of what it is; and don't say I have made much ado about nothing, because that is all I have to make an ado about.

APRIL 18.

It gave me a great deal of pleasure to know that you were pleased with my paper. My mother desires her compliments, and says she is very glad of the picture, as she never before had a distinct idea of John the Baptist. I think John's head is very — judicial. Do you suppose he ever in his life said a funny thing? Did he ever do awkward, headlong, wild, hateful things and not know anything about them till they were done, and then tear his hair in impotent remorse? Do you suppose he knows anything about a life, an experience, an atmosphere utterly unlike his own? Could he understand that expression is often tangent-y, spasmodic, convulsive, unreal, by sheer force of *force*, and not of choice? I know that he is gentle and generous, nevertheless he looks clear-cut and self-possessed, and finished, and could he tolerate a farm over-grown and over-tangled with wild vines and many a thorn, in consideration of a little fruit pleasant to the taste and good for food, and to be desired to make one wise? Would he forgive a mountain of sand for a little diamond-dust? Never, never, never. And we will not ask him. Every one must live his own life.

You read me an eloquent lecture on the subject of the cardinal virtues! It is pleasant to utter an inno-

¹ Photograph of Judge French, which he labelled *John the Baptist*.

cent little moral reflection and be snapped up immediately as if one had in serious faith broken the Decalogue in a hundred pieces—gives one a delightful sense of security, spontaneity, abandon! However, since you choose to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, I am ready to meet you on the mountain-top. You sweep the whole circle of the world, nay of the heavens above and the earth beneath, past and present. The resources of our own language are not sufficient, but you bring up from the Romish priesthood which you despise, feathers for the barb which you let fly at me. Well, *under* an Ossa on Pelion piled am I any less right than *on* it? Listen to me. I have a Sunday School class, — a big one, — two pews full. I cannot abide teaching of any kind. It is immeasurably and unspeakably irksome to me to sit down before people and drill things into them. All the good I *like* to do is what I can do alone in my own room. Now here is another person who delights in teaching for its own sake. She is never so happy as when so engaged. But I think I have no right to do what I like to do, come home and be by myself, so I break in upon my sacred time and stay at Sunday School and teach my girls. Am I not more virtuous than the other one who only stays because she likes it? I mean, do I not in that act exhibit or call into action more virtue than she? Again: the people are not greatly given to literature. To induce them to read I offered to lend my books. They accepted the offer, and I now have a list of thirty or so names and forty or fifty people who on a set day come and take a certain part of my books to read. Now my books are among the few things dear to me. Every book that I put into this circulating library I withdraw from

my private hoard. I must of course divest it of all its value to myself. It loses all its sanctity. It becomes common and unclean. Now will you tell me there is no more virtue in my lending these books to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and their wives and daughters, than there would be if I did not care at all for books and would just as soon lend them indiscriminately as not? "What sacrifice is it to an angel to do right?" None. But know ye not that by reason of the superior virtue which our sacrifice ministers to us, we shall judge angels? You surely do not need to be told that the judge is higher than those he judges.

Won't you, for old friendship's sake, put this fact and the explanation into an appendix of my biography, so that I may not suffer with posterity as well as with my contemporaries? As the fashion seems to be nowadays to write lives while people are living, my life and sufferings may start up any day, so be on the look-out, please.

Mr. Flint's supposititious incubation was most impressive, because, from circumstances, I have lived much among hens the last few weeks and have learned their habits, and especially the calm, stolid, placid pertinacity of a hen on thirteen eggs — ours have fifteen, though, but that does not affect the principle.

Mr. Fields is not only a handsome man, but one of the nicest men in the world, straight-forward, genial, simple-hearted, though in the thick of the city. I like him very much, and he has the sweetest wife, and beautiful, too, and they are as happy as can be.

Remember that you are not working for yourself but for other people, and when you see men doing mean and idiotic things, let your thank-offering for not being like them be, not the Pharisee's unseemly

exultation, but a divine patience and long-suffering. Now you need not laugh at that, for I think it is good gospel. And do not be anxious over-much for the country. *You* have not to bear its weight on your shoulders. I think we ought to do everything we can do and then not fret. Of course fretting is largely a matter of temperament. It seems to me I love my country as deeply as any one can, at any rate any one with no more knack at loving than I have, — yet I go to bed at nine o'clock and sleep “like a top” till sunrise, but I have such a strong confidence “that somehow good will be the final goal of ill,” not only in country but in everything. Now don't think I mean to set up a superior faith to yours. The process by which I arrive at results may be simply shallowness or a natural torpidity, nevertheless the results are desirable, and if you can come at them by a round-about road of faith in the Divine goodness, so much the better.

Next Sunday I purpose to go to Amesbury to see the beloved Whittier and his sick sister. The week after I go to Boston. If you look out of your window, down Washington street, and see a woman coming up like Tennyson's Maud, “tall and stately,” “a face sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,” a certain queenly air, a natural authority — something which people instinctively take off their hats to — come down from your window and greet me, for it will be *me*.

[TO MR. HENRY JAMES.]

APRIL 18, 1864.

I want to write to you because I have ever so many things to say — so many in fact that I don't think it

is of the least use to begin. On some of them indeed I shall not begin, and indeed don't you find sometimes that the very things you want to say most you cannot say at all? It seems as if your thought is a great ledge of rock, and you have only one little crowbar to quarry it all out with.

I have been thinking a great deal the last three or four weeks — a great deal for me, I mean — and of my kind of thinking, which I don't suppose is precisely like that of Newton or Archimedes, but then when a chicken speaks it is always understood that he speaks chickenly, and not in the character of a philosopher. And I was going to bring several of my stopping-places to you. You know you go on in one direction awhile and then you bring up against something. Well, those somethings I thought I would look at through your spectacles, but since I have begun this letter it has occurred to me that I was so blind when I began your book that many things must have escaped me, and it certainly would be very impertinent to ask you questions that you have already answered. How very strange it is that you never see anything till your eyes are opened to it! You walk about among naked truths, but if you have not come to the need of those truths you may tread on one end of them and they may fly up in your face and yet you won't see them. Now it seems to me as if in the last few weeks I might almost say Heaven has been opened to me. I am sure I have had glimpses into a new world. Do you know I understand your book so much better since I have been thinking it over after I had finished it than I did while I was reading it. I see that some of its positions have always existed in our own creed and Bible in solution. Never you

mind, will you, if I mix metaphors a little? In a letter there is no need to have everything in a straight line. But the fact is, people have practical beliefs which never give them the smallest trouble till some one starts up and puts their belief in words and casts it into their teeth, when they make a great outcry. Now we good Orthodox people, and I am Orthodox, too, and one of the best of them, may read Sunday after Sunday that it "is God that worketh in you to will and to do," and that "ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God" — yet we shall none the less flout at your theory, which seems to me only the system of the truth of which these are incidental fragments. But fortunately, or rather necessarily, truth is indivisible, and so all its parts are consistent. So when you once get hold of one part, every other part bears on it for confirmation. Since you have by main force projected and interjected this idea, I seem to see so many things bearing witness of its truth. It gives kernel to shell. It gives light to twilight. It gives order to chaos. I wonder will it explain everything? As soon as your new edition comes out I am going to read it again, and with a pencil in my hand, and then you must look out, for I shall come to you unmercifully and demand explanations at the point of the bayonet. Of course a writer cannot undertake to write so that stupid people can understand him, but the man who does not write down to my level will have a very small audience! There's modesty for you. And so, what a person who is no more stupid than I cannot understand, it is meet, right, and your bounden duty to explain. Also please to remember that when you write a book you don't write it — at least you ought not to write it for the delight of the few, but

for the elevation of the many. Consequently it ought not to be of half so much importance to you to know how it affects the great lights that rule the day, as it is to know what it does to the lesser lights that only come out by night. The first shine by their own radiance and will shine anyway. The second have only a borrowed light and must be shone upon.

There is another thing in your letter which gave me so much satisfaction. I suppose you have forgotten all about it. But you do not know how many people there are who say to me, or to my friends, that they should think all this popularity and fame, etc., would make me vain. Now, apart from the fact that there are two sides to popularity, — at least to mine, — and supposing even that there were only one side, and that the sunny one, I still cannot conceive what cause or provocative of vanity exists, and it *rests* me that you look at such a thing just as it is. I cannot say anything when people talk so, for if they can talk so I don't know whether they can be made to understand the truth. Vain! I think it is the incitement rather to the profoundest humility — to a complete self-disappearance. I should as soon think of the Virgin being vain to have been selected to be the mother of Christ. For every power God has given me I feel utterly glad and grateful. I rejoice in myself. I am delighted that God did not make me dull, and indifferent, and heavy, and I am, — I will not say delighted, — I ought rather to say awed, that He has, I believe, made me the medium through which He conveys some of His truth and consolation, but I never heard that an aqueduct pipe ever set up to be vain or self-conceited. I only pray that I may keep myself pure and transparent, that the holy light may shine through

me clear and bright. Now I think this is what you mean, but so I have always felt. I do not either believe that the heavenly light is necessarily a "dim, religious light" always. I believe that it may be the light of fun and frolic, of love and laughter. I think you can do good by sunshine as well as by rain, and I think the good God sends His message to men by putting mirth into their lives as well as by repentance. I hope you think so, because if you do not, you must think me very often false to my errand. But don't you know you can help a man under a burden if you can make him forget it, even when you cannot take it away from him. When people write to me and tell me that I have done them good, that makes me happy. I enjoy making their lives a little brighter. I thank God that instead of giving me a wash-tub, or a needle, or a broom to work my work with, he has given me a pen, and a whole country for my family. I do not always feel so. Sometimes I seem to myself to be neither one thing nor another, not a man and not a good kind of a woman, and indeed as a woman I am not worth much, and sometimes I am disgusted with — some things. As a respectable society woman I am a good deal of a failure, but as a human being I am very glad that "I am what I am." If I had been made greater and deeper I should have been more glad, but I am very glad to be as I am.

I think you are very, very kind to write me such nice letters. I shall not pay your sagacity so poor a compliment as to depreciate my worthiness to receive them, but I can answer for it that they do not fall upon unappreciative ground. One ought to do what is given him to do, whether men will bear or whether they will forbear, alone as well as with a multitude.

Nevertheless, I think recognition is one of the most delightful things in this world. I am ashamed to say that I do become irritated sometimes at the perverse stupidity of people. You need not tell me that that is very wrong and poor return to make, for I know it all, and that, besides, it reduces me to the level of that which irritates me. I only state it as a fact, I do not justify it. You must understand that I fear I know much better than I do, but then I always try to keep my standard from trailing.

Now let me take my turn and give you a little exhortation. Do not you fear to die and leave no sign of having lived to some purpose. You say you do not succeed in communicating your convictions. But I know that conscientious work is never lost. Don't you ask me how I know, for I cannot tell you, but I do know it, and you may believe me. Thought will set itself free. Benevolence will work itself out. Nothing can confine them, and if there is not one person in the country who fully takes in your plan, all the same your work is not lost. Perhaps one will take in a brick here, and another a window-seat there, and a third a cornice, and so, by fragments it may be, the whole temple is reproduced. Why look at me — am I not receiving of your fulness, not completely, but as a pond may receive of a sea? — and, moreover, it is a pond that has more than one outlet. You pour into me and through a thousand little brooks; when I have once mingled your waters with mine, I shall send them out again. They will not be “the sea, the sea, the open sea,” but they will go in dew-drops and spray, they will spring up in violets and mayflowers, and the earth will be green and the meadows gay, and is not that something to be happy for? I am

afraid you make no account of anything smaller than oaks, but dear me ! how many people do you suppose there are who live upon oak-trees ?

Don't you think it is nice for me to be setting you right ?

Nevertheless, I am very truly

Your friend,

MARY ABBY DODGE.

APRIL 19, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER : Your letter reached us at the end of a five-days' journey, which we consider a remarkably short passage. I write now just to speak of your coming home next winter. The longer you stay out there without coming home the easier it will be to stay, and the harder it will be to come home ; while nothing, it seems to me, is of so much importance as to keep bright the links that unite us. It is so much easier to keep them so than to polish them up after they shall have become rusty, and we think you have been away long enough. As for the boy, of course we do not expect him to hold his hands all day, or his tongue either, but you can have the bed-room and the sitting-room. I shall have a fire in my room and in the parlor, and if mother gets tired of his chatter, as she very likely will at times, she can go away and be quiet. Every year diminishes the chance of a reunion. Of course we shall not expect you to remain here *all* the time. I suppose Beverly and Salem and Cambridge will claim you a part of it, but even here, with many books and papers, I think you could pass a very comfortable winter.

[To MR. WOOD.]

MAY 6, 1864.

It is nearly nine o'clock and the labors of Hercules were but a pastime compared with the work which I have been doing to-day, and these many days. House-cleaning — did you ever hear of it? You men do not know what the toils of life are. The dreadfulness of house-cleaning! The uproar, the everything out of its place, and company to dinner! We have had a buxom Irish wife to wash the house, and another to wash the movables, but still there are so many thousand things that no one can do but your own self, and one is so long in the doing of them, and the worst of it is, it won't stay done. With what pleasure would one breathe dust and swim in a tub for a week, if he might have dryness and cleanness the rest of the year. On the contrary, the dust gathers at one end of the house before the other end is dry from its bath. Nevertheless, house-cleaning is a good thing. It gives such a charming fragrance of soap-suds, and it weans one from the world.

When one has a farm to carry on and various livestock to care for, besides a great variety of public duties, what can one do? I have been to-day, for instance,—besides house-cleaning,—gardening. That is, I sat down in the midst of the hubbub this morning and drew a plan for a small garden. Now you see I know nothing in the world about gardening, but then here I am. So I “turned to” and have produced a very respectable grass-plat—on paper—and have sent for the seeds. What will come up remains to be seen, though as yet nothing has gone down. But the weather now is warm and dry. Summer has come

upon us suddenly like a strong man armed ; may the good Father protect our armies, who in this sweet month of May are reaping the bloody harvest of all our sins and our fathers' sins !

As for burning up the papers you send, begging your pardon, I shall do no such thing, so long as paper is five cents a pound. I sold fifteen pounds the other day and bought a lovely glass pitcher which went straight off and cracked and is now bound up with rose-ribbon — and you talk of burning papers ! No, sir. I have read Herbert Spencer's book on " Education " and like it much. A great many nails he hits with wonderful accuracy square on the head.

The " Stones of Stumbling " will very likely be trituated as you suggest, and in some points they will doubtless deserve it. They were piled together many years ago, — some as many as five, — and the monument in all its parts and proportions may not now suit even my own ideas of symmetry. Nevertheless, the line of beauty and the line of truth may both be found there. As for the stoning with stones, I have been in these meteoric showers before, and did not find them so formidable as to create a panic, though they are not so pleasant as June sunshine. Reform the world, I will, or perish in the attempt. You may sit over your wine and pleasantly assert that they deserved to be damned and doubtless will be, and take comfort in the thought, but I shall go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come into the temple of the Lord so far as may be.

I made a visit to Whittier's a fortnight ago. His sister is ill, — quite ill, — I think with a painful and enfeebling disease, they fear an affection of the spine. Her spirits are excellent, almost unnaturally so. He

keeps up, too, wonderfully. I called at Mrs. Spalding's also on the way home, and found her in the midst of house-cleaning, but she has learned in whatsoever state she is never to be taken aback. I have had an invitation to teach in a female seminary in Andover. Salary not large, but duties not onerous. Also I have had an invitation from Dr. and Mrs. Dio Lewis to visit them. Perhaps I shall go sometime, but not at present. I have too much to do. For two Sundays we have had home-preaching. I was at Amesbury one of them and attended the Friends' meeting, which was very nice. Nothing was said the first hour or so, and we just sat in the sunshine and had a "good time." What an economical way of supporting the gospel that would be, and how much good it would do every one to sit quiet an hour a day, not talk at all! We are blessed in our quiet Sundays. We get the truth about as soon as you do after all, and not under half so deep a heap of rubbish. I hope for victory, but I have been running through Fanny Kemble's "Georgia Journal," and slavery was so utterly infernal a thing that I don't know whether this nation can ever be purged from it and whether therefore it is fit to live. One consolation is that, bad as it is, we belong to the best part of it.

Do not you allow yourself to be over-excited about all these things. Washington has been in danger of capture too many times.

[TO MR. JAMES.]

MAY 7, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The very first words I have to say to you are to apologize for my unpardonable carelessness in giving you a wrong name. I beg you

to believe that it was not because I had not taken the trouble to charge my memory with your name. But I know a real Horace James, and I suppose in an absence of mind I must have put his name on your letter, though I was not aware of the fact until you mentioned it. But you see what an advantage it is to be so distinguished that your townsmen need only a slight hint to recognize the man who is meant!

Also, I did receive your letter, the one you supposed lost. What I meant about forgetting was that as it was three or more weeks since I had shot through your atmosphere, and as I was not particularly large or brilliant, you might have supposed that this next appearance was a new comet and not the old one returning in its orbit. So I wished to settle the question of identity. That was all.

With many misgivings I send you the book of which I spoke. I hardly know whether I want you to read it or not. I have not yet read it myself and I cannot tell how truly it expresses my present opinions. Please to remember that much of it was written at least two or three, and some of it, I think, as many as five years ago. Do not suppose I say this to deprecate your unfavorable criticism. I believe I know you much better than I know many people who call me "Abby," and the only thing I fear is that you will find in it a disappointment from which you are too generous not to feel pain. So I pray you to look for nothing but a feeling after the truth, an occasional grasping of it, and of this I am sure, a very steady and settled desire to strengthen the weak hands, confirm the feeble knees, comfort the sorrowful hearts, and beat back a little the waves of sore doubt and difficulty wherewith formalism besets

Christ's little ones. At a few points I reckon on your sympathy, and everywhere I believe you are large enough to make allowances, but do not make the mistake of supposing that I expect you to go heart and hand with me through thick and thin.

I "guess" you made a mistake in your last letter and answered somebody else's, thinking it was mine. But I shall not take pains to correct the mistake. I am glad any letter gave you pleasure, whether Launcelot's or another's. Happiness does not come in bowlders generally, but in pebbles, and so I think we ought all to be very thankful when we receive such a pebble, and how much more delightful to give one. And how beautiful it is that things are so arranged that we don't have to do good. We only have to go about our business and the good does itself. What you design to accomplish of beneficence often fails. It is what flows out from you spontaneously, the virtue that goes out from you by some casual touch that makes your real worth in life. So I suppose every inward victory, of which we fancy no one knows, has its outward expression, its *Te Deum*, and though nobody may have seen the struggle, many may wax fat on the fruits of the peace. The little bits of moral instruction which I deal out to you I make no extra charge for, so you need not be restive under them. But it is a comfort to know that one need not wait for any other world before he belongs to the Shining Ones, but even in this he may radiate light, and leave, wherever he goes, his trail of sunshine. Only people have rather come not to think much of simple, honest sunshine, but want some far-fetched, unearthly, supernatural gleam that is not half real and never produces solid results.

There was an idea in your letter — and, by the way, you live among ideas, do you not? Now, for me I have — and so have most of my contemporaries so far as I can judge — experience chiefly with fancies and fragments. I sit down among little bits of broken glass, sometimes gay-colored and beautiful, but if ever I find a ruby or even an agate among them, I call in my friends and neighbors to rejoice and we have a bonfire and a celebration. But you write a friendly letter and lo! the moment I open it, out drop pearls and diamonds, all set and fitly joined together. Well, there is one comfort. If you have been moving you have had to step down from your rainbow and lock up your precious stones and give all your energies to the furniture and to keeping your temper. I lay particular stress on the temper because that is my weak point. We have been house-cleaning, which is nearly as bad as moving. But then it is nice to feel that your whole house has had its baptism. The dust gathers again, but you are better for the purification.

But what I was going to say was that you had an idea in your letter which, when I saw, I coveted. Frederick Schlegel bought one once of his brother William for a flannel waiscoat. I don't suppose I have anything that would be of value to you, but I cannot relinquish the idea; it fits in exactly to a little niche I am carving out, so I want you to exercise your benevolence and *give* it to me. "All for love and nothing for reward." If you don't give it to me you will do mischief, for I shall certainly steal it. I know my virtue is not strong enough to resist the temptation, and then you will be consumed with remorse for having made Israel to sin. Do you submit

gracefully or grumblingly? For submission it must be.

Moral (H. J. *loquitur*): Never leave diamonds about among lapidaries.

Thank you — and Mrs. James — for your invitation. Do you think I shall accept it? Not the least in the world. Why should I? It would not do any good. Why not let well enough alone? Where people meet through letters, that which meets is really their own selves. When they meet in person, there are so many impertinences that you never can tell what is what. I will not say never, but not often, for a long while, and sometimes not at all. At least that is the way with me. The more you see me the more you won't know me. I sit in my room and write to you. It is my very own self speaking to you, without embarrassment or distraction. There isn't any world. There are no social duties. We might as well be pure souls. But if I go to Ashburton Place, I must see that my bonnet is right, and I shall have dusted my dress, and you will have to stop and brush your hair before you come down, and the light will shine in my eyes and dazzle me, and I shall drop my handkerchief, and cannot find my gloves, and so I shall be altogether very uncomfortable, and there won't be any *me* at all, only an awkward parcel of dry goods that never had any perceptions. I don't object to incarnation. I think, theoretically, the body is the friend and servant of the soul, and, practically, too, I suppose in most cases, but for some reason or other, in the Divine arrangement, I was made different from other people. What is to most expression is to me an incumbrance. I have not any real medium of communication with my kind except

through my pen — no trustworthy medium. My lips refuse

“To utter
The thoughts that arise in me,”

and my hand has no cunning to work, and if I should come and see you I should be only a miserable and forlorn woman. While in my own domains I am monarch of all I survey. So do not attribute my absenteeism to original sin, but only to original misfortune, and believe that I would not fail to avail myself of your kindness if I did not know that it would give neither of us the smallest satisfaction. You would not believe it was I, and I should not myself if I did not know.

Just one word more about the book. Do believe, if you can find it in your heart to do so, that I am better than it. I think I am better than any book I ever wrote, or, I fear, any that I ever shall write. Nothing satisfies me. I catch glimpses of the beautiful Truth. I know I hear her voice and feel her coming, but I only lay hold of the hem of her robe as she passes by, and I have but a fragment and a fragrance. The lovely form escapes me. Nevertheless, I can do no otherwise than seek her, for it seems to me that the search for truth is better than the possession of all other treasures. *You* will surely not do me the injustice to suppose that I launch my advice and opinions from any assumed superiority of character or position. In fact, I do not know that I ever analyzed my motives, or thought much about it anyway. I write because I do write, because I must write, because I will write. Yet nothing that I have ever written has seemed to me adequate when it was

accomplished. My life gives me great joy, but also great unrest.

I am not sure that what I have said will indicate to you what I mean, but perhaps your own experience, or imagination, may help you to the meaning. I have talked a great deal about myself in this letter, but then what is the use of writing letters if you cannot talk about yourself. At least this is true, that it is the one subject in the world of which I know more than any one else, and one in which I must confess that I feel extremely interested!

It is the most charming evening possible, and I am going to Boston to-morrow, and to Ashburton Place, which I know, because I once had a friend there, and I shall leave a parcel in the front entry which will be this letter, and a book, and perhaps something else. So will you please stay quietly in the house till I am safely away from it. I suppose I might send a lad with it, and perhaps I will. We will see.

Good-night.

Very truly yours,

MARY ABBY DODGE.

[To MR. WOOD.]

MAY 18, 1864. ,

It seems that my silly question has given you a very unnecessary uneasiness. But I only put it to you because it seemed so absurd, and I thought you would enjoy the absurdity. Nothing is farther from my mind than to take up teaching again. Why, Mr. Wood, you seem quite blind to the fact that "I am in the full tide of a successful career"!!!! I am not growing rich over-fast, but I am keeping pace

with my exertions. I have all the money that I need. My books have brought me something like two thousand dollars. That I am keeping for future years. What I want is ten thousand dollars. Mr. Fields laughs at me, but if I live and have my health I shall get it, and if I don't live I shall not want it, and if I do not have my health I shall not blame myself for not getting it. Do not suppose that I am setting my heart on that sum, or bending my energies to it, or "skimping" myself in any way for it. But I want to be independent, if it is God's will, as long as I live, and I think six hundred a year will enable me to live in the country, as long as I do live, above want, and in a state of comparative ease and elegance.

The money that I have received and have not spent is in government bonds, and safely deposited in Boston. This is almost entirely what I have received from my books. The magazine papers keep me in bread and butter and calicoes, and keep me "handsomely." I don't go into furs and diamonds and laces quite so much as I might like if I had the purse of Fortunatus in my pocket; but those are only luxuries, and I have everything that is necessary, and I treat myself to that best luxury of giving, upon every occasion. The sale of my books goes on. Mr. Fields spoke * of "Country Living," especially, the last time I was there. I have scarcely any hopes at all about my new book, only that I shall not be absolutely torn in pieces. Private criticisms have been generally favorable hitherto, but when it is published Mr. F. and I agree that the dogs of war will be let loose. I am quite at ease on the score of money. I mean that I have no anxiety about it. My disposition to become the possessor of ten thousand dollars is simply that I may be

independent. I think the mere fact of dependence has such a tendency to lower one's standard of living, and I have no reason to suppose myself better than my kind. So I pray not to be led into that temptation. Now you good, benevolent, kind man, do not you go to fretting your heart thinking that I am poor. It is a pity that I am not, but I am not. I *feel* rich, I do indeed.

It is pleasant to receive things from your friends, and still more pleasant to give them. If I could give things to my friends I should be much better satisfied to receive gifts from them, but I have not the pretty art of making knick-knacks, and I am so out of the world, out of this and absorbed in another, that I don't know what is going. I applied to Whittier in this dilemma, and he said I could not give to the many that gave to me, of course, but that my writings made me friends, and that probably they felt that I had done them so much good and given them so much pleasure therein, that it was a great pleasure for them to show a token of it, and I could do a good turn to some one else. So he comforted me, and I mean always to "give to every one that asketh" of me in charity, if so be I may return to the poor a part of the benefit which the rich do to me.

My time is fully occupied, and more than occupied. I have continued calls in writing which I am forced to decline. I could earn much more money than I now earn, but I should do it at the expense of both my character and my reputation as a writer. I prefer to do nothing which shall not improve myself. Excellence is far more valuable to me than money. I want a reputation, but I want it to be for qualities which may commend themselves to the best people.

I have every encouragement. Mr. Fields is continually encouraging — I should perhaps say rather than urging — me forward, which of course he would not do if he were not in a degree satisfied with me. He says very fine things of my papers, and he is constantly asking for more. He gets my books up himself, — proposes to have them as books, I mean, — and is strenuous that I write only for them, to which I am myself also as strongly inclined.

My circle of friends comprises some of the very nicest people in the world, and I have directly and by roundabout ways very honoring praise from people whose mere attention would be no small compliment. I am sure you will not do me the injustice of thinking that I say this by way of boasting. I only say it in a mercantile way just to ease your mind, and because I know you will find a great deal of pleasure in it. Of course I have also a great deal of censure, but my nice things so entirely outnumber and outweigh my disagreeable ones, that the latter are a sheer and clear benefit to me. "I speak as a fool, but ye have compelled me." I could not ask greater success, considering the capital I work on. I only wish that I were more worthy of the regard which — I will not say I have won, but which generosity has bestowed upon me. But you may be sure I would impoverish you and every friend I have in the world before I would go back to teaching again!

Does Nelly O'C. mean Mr. Henry James' book "Substance and Shadow"? If so, I can tell her that I read the first part in a rather bewildered manner, but as I went on it seemed to me that I had struck a bed of primitive foundation granite. There are parts which I do not understand, and there are pass-

ages which I would have altered, but to my thinking it holds solid truths that refresh and rest my very soul. You must excuse the egotism of this letter, but you know it was all on your account. I took a slice right out of my afternoon on purpose to relieve your mind. What gratitude ought you not to feel! Was gratitude one of the Apostolic virtues? Truly yours,

M. A. D.

[TO MR. FRENCH.]

JUNE 3, 1864.

Isn't it beautiful now? I have been out and watered all my plants. I stood and looked at that little square bit of land, and thought what was the use of taking such a world of trouble with it when here is this whole round globe spread out before me, and behind me, and on every side of me, — more beauty than I can take in, though I stand looking from sunrise to sunset and all night long. How foolish to stake out a square yard and devote yourself to it, when every hill and valley laughs you to scorn in insolent rivalry, and an old wall with a blackberry-vine is more graceful, more picturesque than anything which your own hand — my hand I mean — can train with infinite pains. I wish I had nothing in the world to do but be out-doors all the time, and look and listen. The trees are all abloom, and knee deep in lush grass, the air is filled with the summer snow of petals, and the birds are holding high carnival. Everything is so busy, and my busy-ness is to see it. Life is in full career, and I think people ought to stand aside and let it work. I buried a chicken to-day under a sod, a poor little thing that just nipped open a bit of shell about as big as a five-cent piece — an ancient coin in

use among the Egyptians. Then he was tired and gave it up. But what I admired was, how beautifully he was *packed*. His little head and feet and wings were folded so compactly, there was no crowding and no room to spare. There are two little doves, too, under the barn eaves, and I can climb up and watch them, little horrid jelly-things with holes for ears, and breathing all over. The mother-dove turns into a fury and beats me with her wings prodigiously, but I am determined to see how she manages. Now I suppose I might as well stop here as go on all night. In fact there are so many things happening now that it seems a pity to waste time on words. It seems to me as if everything is made over new in the spring and every spring is a new astonishment. Every March I believe the grass will never grow again, and every May it waves like the sea.

I think it is boy-slaughter in the first degree to wake boys in the morning. I rather think Nature knows when her children have slept long enough, and does not need any lawyers to issue a writ of mandamus. What a writ of mandamus is I know no more than your famous "forty-year-old-unborn-hereditary infant," but I wanted some kind of law-Latin to vindicate my legal abilities and learning, so I took that.

And I thank you, samp is not cracked corn. Have I been living on it all my life to be told by a little New Hampshire judge that I don't know what it is? Sir, samp is not cracked corn. It is as whole as my heart. I will not send to Pierce's for a bag of hominy. My sister gets what they call samp in Boston, and comes home crying aloud for the real article, which is one-third lye, one-third ashes, one-third potash, and the rest corn and milk.

JUNE 7, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. JAMES : Now we are coming to blows ! I sailed down your letter as smoothly and as serenely as possible, the sun shining, the flowers abloom on both banks, the birds singing in the tree-tops — and suddenly comes a crash ! I struck a snag, but you need not think I am going to give up quietly and sink without a struggle. So here is the struggle :

The only reason why I have the smallest modesty in stating my views is, that I am not sure I understand yours. A man who begins his book by turning the world upside down must be approached warily. It may be that in your book you have explained away every objection that I shall advance, and there a second advancement may seem an impertinence, —but, as I have intimated before, I did not then understand the book so well as I think I should now. I am going to read it again as soon as that addition comes out. But with all the enlightenment it may give I dare say there will be plenty left beyond my comprehension, and all the intelligence I can plunder you of through the medium of letters will be so much clear gain !

You say “soliciting and expecting a personal, instead of a purely spiritual salvation at His hands.” But may not salvation be personal *and* spiritual ? What is spirit ? Is it not as personal to me as anything ? *More* personal than anything ? Is not my spirit more truly me, more truly personal than anything else ? You say, “We all of us unhesitatingly assume the truth of our personal relations to God and suppose that any improvement in our intercourse with Him must come from some modifications of those relations ; whereas in truth our natural personality is merely a stepping-stone of His towards the great per-

sonality of the race as represented or constituted by society, is at best a temporary purchase of His upon the associated or public consciousness." Do you mean by this that our natural personality is or ought ever to be merged in the great personality of the race, that our private consciousness is ever to be lost, in this or in any world, in a public consciousness? Because, if you do, I do not agree with you. It seems to me all one with annihilation. I would just as soon have no life at all as to have no conscious, separate, individual life. What possible comfort can there be in creeping through eternity as an infinitesimal part of one huge centipede called society. I want to be my own self, clip and clear, and if I cannot be that I would rather not be anything. I don't believe you mean this, but if you don't, what *do* you mean? You understand, please, I believe in the advancement, in the growth, in the purification of society — but I hold it is to be done not by annihilating, but by elevating the individuals who compose it. By working on you and trying to make a good Christian man of you, I am doing far more for society than I could by attempting to destroy your consciousness and individuality and knead you somehow into the general mass!

You say, "Nothing is more unhandsome in us than the consciousness of our being *well pleasing in our proper persons to God*." Practically I suppose that must be admitted to be true of most grown-up persons. But *must* it be true? Is it not our sin and shame that it is true? Is there any inherent necessity laid upon us? I suppose a rose, a bird, a baby are well pleasing to God. He takes pleasure in the little child playing on the floor. He takes pleasure in everything which He has made which remains

very good. He loves to see people as strong and healthy as He meant them to be. He takes pleasure when they cultivate the mind and all the powers which He has given them. He is pleased when they resist temptation, or are kind, and loving, and charitable, and do what He wants them to do for love of Him or love of each other, isn't He? I suppose there are few of us who could say that we always do this, but if we ever do do it—if we ever feel our hearts aglow with love to Him and purpose to do right, is it vanity, is it vanity to believe then that we are pleasing to Him—that He is pleased with us? May we not be so at one with Him that there shall be no jar in our relations, “I in them and they in me”? You see I do believe in our personal relations to God—not to the exclusion, but the inclusion of the whole human race. If God be not personal to us, how can we love Him; I cannot thrill out to an abstraction. It seems to me Christ came to assure us of God's personality; that we might have something definite to take hold of. There is no “self-complacency”—to go back a little—in feeling ourselves in harmony with the Divine, for the more you feel so the more you feel that it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure. Maybe that is just what you mean. I do assure you, Mr. James, that I feel as if I were imposing upon your good nature to go blundering along as I do. It seems as if you have a right to demand that I shall understand you better than I probably do, and if you think that your book really does make this all clear, then do not you by any means go and write it all over again, but simply say it is in the book and I will unearth it there.

The theory which you propound explanatory of my

reluctance to meeting you is very good as a theory, but you are travelling down toward the centre of the earth to find something that lies on the surface. In fact, I do not think there is any cause or reason for such reluctance. At least I do not know that I am conscious of any. It is simply an instinct. It is simply that when I should hear you coming up the steps, my heart — the actual physical auricle and ventricle one, I mean — would of a sudden beat so hard that I could not speak perhaps, and not breathe for a minute and not have the least power to do anything but keep the life in me. And I, perhaps, should not get quite over it all the time you would see me, and should say and do what was really unnatural to me, and should fail to see the point of what was said to me or to understand things which really do come within the scope of my powers. I don't believe such simple material facts need any explanation, do they? If we should ever lose this "nimbus of flesh" I think I should feel differently. If I could only be my own proper self, if I could only meet you as I really am, I should not mind. But however that may be, pray believe me that there is at least no want of faith in you. I trust you entirely. You have already shown a delicacy most rare, and I do not believe it would be possible for you to trespass upon me. The only way in which you cause me "the slightest embarrassment" would be simply in being a person at all! Do not suppose it possible that I willingly dwell on these facts. I do not know that I should be wrong in saying that they are the most painful of my life. It is the one bondage that chains me, and death alone can deliver me from the body of this death. But I speak of it

rather than that you should suppose it to be anything in yourself which causes the reluctance, that I fear to find in you anything below the highest. Your instinctive reverence is more grateful than words can say. I shall indeed be much disappointed if you fail me. Undoubtedly, like all the rest of us, you have your faults. I dare say you are occasionally unreasonable. Very possibly you are depraved enough to fret sometimes at the "little wife" who is twice as good as your High Mightiness, perhaps you are cross to the children and too particular about trifles, though for all these things you are heartily sorry afterwards and atone for them as far as possible by increased gentleness. I make no doubt you have half-a-dozen hobby-horses and pet weaknesses and all that, but I am sure you try to be good and keep your banner out of the mud, and I am sure that your *idea* of life and worth is high and high-aiming.

You anticipate the time when I shall be a "serene, placid, lovely old lady." But that time will never come even if I live to be an old lady at all. Serenity will never come to me in this world. Yet I have such possibilities of calm! But it would be very selfish to sigh for quiet when it is a most undeserved blessing that one is permitted to work, to be a co-worker with God. I would be willing to be turbulent all my life, to dwell in the very teeth of the tempest rather than be stagnant. And for all the turbulence, I feel somewhere, very deep in, a fountain of peace, unsealed, but to be, one day, and inexhaustible. Meanwhile faith is the substance of things hoped for.

Perhaps some day I shall get into your thought enough to be able to talk rationally and to the pur-

pose, and then I shall be glad to talk upon these matters instead of writing, but as it is, I am afraid I should stumble at every step and weary your patience. So don't you think it will be better to confine ourselves to artillery practice at present, and not come to a hand-to-hand conflict. And yet I should really like to have you come down to Hamilton. It is very pleasant here these bright June days. Do you think you could forget that you ever wrote to me — make believe you never heard of me — know nothing about me only that your grandfather was my great aunt's first cousin, and you would like to explore the village where she lived? Should you like some pleasant day to come down at noon and sit in the sunshine or walk over the hills or drive about the country and you keep talking all the time, and I not speak a word? I should like it very much, but then you see it would be very selfish in me, for I am afraid you would not get out of the country so much good as I should get out of you.

Very truly yours,
M. A. DODGE.

JUNE 9, 1864.

Mr. Norris and Jerry are in the 100 days' Volunteers at New Bedford. George Norris is Assistant Lieutenant of Engineers, I think it is, in a gunboat. Mr. Tibbets son was taken prisoner in one of the late battles under Butler. Mr. Tressel's son — lives on the old Robert Dodge place — was wounded in the Cold Harbor fight.

Mr. Gage wants me to go to Germany with them next winter. They will spend two months in England. Cannot tell till I know whether you will be here or

not. Mr. and Mrs. Fields were going to spend the day with me yesterday, but they had word that her brother was a prisoner in Gordonsville, and he must try what could be done towards effecting an exchange. Dr. Smith's farm was all planted, except a few white beans which were to come up in the fall and make them rich. They had sold over \$200 worth of eggs to buy sugar to sweeten the rhubarb. We, too, have a glut of rhubarb and a dearth of sugar. Whittier writes me that his sister has been very sick since I was there, and he thought she was rapidly failing, but he hopes now she is really better. Una Hawthorne wrote me a very nice letter after her father died. She said for his sake they could not mourn. I saw Hawthorne when I was in Boston about a week before he died. He had come there to start on his journey with Pierce. He was very sadly changed since I made that most delightful visit at his house a year ago.

JUNE 21, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: I have no business to be writing to you now, but since you must needs go and get up a sunstroke, I suppose I shall have to leave my beaten track and go off in a tangent towards Washington. Now I pray to know if you went outdoors at noonday and sat on the curb-stone? I do not see what other way there was for you to expose yourself to such an infliction. You must have wooed the sun with malice aforethought. *Quod erat demonstrandum*. I dare say you did it partly on purpose that you might have an excuse for going over your books and papers. Years ago Dr. — used to make my eyes heavy with unshed tears by his pathetic anniversary sermons, wherein his own approaching with-

drawal would be feelingly predicted. His people bore his prophecies with an equanimity that astonished me, but they were right. What is the case to day? Dr. — has lived long enough since then to turn his parish upside down with “rage, resentment, and despair,” played witch-work with the colleague whom they had provided for him, forced him to resign, resigned himself, and is at this moment, I doubt not, an eye-sore to the people. Similarly you, Mr. George Wood, in spite of all your wills and your post-mortem arrangements, will live to call up, on at least twenty separate occasions, my unmitigated wrath, and on occasions without number will stir me up to small modified resentments, on all which occasions you will be in the wrong, and I in the right, though you will never confess it. Still, notwithstanding the many years that I trust lie before you, it seems to me that I would not, as a general thing, take my after-dinner naps on the curb-stone.

Your copy of “Stumbling Blocks,” if you care for such an implement of agriculture, goes with this letter. If the public will only take half the delight in hanging, drawing, and quartering the author that you do in prophesying such an event, “Eyes, look your last.”

Your arrangement of your papers reminds me to ask whether you keep my letters. If so, what do you do with them? I wish you would bring them on with you when you come this summer, and at any rate arrange them so that in case of your death, or of mine, no wrong hands could touch them. People are so careless of propriety where their curiosity is concerned that one cannot be too careful. I would like best to have you bring them to me, that I may have them

under my own hand. Yours, for the last two years, I have in apple-pie order. The former years are preserved, but in the higgledy-piggledy style of architecture. I mean to arrange them this summer according to the dates. The weather is lovely, but very dry, and I spend all my spare time in watering my garden. I am very well, and so would you be if you would remember about the curb-stones.

Yours most truly,

M. A. D.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

JULY 1, 1864.

It seems to me that two summers ago I was on the top of Agamenticus with somebody who was visiting the John P. Hales, and who could not go somewhere, or could not stay longer, because she was to be at Mr. French's wedding at such a time. I wonder if it was not this same B. B. who writes from his iron Paradise. I return his letter with many thanks for the glimpse into a pleasant home, and for the flavor of peas and strawberries, though the cream and butter story is rather suspicious. Nevertheless, this sunshiny grove-green, fountain-playing, shadow-flickering letter gave me a pang. Why, do you suppose? It was that mattress. I don't suppose any one thing has worried me more than what should I do to be house-keeping? To be sure, I have never been required to keep house, and of all the things that may happen to me that stands in the dimmest distance. Nevertheless, when any housekeeping feat is announced I feel a shudder of incompetency through my inmost frame. Never, never could I undertake to pull a mattress to pieces, and pick a barnful of hair and make it over

into sixty dollars. I believe, however, — I think I do, at any rate, — that men's and women's tastes are one by nature, and different only through education, habit, custom. I suppose if I had been brought up to housekeeping I should have liked it, but having lived a sort of man's life, I look upon all the details of ordinary woman-life as wearisome and intolerable drudgery. Men have been suffered to take their ease in their inn till the world has come to think it a custom ordained of God, and women have so long "run the machine" that — ditto. But as soon as one is freed a little from that routine, lo! she shares all a man's repugnance to it, and if a man had been trained in a kitchen and a laundry, doubtless he would expect nothing better. Which proves that the difference between the male and female life is one of custom and not of nature.

In one of your letters you ask me when a baby's soul comes into the body. I don't know as a general thing, but *my* soul came to me when I was fourteen years old, to the best of my knowledge and belief. That is, I *began* to be born then, but I don't suppose I shall be fully out of the shell as long as I live — (pardon the slight mixture of races). The fact is that the universe exists layer within layer. The soul has no end of skins, as far as I can see. You burst one integument and are in a new world — ultimate. But after a while you burst another and are in another world. The world is constantly new created. The robin's world is not my world. It is only this spring that I have been born into a chicken's world. Now I look at life from a chicken's stand-point. Indian meal wears a new aspect. Eggs and fresh hay and barns have put on different features and

assumed different relations. With every added experience I suppose your plummet sinks lower and lower into the ever unfathomable depths!

For my flower garden, my ambition never went beyond having flowers for the house, but then if you are going to plant, you might as well plant in curves as straight lines. They are more pleasing to the eye and they give flowers just as well. It is very dreadful to have a sound of battle in the land and great destruction, but is it any more for us than slavery for the negroes? Will all the physical agony and mental torture produced by these three years of war balance the pain of a hundred years of slavery? In all the slaughter I seem to hear an awful voice ringing out the awful command, "The cup which she hath filled, fill to her double." It is sad to know that the innocent are perishing for the guilty, but thus it has been and shall be, under the sun — and what did Smith O'Brien say? —

" Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

JULY 6, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. JAMES: Is it a month, or a year, or ten years, since I wrote you? So many things have happened since that it might be a century. What a strange thing is this writing! Two people live their lives so entirely separate, with interests and acquaintances, experiences and plans so entirely apart, and then each leaves his world for a moment and knocks at the gate of the other, and they exchange greetings, compare notes, and are up and

away again, sailing through unknown skies. Yet the acquaintance of letters is likely to be a much more real thing than the acquaintance of external relations. I don't believe your grocer or your milkman, and perhaps your next-door neighbor, knows you half as well as I. Perhaps they know what you are, and I, what you will become, I am not quite sure. I must think about it. The people whose life satisfies and strengthens me are my kinsfolk and acquaintance whether I find them ringing the doorbell or lying in wait for me on the book-shelf. How came you to write to me in the first place? I mean, how came you to know there was any me? and where I lived? I heard them all talking about you in Concord last summer, — Emerson and Alcott and the rest, — but I did not know you, and I had not read your book, and so I watched the men and forgot what they said. So much sense is there in meeting people. Q. E. D.

If I am abrupt never mind. There is much to say and why should we waste time in introductions? You say "we are naturally mortal, not immortal." You do not mean that our inward soul-life is mortal, do you? You do not mean that without redemption man would be absolutely annihilated? That men and horses and cows were all included in the same fate till God took upon himself the form of man and by that selection made man forever after immortal. If you do not mean that, I think you have used words that seem to mean it. If you do mean it, on what grounds do you say it? It is very good discipline for you to write to me; I represent the great "many," and you the great few, and when I keep pulling you down to verbal explanations, instead of pouting, you must smile, and be thankful for somebody who will

make you interpret yourself to the world you are to benefit. I am as intelligent as the general mass, and if I do not comprehend, what shall the stupid do and wherewithal shall they be enlightened? I should think we might fall short of God's immortal fellowship and yet be immortal.

Then again, while I admit everything you say regarding the Divine origin of every good and perfect gift, I can but think that you sometimes confound pleasure with pride. I think you are entirely and exhaustively right in defining spiritual fellowship with God and in describing His object of action; but is His utter beneficence incompatible with a consciousness of Himself, His loveliness, His perfection? If your natural goodness is every moment a Divine creation so much the more may you take pleasure. A beautiful woman is a Divine creation. No credit is due to her for her symmetry and texture and color, the gloss of her hair or the gleam of her eyes. So much the more is it not vanity but an appreciation of the beautiful for her to enjoy her own beauty. To be vain or proud is a very different thing from taking pleasure. You need not claim the least credit for your good qualities, for they are not yours, but God's, and it is downright pride and ingratitude — yes it is, Mr. James! — for you not to take pleasure in reflecting on them. Don't you take pleasure in living in Ashburton Place rather than in Ann Street? It is no doing of yours. If you had been born in Ann Street without sufficient spiritual energy to get out of it, you would be living there still in wretched degradation. But do not say that I counsel you to take on airs and set up a coach and crest because you live in Ashburton Place!

So far as your letter was an explanation of its predecessor it was entirely satisfactory. That one should be "pleasing to God" by his natural gifts in any other sense than a bird or a flower is pleasing, seems almost a mathematical absurdity, or, in fact, that he should be pleasing to himself. One derives his intellect, his fancy, his grace, his beauty from the Divine through a human medium just as much as he derives his hair. To say that one cultivates these, and another does not, and therefore the first deserves credit, hardly alters the case, for the energy which enabled the first to persevere in cultivation was also, like every other perfect gift, from the Father of Lights. Do we not agree here? If not, you must change your opinions at once, for *I* am right!

All the trouble is that you, Mr. James, the philosopher, the metaphysician, confound innocent pleasure with guilty and absurd pride, while *I* discriminate and use words with enlightened and accurate regard. But if you are docile and persevering, I shall presently practise you so much that you will come to be a very clear and beneficial writer! (You know I must encourage you a little.)

Your postscript letter was not necessary to the elucidation of the preceding one. Do not give me credit for more stupidity than I have a right to. When a hint is given me I can sometimes follow it in the right direction without a whole letter of instructions. But yours did indeed present to me in a clear and beautiful light the wholeness of certain truths which, for myself, I had but partially seen. At the same time it opened out to me in another direction, and I want very much to ask you a question or two to get your views on one or two things which I have

been long turning over — but I am determined I will not till I have read your book. Now tell me — yes or no — is that preface yet published! If not, can't you please to publish a private copy? take it to the printers and tell them to print one and bind it and advertise it, as, to your certain knowledge, it is very much wanted.

When I was in Boston, why did you go to the "Congregationalist" office for me? Do you see that paper? I don't think I shall write to you again till I have read "Lights" and "Shadows and Substances," and such things. I hope you are enjoying the summer. It is short, but so beautiful!

Yours most truly,

M. A. D.

JULY 18, 1864.

I know I ought to be very sorry that you have been ill, and really I suppose I am; but when I think what a grand letter you wrote me in the midst of it, I believe, on the whole, I don't much care. Not that you wrote me any letter at all, for you say yourself that you must answer mine a week hence, so what I had this morning counts for nothing, and this which I am writing is only a parenthesis to tell you how keenly I enjoyed your incidental portrait of Concord. It is better than anything I ever read in print. I read it to my mother, but she hardly has sufficient data fully to take in the flavor, and if I should show it to two or three of my friends who are discreet, would you be very angry and never write to me any more? There is so much truth underlying its humor, and I think it is too good to be wasted on me.

As a matter of fact, I do not wonder that Emerson

should be a little sober when he used to smile. You have such a hearty, unconscious way of taking the breath out of one's body. You riot about among people's beliefs with such evident good-natured good will — giving everybody “a dig,” tremendous but “jolly;” great names and small names are all one to you! Sir William Hamilton finds himself hob-a-nobbing with any Tom, Dick, and Harry, and all mercilessly pelted by the same shower of stones. Kant and the pigmies are brayed in one mortar, and in such a rollicking manner that one can but laugh whether he knows anything of their deserts or not. If anybody can soundly box more ears in one paragraph than you do in the note on page 253, I should like to see him do it.

You spoke of Mr. Sanborn, and I suppose you know him. I saw him a little in Concord. He seems to me a man of parts and culture, but very bitter. Once in a while, when this bitterness has been very marked, I have been almost indignant — as in a notice of Mr. Ticknor's “Life of Prescott,” in which he went so far out of his way to be disagreeable that it was quite impressive. But I generally feel only a deep regret and a profound pity. (The latter would make him feel nice, wouldn't it?) I think he must have had such ravages of his inner life before he could have suffered such a change. He seems to me to have so much ability that I have felt sometimes that I wished I could live near him and be his friend, and sweeten him, and soothe him, and smooth him. I almost know I could. You need not think that is very presumptuous. It does not imply any especial gifts or attainments. But I think people are generally disagreeable and sour because they have been

sourly met, and all I should do in such cases would be just to restore the balance of their ingredients by showing to them the reverence, the regard, the deference, the love which is the due of one human being towards another. Love and reverence are my great panacea for every sickness under the sun.

As for Mr. Alcott, I am quite shocked at your profanity. If he is a Z—— he is surely the sage-est looking one that ever was. What can be more like a benign old philosopher than his tall figure and his pale face, and his beautiful white hair and beard? And then he talked to me, and I was awed, and took me into his study and showed me things, and came to my house on purpose to see me, and that completed the conquest; and I thought him a very, very wise man, and the angel Gabriel could not convince me that he does not look like one. I don't remember anything in particular that he said, but he looked like Plato himself.

Mrs. Hawthorne invited Miss Elizabeth Hoar to the house while I was there, and I spent an evening with her. Did I make her acquaintance? Well, I walked round her and if I were wholly the wild beast that I seem, I should say that I made her acquaintance, but because under ever so many hides there is a little angel folded up and tucked away, but trying always harder to get out, I say no, I did not make her acquaintance. But I saw her eyes and her lips, and her hands and her movements, and I know that clay could have worn such light only from the shining of a beautiful soul. "And yet," you say, "she reads Greek like old Porson." Now, Mr. James, I object to nothing here but the "yet." What have I got hold of in this unknown correspondent of mine? I thought

it was a rare but real creature, a man with a spirit that goeth upward and not the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth. And now he says, "and yet!!" So I am, contingently, his friend,

M. A. D.

AUGUST 12, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. JAMES: It is my present design to give you what the world's people call a trouncing. You surely deserve it, and richly. When common people see things awry, I can stand it, but what were your clear eyes given you for, but to discern the form and position and relations of things just as they are? And do you suppose I will let you come to me with your views all zig-zag and not attempt to straighten you out? You need not cry for mercy and forbearance on the strength of the "sovereignly amiable and excellent little wife," and her "admirable culture," and Moses and all the prophets. I appeal to Cæsar, to that very sovereign herself. It shall be just as Mrs. James says. If she thinks she has trained you so thoroughly that it is not possible for me in any respect to set you right, I yield at once. No, on the whole I won't, for wives somehow become so demoralized by living with their husbands, that they cannot look upon them as abstract beings right or wrong, but as Franks and Henrys whose qualities are all concretions, and their worse reasons have therefore no sort of difficulty in appearing to wife's eyes the better reasons.

The first count of the indictment is the matter of Elizabeth Hoar and her Greek. I shall have very hard work with you because good and evil are so mixed together in your opinions that it is difficult to

shoot at this without hitting that. I agree with you in desiring to have women distinct and different from man. I agree with you that if she could become like unto one of us — us means you here — it would be the last calamity that earth could suffer, but you, O faithless and perverse man, have not trust in nature. You seem to think that woman must be kept away from the tree of knowledge lest she should thereby become *manny*. I don't think you could make woman like man if you should goad and lash her to it. You can warp her away from her own true type, but you cannot make her like yourself. I believe so strongly in the adequacy of the Divine power to the Divine purpose that I believe all you men have to do is to sit still and see the salvation of the Lord. Only let women alone, let them study or sew, let them follow the bent of their own nature, give them leisure, opportunity, freedom, and never fear the issue. You see how poor and mean all art and science have left our common life, and not unnaturally you desire women to let them alone; but you wait! Let woman look into art and science, and see whether they have not something in them for the adornment of this very life. Mr. James, you men don't know yet what there is in the world for the world. You have looked with only half an eye. You have touched the world with masculine hands. What remains is for women to retouch it to beauty and holiness and grace. It is altogether become filthy. You see it and in despair cry out to women to keep "hands off." Not so. It is filthy, but it has all possibilities of the utmost purity and *my* cry to women is to take hold of it and scrub it up till we shall have out of the old a new Heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. That is an ele-

gant figure, isn't it? It is one that appeals to women much better than I wish it did. You yourself see proofs of the truth of this, but you are so impressed with your foregone conclusions that they do not prove anything, but are to you simply inexplicable. You see that a woman gets out of her Greek something which men do not get. You see that out of the strong comes forth sweetness, but instead of going on from particulars to universals, instead of saying, "Why, this lovely white lily sprang from the very mud that only soils my boots. Then there must be somewhat in the mud that I did not find, some pure principle akin to the sun and stars," you stand and stare and say, "and *yet* she reads Greek!"

Mr. James, you are head and shoulders above your kind, a Saul among the brethren, in this matter of women. Nevertheless you have not attained all truth. Believe that a woman may become more intellectual without becoming less personal, believe that woman never can be a true student of art or science from "mere ostentation," believe that the self-same things which have ministered only emptiness to man's self-sufficiency shall minister fulness and grace for grace when they thrill beneath a woman's finer touch. I say these things not including myself. I seem to myself to stand without. I claim none of the finer attributes of my sex. I am not in the world. But I can put my "listening ear to the harmonic shell," and I know there is a melody there which would bring heart-healing if the world would but soothe itself to listen. I would "level all barriers between the sexes," because I believe the sexes are so eternally and inmosty separate and distinct that they need no barriers but only the utmost freedom to develop at

their own sweet will into a beauty and strength that the world has never dreamed of. You might as well put a Chinese wall around the earth to keep it from becoming the sun.

And let me tell you, Mr. James, that Mrs. Hawthorne is one of the sweetest, loveliest, mother-est women I ever saw. I mind not whether she takes root on common earth or upper air; her leaves are green, her blossoms fair, and her fruit such as rejoiceth the heart of God and man. Her feet may not be on terra firma, but they are beautiful upon the mountains. She is full of loving kindness. I do not know how broad her sympathies are, but they are very deep. In her home she is a nursing mother, replete with all tenderness. You do not know how beautiful her life is, and how beautiful is her family.

I have read your last letter over — as I have read all your letters — many times ; and while I have to thank you for much light, making of old truths a new revelation, and while I am especially grateful to God for the spirit that is in you, which seems to me rich and rare, I cannot help thinking that you go a long way round, where I should make a short cut across lots. Nevertheless, I have a profound respect for every person's individuality, and the problem of life has not given me so little disquietude that I should look with indifference upon any attempt at its solution. If you find solace and peace in your way, and in that alone, then go your way and the blessing of the Lord go with you. For me, it seems more simple and no less satisfactory to believe that *every* good gift and every perfect gift is from above, that every evil and wicked thing is from below, and to love the good God directly and outright. I do not think that one

is any more dear to God than another, for He loves all the souls that He has made, and died for Arnold and the Borgias just as truly as for Paul or Luther; but I cannot believe it is necessary for me to undergo the illumination of an experience like the Borgias in order to come into contact with reality. The germs of all evil are sufficiently obvious in the heart to hint what its fruit may be without their expanding into full-grown trees. I am not careful to dig below my own consciousness to ascertain what is the *me* and what is the *not me*, and between what you take out of me on the one side as Divine, and on the other side as diabolic, I cannot see that there is much of human left to work on. Yet here I think the difficulty rather in the expression of the fact than in the fact itself. Practically I find it not hard, but most easy, natural, and grateful to give all glory to the Lord, but I must truly tell you that I do not know of any old nature with which I have so deadly a quarrel that I cannot even tolerate its pleasant things. It seems to me that you think of a nature created absolutely new by Christ, while I think of a redemption so complete that the old nature is the same as new. I like the old nature that He gave me at first, so utterly clarified by Christ's blood as to contain no longer anything common or unclean, — now pure, — I mean capable of being pure, — such a nature as God meant and witnessed in its far-off completion to be sure, when He pronounced it very good, such a nature as He designed from the foundation of the world. In this nature it seems to me that whatsoever things are just, honorable, lovely, pure, and pleasant have their fitting place. And with all these I am not conscious of any reluctance

to ascribe all things good to God, the only good. I am not conscious of taking any pleasure in anything except as one with Him. If I am sure of anything, I am sure that I claim — it seems almost irreverent to say it even for denial — no consideration from the Most High, above the meanest idiot or the most hardened villain of the earth. On the contrary if it were possible to speak of claims they would have the greater right, being the greatest sufferers from creation. The robber and murderer may not have sinned against so much light in robbing and murdering as I, in fretting or losing my temper, and so his crime may be less guilty than my sin. And I hope that somehow good will be the final goal of ill, even of an ill so sore as his. So far as I have had an opportunity to observe the respectable and the disreputable I can much more easily reconcile my own eternal loss with God's justice than I could the loss of the miserable wretches who seem never to have had a fair chance in life.

I have no doubt that your theory seems to you positively self-luminous, but you have come to it by regular steps and you stand on the inside of it and see all its bearings. And you have done me great service, but a service that lies in the line of my theory rather than yours. I incorporate into my life all of yours which I can assimilate, — and consider it legal plunder, — but I cannot comfort you by becoming any less “deucedly respectable,” even for so good a purpose as you propose. You do more for me by helping me to the interpretation of my dream than by relating to me your own. The Evangelist commends his Evangel, is its best commmentary, yet cannot make all its crooked paths straight.

But cannot we be good friends even if we do not stand on the same plane?

Yours most truly,

MARY A. DODGE.

Later.

I am afraid this letter looks as if I fancied I had weighed your system in the balance and found it wanting. Nothing of the sort. All I say is, such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high, I cannot attain unto it. It seems to me that I can get to God more easily. You thread a labyrinth for the narrow way. But you have the thread and an inward light, which though it does not shine upon me strongly enough to take me safely and simply through your path, has yet shed a very kindly and timely illumination upon mine.

I wish I could say something to assure you how very deeply I am mindful of your — what shall I say? Kindness is not quite the word — perhaps courtesy will do if you distend it with all the fineness and meaning it can hold. But I shall not come any nearer my meaning by keeping on, so I will bid you good-night. On Wednesday I go to Peterborough, N.H., for a week or two. Once more,

Very truly yours,

M. A. D.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

SEPTEMBER 2, 1864.

I send you the verses you asked for. They were written on the eve of the Presidential election eight years ago, "in the heat of youthful blood," but don't mention this fact, for they fit now quite as well as

they did then ; and I have a small hope that they may do a little service now, and I fear if they were known to be so old they might be considered superannuated. They were originally sent to the "N. Y. Times," but as they did not appear there, and as I was then a novice in the ways of newspapers, I supposed they were clean given over, and sent them to a Hartford paper, perhaps the "Courant," where they soon appeared, but to my great dismay the day before election brought them out as large as life in the "Times." However, I was not arrested for forgery, and justice still sleeps. I have told you these things because you know what an inexhaustible delight it is to talk about ourselves.

Did I say my sweet peas came up? So they did, about six inches, and then they stretched out their tiny fingers imploringly and died with all their sweetness in them. Not a single bud or blossom, not the *simulacricula* of one (you think in Latin and the Latin comes : Pope's "Essay on Man"). So I am not pacific on the subject of sweet peas, and I entreat you not to be leguminous when I am lugubrious.

About "Agricultural College." Mr. D. says I must not speak against your being president, there is no one else fit, and it is unpatriotic. Pray consider, therefore, that every iron word of discouragement is transmuted into golden instigation. I know I am a selfish person, self-centred, self-thinking, a miserable and unworthy creature, who look upon things in general in their relations to me-ward. Why do not moral writers have clearer ideas of what selfishness is? They talk as if to be selfish is to do selfish things. Nonsense. You may do beneficent things every day of your life, sacrifice all your inclinations to others' good, give your

body to be burned, and yet be all the while inwardly dwelling on your own self, and so on the very pinnacle of selfishness.

Your picture is right up and down handsome, and there is no use in mincing the matter. "Pretty they that pretty do" is a maxim well enough for the nursery, but it falls to pieces when taken out into the air, and becomes—Pretty they that pretty are, "of whom what does St. Paul say?"

I think you did very wisely in not specifying my "obliquity." Nothing is more impertinent or more useless than to tell people their faults. The probability is that they know them already a great deal better than you do. Doubtless the very thing of which you deem me guilty is the glory of my innocence, nay, the very crown of my virtue. You pride yourself on your carpentering and your close-clipped hedges. My good sir, just add to all your office, shop, and outdoor work Mrs. Pamela's and the housemaid's (I don't cook) share, and then question whether you can be justly accused of neglect, even if Rome is not built and finished in a day! I thank you for your kind offer to "come over and tell me what to do," but I assure you you would be much more serviceable to come over and do it. I know perfectly well what to do now—but to get it done, *hoc opus hic labor est*. Henry, thou reasonest well when thou sayest it is not necessary to take hold of people in order to be friendly. For well thou knowest that on the day when thou takest hold of me I shall elude thy grasp and thou wilt have under thy hand only a pillar of salt, which thou wilt immediately trade off with the Southern Confederacy, while I shall stand on some far hill-top and mock at thy discomfiture.

[To MR. WOOD.]

SEPTEMBER 13, 1864.

Will you please say to Mrs. Bridge that I was at the mountains when her note came, and did not get it till it was too late to send to her at Saratoga, and I knew not whither from there the angel had sped her flight. However, as you and she effected a conjunction, it is just as well as if I had written. How time works for us if only we will lie still and let him!

So little Peter Parker still lives. I have wondered many times whether his precious little body held together. I wish you would tell me something about him. Is he pretty? Is he bright? Is he like other children, or is he like his father and his mother? Can he talk? And is his father's soul bound up in him? Is he wisely entreated? I do hope he will live to be a joy and pride to the good man his father, and the good woman his mother, all the days of their lives.

Fie upon you, that you cannot even sit down to the communion table without having a fling at Connecticut! Why, Mr. Wood, if you should ever, with so bad a spirit, be admitted to heaven, you will go prying about to see if the sardonyx and jasper are not glass, and, finding there is no deception, I fear not even the *genius loci* will not prevent you from crying out "Ha! ha! no Connecticut people here — that's plain!"

Mr. Curtis invited me to his wedding, which was to be a fortnight or so ago, but I did not get the invitation till after the deed was done. He is married to a Miss Hubbard, daughter of ex-Governor Hubbard of Maine, and one of the best of women — a real "fine lady." A friend has been moaning for me to

come to her wedding, and at last I concluded to go, and went to Salem for a new dress, since *you* cannot attend weddings in rags. But my dressmaker is going to be married herself, and has "shut up shop," and in all Salem was not a dress that I would stoop to look at a second time. I wanted a white corded muslin, or a very thin gossamer, something also white. So I have given up the wedding altogether, and I did not want to go in the first place. I don't like to go to weddings anyway, unless they are in church and people I don't know. For me you may prepare your bridal gifts whenever you like, but Mr. D., though a very warm friend of mine, is the husband of one wife and blameless as St. Paul would have him, and the father of four children, so I shall hardly come at much silver-plate through him. You see I count upon your being mulcted in nothing less than a silver service, to say the least, upon that interesting occasion.

I stayed in Peterboro' a week, and much enjoyed the quietness, the mountain air, the cream and custards, and nothing to do, the drives and walks and talks. Since I came home I have been variously and busily occupied with friends, both in the flesh and on paper. Not much to speak of but a good deal to think of and to do. At present we are thinking a good deal about election. The Lord send us right hearts and right hands to vote for the truth and for righteousness. One of our boys, a three years' man, has just come home, full of fire for Grant and victory. Good-by.

Yours truly,

M. A. D.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. JAMES: I wrote you a very thorny and prickly letter yesterday, and I am afraid you won't want me to write you another, so I am going to hurry up this before you have time to tell me so, and then you cannot help yourself.

I did get your letter in Peterboro', and I was rapidly working down to its place in the pile when a second one came and stole its brother's birthright, and keeps stealing it, for there are quite many things I wish to say in reply to your last, and one is that I am not "preparing to publish" anything on the subject you mentioned, for it is already prepared, and only awaits the slow movements of the steam-press and the Presidential election to "stun with its giddy larum half the town," especially that half that lies in the immediate vicinity of Ashburton Place. And I *was* going to send you an early copy, but I don't think I shall now, unless you beg for it very hard indeed. I suppose I can have my head cut off as well as another, but I don't think it is my duty to send up by telegraph the ax that is to do it. I always thought it was very cruel in the old schoolmasters to make boys go out into the woods and cut and trim the very twig they were to be flogged with.

And so you are going to sit still in heaven and not speak unless you are spoken to. Oh, but you need not try to make me believe that. Or, if you do, you will keep making signs to me to come over and make you a speech, so that you can be released from your self-imposed vow, and I am so amiable that I shall do it, and I shall talk much better than I can now, and I shall show you what a wicked man you are to live within the sound of the Boston church-going bell,

under the droppings of Dr. Kirk's sanctuary, and talk about profane Sundays and holy Mondays! Oh-o-o, anybody might know you were a man, and did not have the washing to see to. Then, too, my tongue being loosed, I shall show you how sadly you are out of sorts to me-ward, and you will be filled with remorse, and beg my pardon with tears in your eyes, and then I shall feel so badly that I have made you unhappy that I shall forgive you right away before the impression is half deep enough, and I should not wonder if you should go and do the same thing over again. But do not you impose upon my good nature even in heaven.

To make a descent from heaven into our vestry — do we have a winter course of lectures? We do not, sir. “A course of lectures,” a citizen of Hamilton might say with Pet Marjorie, “is a thing I am not a member of.” And as to Carlyle, if I should mention his name to my friends and fellow-citizens, they would immediately ask me if he is a Union man or “Copperhead.” Remembering *Troja in nuce*, I could not depose and say that he was as loyal as one could desire, and they would at once decide that no vestry of ours should be opened for the like of him. But that will make no difference to you, Mr. James, because I never, no, never, go on the platform to shake hands with the lecturer, and if I knew it was you I should sit behind a post and go straight out the moment lecture was over, and watch you through the blinds the next morning, because you would have to go by my house on your way to the station.

Mr. and Mrs. F. were down here the other day, and I asked them about you. You will understand I should not demean myself by any coarse questioning.

I choose to know of my friends only what they choose to reveal, but I got no good from my fields, for they answered up with such an enthusiasm of regard that they might as well not have spoken at all. I did not want to know whether your friends like you or not, but whether you are such a person that people who have no armor and no arms would be likely to be shot down dead by you, and that I did not find out.

As for your inviting me to Ashburton Place, I assure you it is quite out of the question, because there would be how many? Garth, and Harry, and "my daughter," and Mrs. James, — four more reasons for my not going there than there are for your not coming here. I know what a nice family it is, for the F.'s told me, especially the queen-mother, and when you are sitting in your corner in heaven, with them all around you, I shall walk in with the utmost nonchalance, and greet you all around as composedly as if you had all been rocked in my cradle, and we shall immediately enter into the liveliest discussion, — won't it be nice? — and not have a thought about ourselves.

" All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me."

Won't it be charming to have it all set free, and every one be himself to the very utmost — be all that God made and meant him to be?

To go back to Peterboro', at which you had a fling, — of course it is not so nice as Northampton. I

suppose the best place out of Massachusetts is not to be compared to the worst place in it, nevertheless, Peterboro' was very well to do, with its green hills and running waters and Monadnock for inspiration. It was the mountains in a modified condition, and rides on the top of a stage-coach, sometimes high up on mountain ridges, and sometimes through woods so close that you seem to be driving your coach and six through a golden-green tube — well, it is not Northampton, but it is very well in its way. So far from the people being "set up" by my advent, I assure you they maintained the greatest tranquillity, and had not even a suspicion that a chiel was amang 'em takin' notes, as indeed there wasn't, so I ate my baked apples, cream, and custards, in deep peace, like any other boarder, which was very satisfactory.

The letter which you sent to me at Peterboro' contained a very clear statement. I think I comprehend it, and I think, too, that one reason why your views are hard to be understood and easy to be denied, and will therefore not command, at any rate for a good while, the popular acceptance, is because you use words in a sense different from their ordinary one. It seems to me that the main difference between you and theologians at large is that you believe to the depth what they believe only superficially. You carry things out to their meanings, while others let them slide out of sight after the first step or two. For instance, your ideas of good and evil, in their origin, are, I suppose, taught in every church in Christendom, but I never saw any one, except you, who ever inquired what there was left after the universal affirmation of God and the devil, and the consequent entire negation of self. Up to that point I can accompany

you with equal step, but after that I only follow, *longo intervallo*. I agree with you just as I agree with Euclid, I assent to the simple truth of your propositions, but I could not originate them, and I shall, I am sure, constantly be making combinations which will prove beyond doubt that I have forgotten these first principles, and therefore never did become thoroughly imbued with them, because

“ All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be.”

What I mean is this : I understand well enough that our phenomenal life is not our real, true, everlasting life, but that the true life is hid with Christ in God. But what is the “us,” the “our”? If our life is a continual spiritual communication from God, where is the dividing line between us and God? When He made a living soul what did He make? Did He make us absolutely without spiritual capacity, so that at some definite time after we were born He must communicate to us His spirit, *Himself*, or else we should die out of life just like a sunset? Is our immortality only a subsequent gift, a complement? And if this be so, what is the sign of His coming? When does our immortality begin? Who gives the signal, who commences the work? And if we die before this spiritual inflow of God begins, what becomes? Is there a mere physical, mental resurrection for the merely physical and mental power?

And again — after these lines of communication between God and the soul are opened, cannot one then approach God directly? Shall not one then

speak with God face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend?

If you keep answering my questions you will have a new volume of essays written before you know it, and I will publish them, *à la* Whately, as "James' Easy Lessons."

Yours very truly,

MARY ABBY DODGE.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE JUDGE, GREETING :

If you had not been naughty and written your letter on Sunday, perhaps I should have answered it so that you could have received the answer this week. Instead of which you have been forced to languish through all these many days without it! Do you not see now that virtue alone is rewarded and vice punished, outside a court-room? But there, poor creature, I do suppose you are so dis-taste-ed with the thieves and rogues of the six days, that it makes quite a Sunday to sit down and write to any one who is not "up" for trial, no matter how much he or she may deserve sentence. That is why I always thought it would be nice to marry a lawyer. He would have to do with people so very bad, and greedy, and dishonest, that his wife would seem good and wholesome and pleasant to him, even if she were not the very Queen of the Antilles for unselfishness and so forth (!). I told a lie up yonder, for I never thought of it till this minute, but it has made a violent impression on me. Consult Mrs. "Pamela," — I like to use that name, it seems so stately and Old English, — and report her opinion on the subject.

About my picture; for the eleventh time let me tell you that I haven't any card picture. I cannot have a picture, because the sun won't take me. He shuts his eyes close, and passes by on the other side when I go a-photographing. He winks up at Lyra and the dog star as soon as he espies me, takes off his hat to Orion, and sits down in Cassiopeia's chair, staring all about him, and to every attempt to make him look in my direction he reiterates only that he "don't see" me. Project from your imagination a picture which shall represent to your mind's eye, Horatio, all you would have me be, and then make believe that it *is* me — pardon the grammar for the sake of the euphony.

Thank you for your good will in promising to defend my book, but I rather think you will find it quite enough to defend yourself. Besides, the book, like Massachusetts, needs no defence. There she is, I shall say to the waiting world, behold her, and judge for yourselves. There are title page, finis, covers, and chapters, and there they will remain for ever! and if you, my friend, can show yourself friendly only by the wrong in that book, I despair of ever finding in you anything but a foeman. For that book, O Gaul, is what Mrs. Browning would call "a blotch of light." Do you ever read Browning? I do. I read him right straight through, not "Sordello," but "Dramatis Personæ," and "Men and Women," and such. Seven-eighths of it I don't understand, but the other eighth has more substance in it than most people's whole. Nobody says things obliquely like Browning. You know the old prophets are supposed to have had two meanings to their prophecies, one a secondary and ultimate meaning, the other the primary, local,

temporary one. Browning is such an old prophet. He says things finely, but he means magnificently.

The summer dies lingeringly, but it dies. Oh, woe is me, who want it always summer, who live only in the summer! Just so far as it is winter I am congealed. I have no outward life. Once I wrote a poem, "Summer Gone," and you may well believe it was lovely. It wasn't a poem, it was a wail.

If you publish my letters you will wake up one morning and find the world all on tiptoe about a new book that has appeared over night, called "Tit for Tat;" and when you come to open it you will find it is your own epistles, as large as life.

[To MR. JAMES.]

SEPTEMBER 21, 1864.

Can't I understand a parable as well as another? The words of the wise, and their dark sayings? I did not come to you by the regular way of introduction and handshaking, and sit down and behave myself through an intolerable half-hour, but you found me cradled in an "Atlantic Monthly," and left on some stone door-step or lower vestibule of your life.

I have no business to be writing you now, and that is why I persist in doing it. I always did have a passion for putting my head into the lion's mouth, and if his jaws do not yawn wide enough it is I for taking hold and giving them a stretch! The which also I am now forward to do.

I don't wonder that you "beg off." Anybody that could read that letter of mine, and then malign it as you did, has need to entreat that Nemesis would stay her hand. But Nemesis has you and is not go-

ing to let you go for all your sighs and tears. Why, it was a lovely letter! I would be willing, as parliamentarians say, to go to the country on that letter, and you see if I wouldn't get all the votes. It is little to say it was logical, — it was logic itself, — and you talk of John Locke and Dr. Channing! You must know in your heart that neither the one nor the other could write a letter that should begin to compare with that. It might have been more elegant, but it would not be half so convincing. The facts, my philosopher, I suppose to be these: that letter knocked away all the props on which you have been accustomed to lean. It revealed to you the abyss of error into which you have been falling for a time longer than it took a person I may not name, but whom you consider a gentleman, to fall into a place which I deem it more fitting not further to designate. The consequence of a revelation so sudden, and a discomfiture so entire, was that you were speechless, and if I could only have held my tongue — which, by the way, I never could do — I should have come off with all your flags, cannon, and munitions of war. But I must needs go and write another letter at which you clutch as a drowning man clutches at a straw, and over that recover breath to assume a new position. And what are some of the features of this new position? Why, in the first place, this man steps up and as good as tells me I don't know anything! I who know Latin, and Greek, and French, and German, and Spanish, — at any rate, know which is which, if I don't know which is, — and all the ologies, and osophies, and ographies that amount to anything, and what I don't know I make up, so it's all one as if I knew them. I who am such a learned woman

that my neighbor affirms, with horror depicted on every lineament, that he would not for the world have women in general know so much as I do, and here comes a man not six months out of Rhode Island and informs me that I am a Know-Nothing! He surely has every confidence in the sweetness of my temper if he has none in my acquisitions. Fortunately his confidence is not so ill-placed as his faithlessness, yet I may entreat with Sir Anthony Absolute, "Don't put me in a passion!" for there is no telling what I may be left to do.

"A truce to essays," you cry sagaciously, having fared so ill in my essaying hands. "A truce to besiegers," doubtless cries young Hood below Atlanta. "A truce to navies," frantically gesticulates Mobile before Farragut's victorious ships, and I doubt not, if we could get at the truth, we should find that Mr. Jefferson Davis entertains so very mean an opinion of Grant and his army that he would like nothing better than to proclaim "a truce to fighting," and immediately take ship and bury his name and fame in some shadowy isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea in the back yard of Locksley Hall. But there can be no truce to the wrong; now then dear, discomfited, down-cast yet defiant metaphysician, why not own up like a major-general and confess though a fox you are watched by a crane? Say right out fair and square with becoming humility, "O thrice and four times learned! Peccavimus."

But rave not thus! and I won't be hard upon you. You beg me to be good. I am sorry to disoblige you, but I wasted all the early years of my life in premature goodness, and shall have no opportunity for any works of supererogation at this late day. I do

suppose I was the goodest, gravest, sedatest, virtuouslest, little girl that ever was, but it never came to anything, so then at fourteen I turned about and was born and began new.

And by the way, it just occurs to me that your philosophy turns the key in the lock I have been vainly trying to pick these many years—namely, how I came to be both so good and so learned! I hope this will leave you in a more humble and docile frame of mind than it has found you, and if it does, you will owe it all to me, who, through evil report and through good report, will you, nill you, am your firm and faithful chastiser and friend,

M. A. D.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

OCTOBER 7.

Don't you see what an inexpressible comfort and solace underlie all grief where you see that the grief is a thing of dust and ashes only, and the comfort is as infinite as God? Nothing but moral badness reaches beyond this world, and why should you break your heart over anything which, however dreadful, is not that? Now don't think I am just saying this. I believe it from the depths of my heart. I don't know whether I should be so well able to act upon it myself as I am to recommend such action to you. I don't like to have people fret and whine, but I dare say a good real heart-cry does good, and if you want it you shall have it. If he sleeps well I don't see how he can help getting well.

The new book is a very hateful and quarrelsome little book, but I hope it will bring forth the peace-

able fruits of righteousness, especially in those that will be exercised thereby, of whom you are chief.

OCTOBER 29, 1864.

The beauty of liking people is that you can talk to them without saying anything, according to my thinking. There was a woman once hanging clothes to dry. Her baby came up and took a pillow-case from the basket, dragged it along, and held it up for her to hang. It did not help her much, for she had the pillow-case to wash over again, but she caught up the baby and hugged and kissed him as furiously as if he had been a washer, wringer, and mangle, all in one. By the way, what is a mangle? I don't know, nor you either for that matter, but it is something about washing-day. I saw the word yesterday, and impress it into service before the new gets rubbed off. Now, don't be in a pet. I scarcely ever am with any one I really like — unless it is something more than a pet, something so fatal as to prevent all future free interflow. I never did see anything so badly put together (humanly speaking) as I am. I have no end of rudimentary good possibilities, but they never can come to anything. I might just as well be a stupid, dingy, ignorant Irish washerwoman, for all the personal service I can do anybody. I cannot be any more available to you or anybody else in a rational way than a brickbat, and yet there is so much good in me if it could only be brought to bear. I suppose if I really were a brickbat I should not feel at all out of place shying at people's heads all the time, but as it is I cannot help thinking it looks like a waste of material. However, it is all only to show you that you never ought to be vexed the very least little bit in the world

at anything I do, and especially at anything I don't do, because you know if it is a pin's point to you it is a bayonet's thrust to me. I dare say the world will get along well enough without me. Only perhaps I might be a little more comfortable not to be so zig-zag-gy.

We had a one hundred and fiftieth anniversary the other evening, and an extract was read from Dr. Cutler's fifty-years-ago sermon, in which he told his hearers they must answer one day for the manner in which they had listened, and he for the manner in which he had preached. I thought, as I sat there, that has happened. They have answered. The great day has come, and undoubtedly they were all surprised at the turn things took. Now, what will it matter a hundred and fifty years hence, and still more a hundred and fifty thousand, even if a few years were dropped out of earth? If only those that remained planted in us the seeds of truth, "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," we can well afford to wait awhile to let them germinate.

I have been committing no foolishness in the atmospheres, but a great wisdom. Nevertheless, let me loathe and abhor it while I can, because the moment it comes out, you know, I must stand up for it. I am not in the least afraid of losing my friends, as you will see, but when I wake so early in the morning that it seems to be night I have great shudders sometimes, but in the daylight I fear nothing. Nevertheless, I hate the necessity that brought forth that book.¹ After a thing is out of my hands, and before it is in them again, I experience the *peine fort et dure*. I do not remember what I have said, and I imagine all

¹ "A New Atmosphere."

sorts of fearful things. Unseen evils are the most formidable, and this time the eclipse is so long that I have time for all manner of suggestions.

I have no complaint of my own to make against any one, nor do I live alone —

“ God’s own profound
Is above me, and round me the mountains,
And under, the sea,
And within me my heart to bear witness
What was and shall be.”

All this gray sky and gray trees and gray earth, what is it but a mere surface fact, the shadow of the great idea? Under all the lifelessness and the dismal monotone of no-color, the sap is flowing and the true life only waits its summons to leap into spring. Down in the underworld the birds are singing, the fountains flowing, the violets shining, and the angels of God working in the vineyards. In such company can one ever be alone? I might say, as a little creature on the house-top of Dickens calls to the old man, “Come up and be dead.” For so it is the true life lies in the underworld, and all that is good in this is only a kind of trap-rock interjected through the fissures. *Now* you understand, of course. You know geology, don’t you?

If you are chosen I shall congratulate as heartily as Hawthorne did Pierce on his election — “Ah! Frank, what a pity!”

I was not in Boston and did not see the “Kearsarge,” but I wish I had seen it. Harriet Prescott went to the Sailors’ Fair and was bewildered with the changing splendors. We shall have it reproduced one day with added lustre. That is one of the best of girls,

a hero in a woman's heart. Nothing is half good enough for her.

There is a great deal of sorrow in the world, and it seems to me there must be a final heaven for everybody. My only remaining uncle on my father's side, very dear to us all, lies at the point of death. His only child, a son, unmarried, has only a long loneliness before him. All the large families that settled on and around the old homestead have died away, and moved away, and left my uncle and his wife and son alone, the last of the group, and my very heart aches with the loneliness. Sometimes, do you know, it seems to me that I cannot endure all the pang and heart-ache in the world. All the sorrows that I know multiply themselves by the infinite sorrows that I know not, but only feel, and it weighs down upon me so heavily that I cannot tell whether I was ever born, and long for annihilation. What one can do in alleviation is such a drop to the ocean, and if God is good, if there is any true God, I think he must give to all these suffering ones some great gladness, by and by, which shall compensate them for having been created. I suppose that is heterodox, but if Orthodoxy consigns us to destruction, what can heterodoxy do worse? I don't much care about the *modus operandi* apart from the great sacrifice, but I do not see how I can ever be satisfied if the wretched people are not finally blessed with the smile of the Father and the Creator.

HAMILTON, MASS., October 31, 1864.

I trust, Mr. Wood, that you take no credit to yourself for your long letters. I would fain believe that you recognize the fact that it is a great pleasure to

you to recount your adventures, and that you are under great obligations to me for lending you my ears, my countryman, and giving you a constituency. Upon which assumption I will confess and avow that your letters are very clever, and you need not be surprised, some twenty or thirty years hence, to see them issuing from a printing-press under the title "Shadows set Free," or "The Letters of my Double." Of course the Substance remaining itself, the letters must come from the Shadow.

To take up the most important part of your letter first. I like very much your suggestion about my hair, and lack only the moral courage to adopt it. If I ever do secure sufficient nerve, I shall certainly go through the world shorn, and I am glad I have at least one supporter already assured. Meanwhile, rest serenely in the conviction that "rats" and mice are strangers to my hair — nay, they will not even go into the trap which I have set for them up garret.

There is much in your letter that needs no reply, though it is all interesting. The politics I read, ponder, and inwardly digest. Mr. Welling I follow along the tortuous course in the "Intelligence," and only regret that his fine powers are not enlisted on the right side. What a pity he has not a little of — something, perhaps it is ideality, that would 'crown his intellect with the upper light! As it is, he will never knock the stars. I met your polished Robert C. Winthrop the other day. I was driving with an acquaintance of his who is so outraged by the turn he has taken that he refused to look at him — and kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on me, which was much more sensible.

I am surprised that you should ask me my author-

ship of certain articles. In the first place, did you ever know me to acknowledge any of my sins of omission or commission? In the second place, where have you burrowed that you have not read "Essays on Social Subjects"? In the third place, don't you see that a saying *no* may at some future time necessitate a saying *yes*? It is a pity, Mr. Wood, that one cannot read your very witty and brilliant political romances without wondering how much allowance must be made for your vivid imagination and your strong sense of poetic justice! Now I suppose you will put on your dignity and lose your temper.

For the rest I went to Boston the other day and to the German Opera. But then I went to the Sunday-school Convention two days previously, steadily, so I think I shall have absolution. Query: How much Sunday-school Convention is necessary to offset one evening of German Opera? I have arrived at several conclusions. One is that as a civilizer the opera is superior to the Sunday-school, as a Christianizer they are about on a par. Another conclusion is that the present style of waterfall is not half so fine a feature of natural scenery as the original style was. A third was that music is a splendid thing. It is well you were not there to hear, as you would have fancied yourself on the borderland of "Future Life," and might have astonished your friends by apostrophizing Mrs. Jay or Perpetua¹!

We have had our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary here last Thursday evening, the 27th of October. It is not I who am one hundred and fifty years old, but the church, of which I am chief! But not, perhaps, the chiefly orthodox in the com-

¹ Characters in "Future Life or Scenes in Another World."

mon acceptation of the term. We had sundry extracts from old sermons and old records, singing, not operative so much as rheumatic, and a very good meeting. Seven of the old families are still extant in the town, one of them the Dodge. Did you know we have a new minister? His name is French. He is young, good-looking, good presence, and very satisfactory, in fact, rather more than satisfactory. We ordained him on the 29th of September, for which occasion we provided cold chicken and et-ceteras for a houseful, but as it rained Columbiads and Armstrongs that day only three or four came, and we browsed on our spoils for a week in a very contented frame of mind. The meeting-house was pretty well filled, and if it had been pleasant I dare say our streets would have run with spectators. I went to the morning council that examined the minister in posse. Mr. Wood, you who know everything, tell me instantly who it was that said, "Behold with how little wisdom the world is governed." At the Sunday-school Convention I tramped about much with our friend Spalding, of Newburyport, and was brought into juxtaposition with Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, who has sorely vexed the righteous souls of Parson Pike, of Rowley, and the Rev. Withington, of Newburyport, and others. He roared me gently as a sucking dove, and indeed you know the serpents of heresy have no fangs for me.

Our Rev. Johnson has returned from Europe and called here the other day. He is a fine young man and I like him much, but I wait to see what he will become. We have a regular church house-cleaning whenever we ordain a minister. I scrubbed all the entries, stairs, and the whole lower floor, unpainted,

— yes I did! *Qui facit per alium facit per se!* and stepped around daintily in muslin and ribbons. Your Miss Webb called on me a little while the day before ordination. I received her booted and spurred, as it were, having just come up out of the swamp with my arms full of leaves.

We went to Salem the other day, — four women and a girl, — of course the horse whisked around under the carriage, of course it was close by a railroad track, and J., heroic as ever, jumped over the wheel so that the cars did not come along and run over us while I was pulling the horse around right. Do you want more heroism? Well, some of the Hawthornes have been to see me, I took them home to Montserrat, came back alone at night, stable horse, dark, never used to driving, got home safe. What do you think of that? My Gages have gone to Europe without me. My Murphys have gone out West and they return no more.

Mr. Dodge gave an agricultural address over to Amesbury the other day, which Mr. Whittier told me was the best they had ever had, and another obscure but worthy person, a native of Hamilton, wrote a song for the same corporation, which was the queen of songs, as I forced Messrs. Whittier and F. to admit. You know that Whittier has lost his sister, but Heaven has gained her. It is a dismal day. We have not had so fine a fall as usual, but several fine days, one glorious maple tree and many magnificent scarlet oaks. Now, with many hopes for the election, the army, and the literary but shadowless secretary of the treasures, I am all that there is of

M. A. D.

[TO MR. JAMES.]

HAMILTON, October 31, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I don't remember what I wrote in my last letter, but I think I did answer yours, only you were indifferent and put it away in your mummy-case, unrolled.

This and this and this is the truth of life, says one. Yes, this the truth of life, says another, in an imperceptible flash, but adds alone aloud, "the world has not yet attained the truth — the truth seems to it only lawlessness, would indeed be chaos and old night to it, because it can as yet see of spiritual verity only its grossest outward symbol" therefore I say of this spiritual truth, go by its light alone whithersoever it leads, but for the sake of those who must be left behind in all the deeper darkness, go not over the height of the shining hills where the light leads. You, Mr. James, sit in your sky-parlor, — up in your heaven-kissing attic, and browse upon the eternal fitnesses of things. I walk about on the pavements and pastures and muse upon the present amelioration of things. I don't scold you because you live in the blue sky, and you shall not scold me because I dwell on the green earth. The blue sky is a royal magnificence and munificence, but the green earth, though low and gross, is necessary to its existence. You cannot have the spiritual sky without the material earth. I want the color and purity and clarity of the sky to penetrate the earth till it shall become a very heaven, to which end here I am down in the earth delving, and you sitting on a cloud reviling me!

And what quarrel have you, pray, with the angels? And what has the devil ever done for you that you

should set him up above Gabriel and Michael? And even if you do, by what right do you call these latter "sentimental"? Oh! I never saw any one needed *tinkering* so much as you do. Most people are so far wrong that it is quite hopeless to do anything for them. All that remains is to tear them down and begin new. But you — you have ever so much good material, admirably seasoned, only you are naugh — knotty sometimes, and stubborn to plane and saw and chisel. Yes, my dear Mr. James, it pains me to be forced to see and say that you repeat with delight in a living truth the very same thing for saying which you have previously hung me on a Haman's gallows! But you say it in a sesquipedalian, high-and-mighty metaphysic way, while I say it homelily, and bread-and-butterly, and the consequence is you do not recognize it. You do not see your pet when he comes in homespun. He must be tricked out in the velvet and cockade wherewith you have decorated him.

If I understand you at all aright, after all your "vain searching" you have found only the truth which I have found without any searching at all. I hope this does not sound pert to you, for it does to me. But it is not. I may say that I did not find it at all. It lay in my way, the next natural thing, and I simply adopted it as I did the sunshine and the dew. I do not think it possible that you can be any more strongly convinced than I of the *typical* nature of our personal relations, nor does it seem to me that you can be so deeply impressed by it as I, for it is at once the rule, the guide, the solace of my life, not sought after and seized, not reasoned out, but felt out, presenting itself to my consciousness, apart

from all proof, utterly irresponsible to logic. It is so true to me that life has positively no value any farther than it is the natural outworking of the inward essence. And you come up and ask me if I believe thus and so!

This main underlying organic truth is mine; but when you cut it up into all manner of shadowy questions, then I do not know what you would be at. What *is* the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil? Is it in destruction of the fruit of the tree of life? I should think the innocence of wisdom in distinction from the innocence of ignorance was the direct fruit of the tree of knowledge.

I sympathize with poor Mrs. James about the coal. I have no doubt she leads a pretty life with her Socrates, and I am heartily glad she has temper enough to make you blot your letters in consternation. It is so much better than to sit meekly down in a snow-bank and freeze. I had several things to tell you, but there is imminent danger of my writing again.

For the present, severely but kindly yours,

M. A. D.

[To MR. WOOD.]

NOVEMBER 21, 1864.

Three letters have I received from you, or rather a preface, a letter, and a postscript, for which, see my munificence, I have returned you a book, a newspaper, and am now writing you this letter after a hard day's work on my French raglan of 1851, which my sister and I are fashioning into a sack of 1864, all because I thought it was a pity you should not have a letter to celebrate Thanksgiving with.

The last shall be first, viz., the postscript. I will

return the pen to you with some misgiving, for I do not quite see how metal pens can be made into goose quills. Still people who have to do with the "Gentleman in Black" accomplish strange transformations. Just here, for I must say things when I think of them, did you see that Julia Ward Howe had a poem at Bryant's festival? My sister came home Saturday noon, and we talked you over well! It is much more interesting to have people who know your friends than it is to know them only yourself; and as we all three now know you, why, we never need lack a theme! Should not you like to be behind the door?

For the main body of your letter, Mr. Wood, you merit not merely a letter, but a lecture in reply. For you to be haranguing me on heterodoxy is — well, entertaining, to put it very mildly. Whenever you see an organ and a monkey in the street do you not always ponit it out as a foretaste of future life? And because I innocently mentioned the opera and Sunday-school in the same breath, why, you work yourself up into octavos of wrath and anxiety; and yet in this very letter you say worse things about Sunday-school than I did in my letter which the "Congregationalist" would not print. The fact is, you wish to rove at your own sweet will, but you want me to follow sweetly in the paths of peace, never mind whether they lead aright or astray.

My dear Mr. Wood, your letter shows me one thing, that your animosities are confined to this world, therefore I hope that in the "Future Life" you will be able to live in peace with the brethren. The poor E's having departed this life, I see you have rather given them over and turned your guns against Boston, — "Fire away!" I would say to you as the Quaker did to his

friend, "Fire away, thee can never go to Heaven till thee gets all that bad stuff out of thee." Now I should be sorry to be sitting on that heavenly hill where you place me, and see you climbing up to its sides fulminating thunders against the "Boston Transcendentalists," some of whom very likely will be within hearing, for I trust that through the great Divine mercy many of them will bow in worship to the God whom now they ignorantly worship under some vague abstract name. And, by the way, — I don't know so much about these things as you seem to know, — but have you not saddled the Bostonians with a sin that does not belong to them? That God is an unrelated being, and cannot therefore be known to men, is taught by Herbert Spencer, but I have never heard it from the Boston oracles. Perhaps, however, Boston is only a generic and not a local name with you, as we speak of the "Lake School" of poets. Are you quite sure that you are not drawing on your imagination for some of the romantic facts which your memory has the credit of furnishing you? I never saw Margaret Fuller, indeed she died while I was in school, but to have exercised such an influence as she did over people, it seems to me that she must have had some other weapons than "glittering and sounding generalities." Will you give me the date and circumstances of J. R. Lowell's remark about being born twice? You will pardon my cross-examination, or you may avenge yourself by cross-answering, but you very well know, Mr. Wood, that any one that knows you as well as I do, knows, too, that one must be wary if he would elicit from you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You know how many times I have routed you with great slaughter by

just pinning you down to name and date! You know very well how only last summer, when my sister and I were driving with you, you began a very vivid but evidently truthful description of a day at a mild watering-place hotel, but how very soon, under the lash of your tyrannical imagination, you were galloping off into a wilderness of "cats, rats, and mice"! That you cannot deny, and if you can, here is my sister just come upstairs who can cover you with confusion. Then again, Mr. Wood, I am sorry to be forced to say, but I fear it is true, that your objections to my becoming heterodox lie not so much in the injury that will be suffered by my spiritual nature as that which will be inflicted on my literary reputation! If I attack the great forms of faith in Christ, what shall I find too late? Why, that my power will be gone! You never can get over the carriages of the nobility and gentry that Baptist Noel forfeited when he went over to the Dissenters. Oh, Mr. Wood! Is there no such thing, then, as inward prompting? Could Baptist Noel do otherwise than he did, if baptism or sprinkling be the question you Baptists say it is? However, in real earnest, I assure you that you need have not the least anxiety on my account. If you knew me as well as, with your opportunities, you ought to know me you would see that the more I am thrown into contact with any one form of religious belief, or disbelief, the less likely am I to adopt it. I shall probably remain an Orthodox Congregationalist as long as I live, but to my latest breath I shall doubtless be at war with my brethren. If I were a Baptist I should remain a Baptist, but a fighting Baptist; if a Unitarian, a Unitarian, but pugilistic still. In whatever sect my associations had been formed, I should have found

truth enough entangled with error enough to take me all my life to disentangle. So far as you fear any influence of Boston transcendentalism upon my faith, in the way of social power, your fears cannot be any more groundless. I am certainly not wont to be overawed in matters of opinion. But at the same time I accept all your warning as gratefully as if it were needed, knowing that it proceeds only from the kindest and worthiest motives.

What makes me write letters to all the world? Do you suppose I call it benevolence? Not a bit. It is just because I like to write. I like the world enough, but I certainly should not lay myself out in reams for pure affection. Now just you stand up and lay your hand on your heart and tell me, if you can, that you don't really like to take a set of clean nice note-paper and fresh ink, and a good evening, and sit down and write.

Why do you think that the States must come back with slavery? Why cannot the next Congress give us the Constitutional Amendment just as well as the last? I shall never ground arms until slavery is abolished. Go on with your political "Romances." I dare say the air of romance which they have is owing to your way of putting things. In Mr. Seward's hands they would doubtless read like the gravest State papers, and not be any truer.

I never did see the "Social Essays" till they were printed in Boston. Does "New Atmosphere" seem to you sufficiently orthodox? I heartily commiserate you in the reading, but it is one of the wise arrangements of a benevolent Providence, that in this world the innocent as well as the guilty must suffer the penalty of sin.

As for Mr. Longfellow's peccadilloes, I do not believe in them. They are always trumping up stories about plagiarisms. So now "The Raven" was stolen from a Persian poem. Suppose he did get "Evangeline" from Hawthorne, what then? Did not Shakespeare crib bodily and boldly from the old plays? Virgil copies Homer like a school-boy, and nobody says anything; and I should like to know if Peter Schlemihl did not walk through the length and breadth of Germany before he set his foot on our Western shores. Mr. Wood, you must fight down all these stories and not entreat them tenderly. Anybody can make a mountain out of a mole-hill. Do you stand with your shillelah and affirm resolutely that the mole-hill shall stay a mole-hill.

My connection with the "New Magazine" will be as close as I choose to make it. I shall have none of the labor to do, the scissorings, selecting, etc. I should never undertake anything of that sort, it would be so very irksome to me, but advice, you know, and opinion I am always ready to give without much urging. Poor man, you know it to your cost.

My mother and sister desire their kindest regards and I am judiciously, sometimes severely, but always

Very truly yours,

M. A. DODGE.

I did not know of Mrs. Piatt's death. She was a woman of a thousand — brilliant and courted, yet considerate and tender-hearted. I admired her much.

[To MR. FRENCH.]

DECEMBER 19.

It was selfish in me to write you a letter that should leave an impression of sadness. But in truth I had cause for sadness in my own heart. The sudden and severe illness of my uncle, death-struck almost from the beginning, was not a hilarious event, and I felt the loneliness of my aunt and cousin so deeply that I could not shake it off. Sometimes it seems to me that I suffer things more sharply than the people themselves suffer them. Then I had a cold on my lungs, so that every breath was an annoyance, a thing that never happened to me in such measure before, and never but once in any measure. Then when I looked at you there was a heavy shadow, and in another direction there was another shadow. Well, what I ought to have done was to sit still till the sun came out.

Now, first, my cough, after making a brave fight, is quite gone ; secondly, my aunt, having a good woman for a companion in her desolated house, is settling down to her new half-life and my uncle's memory, freeing itself from all remnant of infirmity and disease, gathers soft lights and is blessed. You are emerging from shadow slowly into the sun, and my other friend sees day breaking. For all which let us give God thanks.

A part of your letter rather amused me, more than your serious opinions are apt to do. I really do not exactly know whether I am a happy woman or not. I never thought much about it one way or the other. This I know, that if I were obliged to crystallize on the spot, and with things as they are, and no other

futurity, I should be a very miserable woman. I know, too, that if I were forced to consider my present attainments as the highest possible point of acquisition — in knowledge or in happiness — I should be a very miserable woman, but with constant activity and a deep, underlying hope, “a fire in my heart, and a fire in my brain,” I cannot conscientiously call myself unhappy. It is only, however, when I compare what I have found with what I conceive to be possible, that I have any doubts on the subject. Looking at the life which presents itself to me in dreams, and then at the life by which I find myself surrounded, there is room perhaps for a shiver. I often rouse myself from the one for the other with a smile at the discrepancy. Yet even this does not make me unhappy, for I have so large and deep a hope, which you would incontinently pull to pieces with your remorseless logic, but which, thank Heaven, would immediately grow again as good as new. But when I compare my life with the lives around me, with nine out of ten of all the lives I know, I esteem myself indeed favored of Heaven, and thank God for a most undeserved preëminence of happiness, and pray that I may do good enough to my fellow-beings to compensate them, as it were. Here is where your reasoning amuses me. I do not deny that through weakness, weariness, impatience I may sometimes be a little in the trough of the sea, but it is not on the crest of any billow that I ever saw, that I would have my ship go riding. I never have thought, nor professed to think, that the actual unmarried life was so happy as the ideal married life, but I assure you with entire seriousness that nothing which my own life has missed has given me a tithe of the disturbance, I

might almost say despair, which I have found in the terrible bewilderments of the married lives I have seen. I could well do without happiness myself if I could only see a possibility of happiness in the experience of others. It is not so much not to have experiences; a certain emotion yourself, though it may be the deepest and richest of all, because you have all the eternities before you; the dreadful thing is to have felt and failed. That appalls me. This I can assure you most truly, and if you are my friend you will be glad of the assurance—loneliness, as you mean it, is a sensation which I have never felt, to the best of my knowledge and belief. I am afraid to be in the house alone nights, and day-times, too, for that matter; but let me know that there is a trusty person downstairs to keep out robbers and ghosts, and I can sit in my own room day and night alone, and never tire. I do not mean that I do not know an aloneness, nor that I cannot conceive of something that would be better, but as far as mortal companionships go, I have, let me see, at least five men and no end of women who are more friends to me than most men are to their wives. I find in them more sympathy, more resource, more sustenance, more tangible, practical, honest, real help than most women find in their husbands, and two of them, at least, and perhaps three, and possibly four, are more agreeable to me than most husbands are to their wives. I like their society better, they exert themselves far more to entertain and please me, they have more consideration and chivalry. You will say I don't know what husbands are to their wives, but make me believe it if you can.

JANUARY 11, 1865.

The fact is you have made so many displays of clear vision that you almost deceived me into a belief of universal *clarity*, and so I thought I would sweep away a little mist that seemed for a moment to obscure you. But the mist was as solid as granite, and I only bruised my fingers. It is the second time in my life I have been confronted with *outré* reasons for simple facts of that nature. The first time it was face to face, and I was stunned into silence, which is easy for any personal presence to do. This time, unfortunately, it was pen to pen, and then I always find it difficult to hold my tongue. Hereafter we will dismiss the serious affairs of life, and discuss agricultural colleges, Harvard University, and other frivolities.

Your two ill-bred, ignorant Irishers may or may not be the happier for their marriage. If their ill-breeding and ignorance could be confined to themselves I should not forbid the banns. Ignorance clubbed together is no greater in bulk than ignorance separate; but it is morally certain that in the course of time they will have brought into their household seven other spirits more ignorant and ill-bred than the first, and surely nine deformed and degraded souls are a greater evil than two. Parents and sisters and brothers and sisters may not be uniformly lovely, and yet help you to "grow in grace," — but they are born to you. Husbands and wives go by favor; and though from a broken arm you may learn patience, which is a Divine virtue, you would hardly think of putting your arm under a locomotive that you might learn the Divine virtue of patience.

I hope you will accept the Agricultural College, for

I think it will be the best thing both for the college and for yourself. As you don't seem to look forward to Heaven very cheerfully, it seems a pity you should not get out of earth all you can. For me, I *am* afraid I am hopelessly transcendental, and I foresee we should not get on at all well together, either in this or any other world, except, indeed, on your principle of trituration.

I hear this morning that our friend Mrs. S. has a son, in which I rejoice for two reasons: first, because in a general way I am sorry for every baby girl that is born; and because, secondly, if a boy baby ever can come to anything it will be under Mrs S's training!

I went to mill the other day and was weighed, to the extent of a hundred and nine pounds; with my cloak and "things" on a hundred and fifteen. I understand, as I never did before, "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." Mother wanted her meal fine, and consequently we had long to wait, but I watched with great interest.

[TO MISS PALFREY.]

HAMILTON, January 24, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I wish you were at hand to read Virgil with me. You cannot think how much I enjoy it — not the mere reading only, but everything about it. (That is a lucid sentence.) The text is a mere rivulet running through a meadow of association, and hints and all manner of connections that I saw nothing of when I read it as a girl at school, where, by the way, I perceive I was a far more exemplary person than your ladyship. So far from doing "no more studying

than I could help," I did all the studying I could get hold of. In fact, I fear all my goodness came out in my early days, and that is the reason why I have been so bad since I was grown up. I wish you would read "Azarian," for I think it has a great deal of power, and power of a kind of which Miss Prescott had before that given but small indication. By the way, she sent to me a little while ago to know if I could tell her anything about E. Foxton. An unknown correspondent of hers had requested her with the greatest eagerness to tell him something about that gentleman, whose story of "Herman" he considered to be the very finest in all American literature. I did not feel at liberty to divulge my conjectures, because I think personality is always to be vigorously respected.

My dear, I hope you will find it in your heart to like me a little, notwithstanding all the rough work I am doing. Heaven forbid that I should stand on my safe knoll, and see the wild waves swallowing up my people, and make no effort for the rescue. My tossing lifeboat is less graceful than the little skiff which, as Virgil says, — or something like it, — cleaves the green trees in the placid lake; but perhaps it is not wholly out of place.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

JANUARY 25, 1865.

What is the good of quarrelling in a world like this? Of course we are all of us more or less outrageous to our friends at times, and we may as well own up to it and let it alone. My mother says you have all been poisoned. It was my arrows that did it, undoubtedly, only you will not confess. As to

your eyes, I am sure you have nothing to complain of. I have been half blind ever since I was two years old and have seen more at that than was for my comfort. All you have to do is when you are looking at pleasant things like me, open the double eye and shut the single one, and when you are looking at unpleasant ones, *vice versa*. That is good Latin, isn't it? Anyway, if you grow blind I will come to see you, for I don't care about my looks either, and I will lend to the rhyme of the poet (myself) the beauty of my voice, till you shall bless the darkness that unfolded to you the heaven of my song! My voice is, in fact, something between a shriek and a howl,—in poetry I don't know what it might be,—but you will know when you, I beg your pardon, go it blind!

I see some of the abuse of you in the newspapers and don't believe a word of it. Now see how different I am from you. You read something about me and go right and believe it and tell all the neighbors. Why can't you be good and trustful, and think like young Abijah, you may see some good thing can be found in me even if the world, the flesh, and the religious newspapers do affirm the contrary? It does not seem as if people can do anything for people when trouble, actual trouble comes. Everybody must bear his burden alone. If I cry my eyes out about you it won't cry your eyes in.

I don't believe your brother described me in his journal. It was somebody else. He never saw me but a little speck, and then he did not remember me from five hundred others, and besides, I wasn't in Washington till I was ages past twenty, some kind of ages you know, little children's for instance, and I did not wear my hair like a boy's, it was parted in

the middle like a girl's, if it *was* short, and oh! I wish you would not mention the subject of hair. You never would if you knew what a source of annoyance it is to me and my family. My one consolation is that I am getting on towards the time when it will be lawful to wear a cap and then I hope to have some peace of my life. Now I have only pieces, mere jumbles. Well, and to make assurance of your brother's mistake doubly sure, I never was a wonder in anybody's presence especially, only wonderfully heavy for anybody who had so much sense. Now then if you have anything nice and pleasant and highly imaginative to tell, out with it, but if it is disagreeable, pre-Raphaelitic, and true to the life, *claudite rivos* — what does that mean? I press it in at a venture.

JANUARY 30.

I am afraid I am getting into the pious fraud-ulent way, but if I am, I alone shall bear it, while if I should blurt out the stories which seem to be rife, I should salve my conscience at the expense of the peace of the whole family, and I am sure the Lord told Samuel out and out in so many words that it was not necessary to tell the whole story, even when the suppression of part put an entirely different complexion on the rest.

FEBRUARY 13, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: A budget received from you on Saturday violates the Constitution in telling me that you are sick, so I infer that you are violating your private constitution in some manner not herein-before mentioned. Wherefore, I have to desire that

you will at once adopt the fashion of the hour — which is Constitutional Amendment.

I have four different parcels from you since my last to you. One a queen bee, the others small working bees, let alone various insects in the shape of "Punch," and other papers, which are now making the tour of the neighborhood. But I wonder that your right hand did not wither in writing such terrible heresy about Edward Everett. In fact it is quite possible that your illness is a direct consequence of such unparalleled audacity. Edward Everett, who we are all agreed is the greatest man that ever was thought of, and will continue to be until some other distinguished Bostonian dies! Don't you see how magnanimous we are here in New England? A man may sin, but he has only to repent, and we forgive him and bury him with every honor.

I agree with you regarding the "sheeted ghosts." I suspect the Blairs, even bearing Olive Branches. But as the report has been spread before the people, it seems to me that the President's part has been wisely taken. If anything must have been done, I do not see that it could have been better done. But I like not anything that brings that wretched rebel and traitor and starver of prisoners, Jefferson Davis, into even temporary relations of equality and amenity with respectable Northern people!

To ascend at once from politics to personalities. As for the raglan, money cannot buy, in these days of shoddy, cloth so heavy and every way desirable as this French cloak of eight years ago! Oh, you petroleum parvenu! Don't you know that newness is not always worth? Oh, unfortunate, infatuated man, smitten with judicial blindness, not to see that gold is

none the less gold because the land is flooded with paper currency. Shall I discard my yellow eagles because greenbacks are "all the go"? You sweep over a page with your all-comprehensive charges, and all-amusing stories, and I follow you up with an interrogation point. You ought to be very thankful. If you had no check your centrifugal — I mean truth-ifugal — force would dash away with you into some cold outer space where you would never more be heard of.

I don't on principle accept your presentation of Boston principles. It is never safe to trust your opponent for a fair and full exposition of your belief.

"Moods" I have not read. "Emily Chester" I have read, and do not feel myself tainted in the smallest degree by so doing. There is no tainting element in the book. It is pure as the snow that spreads over this New England where I write, and no one can see anything impure there unless his organ of vision is impaired. But the truth is that our standard of right and wrong is so low that evil seems to us good, and good evil. Of all the criticisms of "Emily Chester" which I have read, very few show any real comprehension of the book. They know what they are talking about, but they know very little of what that book talks about.

My aunt, Mrs. Caldwell, of Ipswich, was buried about a week ago. She died after a week's illness of lung fever. You may have seen the notice of her death in the "Congregationalist." She was very dear to us all, a remarkable woman, of great independence, spirit, ability, and amiability. She was a little younger than my father.

[To MR. FRENCH.]

MARCH 1.

I went to Newburyport to hear Mr. Garrison celebrate Washington's birthday in his native town, from which five and thirty years ago he was thrust out. So there he sat upon the platform, a bland old man with a shining white head, a few side-locks brushed smoothly down by his ears, a conservative, solid-man-of-Boston-looking person, with not the smallest evil design against the existing order of things. Mr. Colby, — is it, — the Editor of the "N. Herald," who blows hot and cold as occasion directs, was tropical that night and blew fever heat, but William Lloyd stood it like a man instituting, I suppose, an equilibrium from all this present eulogy with past obloquy. That evening I was invited to supper with him and the next morning drove over with him to Whittier's, where I remained till Saturday, feeling as I always do with Whittier a kind of demigoddess, simply by force of association, not from any inward spouting. And so Garrison and Whittier reminisced, with Mr. Ashby and me for an audience, and I saw the inside of many things of which I had previously seen only the outside, and even that often through a glass darkly. I also went to a concert in Newburyport. Miss Carr sang. Miss Carr is a Newburyport girl. Miss Carr came on the stage, a dream of beauty. Now your sardonic soul laughs. How, you say, can a Newburyport Yankee be that? We have dreams of Italian beauty, of Greek loveliness, but oh, old Essex County, where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face? In Newburyport, sir, in Miss Carr's wavy hair and waxen face and

delicately clearly pencilled eye-brows, in her doll-like (!) beauty, informed with a sweet young soul, and beauty and soul made doubly beautiful by the modesty, simplicity, and unpretence which characterized her. See now. They are sending me the "Lady's Book" from Philadelphia, and I looked into it last night and discovered several things, and thereupon in our family circle a discussion arose and revelations were made, and they tell me that these beautiful waterfalls and Greek curls and all the lovely bows and crinkling things wherewith "my sisters" make themselves beautiful are as likely as not false. You can buy them at the barber's. You *do* buy them at the barber's. Why, then, *I* might have waterfalls and Greek curls as well as another. But I know they would all come tumbling off just at the crisis of fate and bring me to shame.

I saw Mrs. S's baby in the bath-tub. He is six weeks — a fine baby as babies go, but a most comical little frog, squirming about in the water with distress pictured on every lineament of his droll little face, a most un-human little creature, and it doth not yet appear what it shall be. And I saw Mrs. S., too, who, "most gracious lady," all this while entertained me in royal style as she always does.

Nothing is the matter with your eye. I had a fork stabbed into mine once, but 'twasn't anything. It squints a little, but that's nothing. My lovers tell me it makes me look interesting. It's blind too, but what of that? One eye answers every purpose. To be sure, there is this difference between us — that my beauty never was injured by it, for the very best of reasons, while your comeliness has sufficient existence to be in danger. Now good-by, and mind your eye!

[To MR. WOOD.]

For the "Congregationalist" I have written little for three months. My last effusion was a tilt in favor of Dr. Blagden, but it was refused admittance. The fact is, Mr. Wood, I suppose I am getting too radical, or something. But really, I am the one who is Orthodox, and they are falling away after profane and old wives' fables.

Mr. R., the escaped Union prisoner, has been down to see me. He is turning an honest penny with his adventures. But Jefferson Davis did a good thing when he broke his "plighted faith," and kept those sharp-sighted men in prison to witness, eye to eye, the atrocities which he caused.

I went to see Mr. John Porter in Newburyport. Isn't he the nicest old man that ever was, with his beautiful long white hair, and his tall figure scarcely bent, and his gentle, gracious manner? Old age is so lovely when it is lovingly worn. His daughter was ill and I did not see her, nor Harriet Prescott, who, I fear, is failing before her time under a burden too heavy for such slender young shoulders as hers. Did I tell you I saw "Zenobia" in Boston the other day? I won't tell you what I think of it, because it was made by a Boston girl, and you would only scoff, entirely regardless of the fact that she was, and I suppose is, a friend of the Brownings, and therefore must have somewhat of either wit or worth.

[To MR. JAMES.]

MARCH 20, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I think I should feel happier if you would let me just this once tell you how

much I thank you for all your patience and goodness and kindness to me. It seems to me as if you are going away from me thinking all the while that I have reckoned your friendship a common thing.

I should have counted it all joy if I could have held you within sight all my life, but it is a very great joy to have known you for a year. It makes me feel guilty to think how entirely I have the best of the bargain. I know I have given you a little pleasure, but you have given me solid good that will last me as long as I live. I don't think I have rejoiced in you because you spoke kindly words to me, though that was very pleasant, but then I always made allowance. I knew that what you saw was not I, but a little rosy cloud exhaled from your own imagination in which I sat hidden away as snug as a grasshopper in his foam — you don't know what that means because grasshoppers don't grow in Ashburton Place, but never mind, *I* know, —but what I was going to say is, that if in any other way I could have come to an equal knowledge of your thought I should have held you, I think, in the same regard. So that now, you see, I do not lose you. I know with an inward satisfaction that somewhere there is living such an one, and if one man has found heaven's gate, then surely there *is* a Heaven and all men will yet press into it. So all that I care for in you I own and hold forever.

Therefore, when you look back upon this don't think it is all thrown away. In one sense it is, I suppose. Probably the thing you thought to do cannot be done, and I cannot prevent your disappointment. But when the sunshine came I felt that it

was warm and that it came from heaven, and *you* know it is the sun's way to shine upon the evil and the good, and not think it time lost.

I am permanently rich in having known you, — this little while, — and I would not for the world you should lift an eyelash to look my way and leave your own. All I desire is that you shall believe, whatever else I may or may not be, I am always, most truly and inwardly, your loyal, grateful, and reverent friend, though I am too little and too far off to be of any account to you.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

M. A. DODGE.

Men with all their badnesses are so susceptible of goodness that simple sincerity will shame all their badness out of sight. Meet them on the ground of their best and they will give you no other ground to stand on. If I judged men only by their relations to my own self, I should hardly have a word to say. They may be ever so wrong-headed, but practically they always turn to me right-hearted. I only see what men are at their worst by looking at them as you look at faint stars — obliquely. What men are to their wives, to their dependents, that men are. They are capable of better things, but that they are. The time languishes because woman cannot reveal herself. The great burden of material life, which her shoulders were never made to bear, weighs down upon her, and the whole creation groans and travails in pain as a consequence. With the consent and by the interference of the great mass of men the ox, the mule, the draught horse is regnant in the female man, and the woman is held in abeyance. How *can* she

reveal herself? If you will use fine gold for pots and kettles, how can you cause that they shall not be disguised with crock?

Look at me. I have friends on every side who delight in me, men and women who come to me for joy, and solace, and strength. Is it because I am better, or brighter, or stronger than other women? Not the least in the world. I am constantly meeting women whose shoes' latchets I am not worthy to unloose, but to whom nobody ever comes. It is solely because I have never been overborne by hard physical labor, nor undermined by the unspeakable disappointments of marriage. God has suffered me to keep my life in my own right hand. I have never been crushed — I have never been oppressed. These other women, better than I, with more capacity than I, with higher possibilities than I, are mere household drudges, insignificant wives, uncommanding mothers, because they are buried under an Ossa on Pelion piled, of degrading labor without supporting love. They passed in their youth under the yoke of a man, and the yoke was hard and the burden heavy. And just as long as their necks are bowed to them, women cannot reveal themselves. The sole advantage that I have over other women is, that I stand in the sunshine. If I were married the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that I should be digging in the dark, down in a cellar where all the dead-alive women are. People are accustomed to see beasts of burden, and, accordingly, when they see me, a woman, they are pleased with the novelty.

You understand, Mr. Henry James, I think you are deeply and thoroughly right in your main idea. I do not remember that I ever met a man, hardly a

woman, whose underlying principle was so satisfactory, so ultimate, so restful as yours. So far as I come in contact with men, they unconsciously swerve into my orbit, — never mind if the metaphors *don't* “go on all fours,” — because I am a woman under full headway; and in the collision of sincerity with falsehood, or perhaps I ought to say error, the error must go down. When a man comes so near me that I can touch him, he cannot help himself, but turns into pure gold — or at least the pure gold that existed in him in solution is precipitated into visibility; and if I were a wandering Jewess, and could be the wife of every man I see, I never would touch pen to paper to reform the world. Mind, I could not have done it if I had married him before I had myself waked to consciousness, but I could do it now. But you see that is impossible; so I can only do the next best thing, and work for men and women at a disadvantage.

What woman does for you, Mr. James, is to “put your spiritual instincts on the research of infinite things” by her “formal loveliness, grace, and tenderness.” But suppose by the severity of your exactions you mar her loveliness, maim her grace, and forbid her tenderness? Suppose you impel her downward so entirely that even her own spiritual instincts are well-nigh lost, and all her soul becomes of the earth, is it encouraging rivalry between the sexes for me to tell you so? When we see a man beating his wife, will you stand apart and talk to him of “vivified selfhood,” and shall I flow around him in silver silence? Not a bit of it! I will double up my fist, and give him one good, sharp, stinging blow between his eyes, and if it knocks him down so much the better. Nine

men out of ten are so pachydermatous that they don't know they are touched unless they are felled. Then, while he lies conscience-smitten, his wife may proceed to array herself in white robes, and his own outraged spirit shall return to him again. I will pour in oil and wine, you shall feed him with your heavenly manna, and presently we shall have him sitting with his wife clothed in fitting garments and in his right mind. But till the beast within him is stabbed, all your music of the skies is but as the clatter of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

Can you not see that I am as far as possible from instituting any rivalry between the sexes or aiding any battle? I am for peace, for harmony, for unity. I do believe that the world is a failure because it has been so exclusively man's world; but then I believe it would have been just as much a failure if it had been exclusively woman's world. The world's work needs to be done by man and woman together. But by world's work I do not mean simply digging canals and hewing stone, but making of earth heaven, which surely can be done, for the kingdom of God is within you. In science, art, politics, is there no spiritual truth and beauty hidden under all this coarse outward seeming? I verily believe there is, and that it will throw off its cerements and rise into lovely life when the virgin-born Messiah bids it come forth. In the treatment of science and politics the womanly element has had hitherto little part. We should have fared just as ill had the manly element been omitted; but when both are brought to bear on the same end, though not perhaps in the same way, we shall see how that which was so base and dull held in its ungainly bosom the very brightness of the firmament.

Is this rivalry between the sexes?

The thorn-tree will never produce figs, but since God made it, it must have its uses, which we will discover, and its beauty, which we may learn to love. The paving-stones will never be rubies, but they may become very precious stones when they bear up the feet that are swift to do only good. You say that men recognize women as God's shrine in our nature only, etc., etc., as they are content to make home sweet and holy. Content — *content* — why, it is the one sole longing and love of women to make home holy and sweet. They have no other thought or desire, and all that these women want is the possibility to make it so.

And I belong to the woman's rights women. I belong to all — to those who suffer, and those who, however, clumsily, are trying to mitigate suffering. The brawniest Amazon that ever stalked over the pavement, the vilest harlot that ever crouched in the cellars beneath it — I belong to them all. I have not gone through the world with my heart naked, shuddering against all the world's woes, and quivering with all its pain, that I should gather my skirts from the dust and walk softly away to green pastures and still waters. I am pure, I am blameless only just so far as I go down into these sad places and pour over them all a warm, human sympathy. If I hug my virtue, away in some vale of Tempe, I am of all creatures most vile. What shall be my thank-offering to God for having set my feet on a dry place, if not unceasing effort to help all struggling souls to come up hither to me and breathe with me the pure air and stand by my side in the sweet sunshine?

[TO MR. WOOD.]

MARCH 27, 1865.

The Mr. R. of whom I spoke is A. D. Richardson, one of the "Tribune" correspondents, who was eighteen months in Rebel hands. He is a gentlemanly person, of wit and humor, very agreeable, not handsome, a good writer, well informed, etc. He is a kind of Bohemian, and he thinks I am, but I am not, nor should I, on any account, think of going to New York. I have neither the desire nor the intention to seek society of any kind, nor to use any appliances. You, Mr. Wood, as I have often told you, are clean given up to the pomps and vanities of this world. You use fine-sounding phrases in your letters, but you know you would give every cent of your twenty thousand dollars, this minute, to have me, a handsome woman, at the head of a marble Fifth Avenue sort of house-ruling society, and you a witness and worshipper! Don't you know that? Now I dare say, if these things were in my power, — as you think they are, — I might set higher value on them than I do; but as it is, I am extremely well content with my country hills and my spring chickens, and I seriously think your game is not worth the candle. As a paragraphist for any paper, I think I should lose everything and gain nothing. I rather think, if I grow good all I can here, I shall do very well. At any rate, here is the place where God has put me, and here I stay till He bids me hence.

Mr. Edward Everett I shall have to put on the shelf with the Connecticut saints. You grow rabid at the mere flutter of his mantle. But your insinuations against Whittier pass by me as the idle wind!

Don't you see that what might be fulsome in Boston might be magnanimous in Amesbury? Whittier knows nothing of all you say against E. E. He has probably seen him only as I have seen him — "a rose of Academe." He has stood up against him all his life till the last four years with a bravery undaunted. But now, standing on the grave of his fallen foe, he generously forgets all his evil, so far as possible, or merges it in the purer glow of the sunset hour.

By the way, I gave one of your portraits to my Minnesota sister to take home with her. She desired me to say that she had taken a great deal of pleasure in your letters this winter, and expected to take a good deal more in looking at your picture in her Western home. They have "Future Life," so that they feel tolerably well acquainted with you. They left for Minnesota a week ago Saturday. I went to Boston with them, and we went to see and hear the Great Organ, which really seems to me more grand every time I hear it. Such tempests of sound, and such tender little thrills of melody.

I don't think I was made for an editor. I should lose more by failure than I should gain by success, and success I could not compass. The undertaking would be too difficult, and my reputation now is ahead of my deserts. One of my unknown admirers sent me an elegant picture the other day, elegant and beautiful and nicely framed. I have "lots" of books sent me, and I am as busy as a bee from morning to night, week in and week out, and the summer is coming, and the blue-birds and robins have been here a week, and the grass is already growing green on our bank, and altogether it is going

to be very nice when it grows a little warmer, and I get well of my cold. Good-by.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

MARCH 27.

If I ever see your sister H. I am going to have *one* talk about you. She is a bright woman, and she knows you, and is not your wife; three things not often combined, yet all three necessary to a satisfactory talk, such as I propose to myself. I don't know whether I should like to be "a little, young, pretty girl always," or not. I should have to try it first to see, and I don't know what you mean by going off into such a series of fireworks about me. If I say the least little innocent thing, such as anybody might utter without thinking, why up you fly in a shower of fiery sparks to descend and consume me. And your notions about beauty — I beg your pardon — are all, or chiefly, nonsense. Pretty people are just as clever as ugly people. I don't doubt Miss C. is the most sensible girl of her circle. Anyway, she sings finely, and that is something. Do you imagine I should be any more silly than I am now, if I were tall, with dark eyes and smooth hair, and manners, and presence, and dignity? And don't you believe you would be an unpleasant sort of man if you had had a kingdom, and an army, and freedom and glory, and had lost them all, and had to have your picture taken while you were trudging through the dusty streets barefoot and chained behind the coach of the man who had conquered you? And if you had not seen Miss Hosmer's portrait I should have thought the first thing you would do when I asked you how you liked it would be to go immediately and see it.

APRIL 3.

If my hand seems somewhat shaky don't mind it. Just as I sat down to write you a wretch of a pedlar came to the end door. I opened it and he came in, I falling back gradually. He was so odd that after he had gone I went to the window to see what became of him. He had disappeared, and I went into the parlor to look up the road, and there was the miscreant looking in at the window. I was so scared that I lost all consciousness of fright (sensible, isn't it?), and I went to the front door and flung it wide open, and ordered him away, and the villain was as gallant as you please, — "Vay-y fine parlor, vay-y fine parlor," and bowing and smiling. Oh, how I wanted to be a man and knock him down, and now I am afraid he was taking observations, and will come back to-night and break into the house. What do you think? I wish I was skilled in gunnery. Isn't there a shooting-school in Boston where I could take lessons? If the war should be over pretty soon don't you suppose I could get a pair of Columbiads cheap?

Well, I have alarmed the neighborhood, and now things must take their course; but the vile creature looked so strong. I foresee I shall not write you any kind of a letter, for that pedlar keeps running in my head. Besides, I am watching all the time to see if he comes back. Oh, if there wasn't ever any night, how glad I should be! I can stand things in the daytime when I can see them, but this darkness that peoples the earth with phantoms, and turns all things into giants, and dragons, and ghosts! What a pity, what a pity that Eve ate the apple, and then there wouldn't have been any pedlars. We have a great Indian war-club, and if I can get at him just as he is

climbing in at the window about midnight, I shall knock his brains out without the least remorse, and think it is the best use they can be put to; but I am afraid I shan't wake up till he gets all in, and then it'll be *my* brains.

APRIL 4.

You ought to be very anxious, but I don't suppose you are, still I am going to relieve the anxiety which you ought to feel, by informing you that I still live, and that, thanks to the excellent police system which I improvised yesterday, we slept in peace. Thanks to that *and* Providence, of course, I mean. I went up street and asked a man who was going to Parish meeting to watch the pedlar, and see what became of him. So he did, and when the pedlar came back the man came too, and marched into the barn and around the house as lordly as if he had been one of the family, which I thought was very kind in the man, don't you? and then I gave him fifty cents and asked him to be at the station when the trains came, and see that the pedlar went away, and come and tell me, which he did, ringing the bell at ten o'clock at night, and I got out of bed and went to the window, and concluded the business. Meanwhile, Mr. D., with his usual kindness, had come over and spent the evening, and Mr. French, the minister, ditto, almost which is what we call a levee in Hamilton, and to-day the old clock ticks as usual, and I am

Yours respectfully.

And Richmond is taken —

“ For joy-bells and chorus
The passion comes o'er us
To ring and to sing
For the tidings that bring
The downfall of treason in vision before us.”

Unfortunately, somebody has stolen the halyards, or something, of our flag, so we cannot raise it, and we have no voice for our joy.

But there is one thing I have as well as you, my learned and honorable friend, and that is maple molasses. It came from Keene, sir. It came from Surry, sir, which is beyond Keene. It is not molasses, sir, it is syrup. It is the molten Liquid of Life, sir. It is the distilled essence of sunshine, ruddy as the wine of Hafiz, and sweet as the voice of Contarina. It is four dollars a jug, sir, and the jug sixty-five cents, and I wish we had a row of them all around the house, big enough to contain Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves. Now, if your fountain among the reeds will spout up a constant stream of maple syrup, why count upon my constancy? My flower-garden is very well, thank you, and deserves to be remembered. It is a little under the weather just now, but as soon as we get the old shop moved up for our pantry, and a man to come and plough, and plant, and sow, then I know another man whom I am going after to come and trim up my garden, and I am going to pick out the stones from it, and pave a pathway through the front yard, where it is all grass now, which is lovely, but damp. The peonies are already coming up, and I am taking time by the forelock and watering the garden now, so, if it have a camel's stomach, it will not suffer from next summer's droughts.

If things would be sure to happen just as you want them to happen I should be delighted to see you, but they never do. Something awkward would come and spoil everything. I will tell you, if you will be good and not cross, and I am good and we get into a beautiful world after this, I will be very intimate

and particular friends with you and invite you to my house on the slightest provocation. But you must not go about among flowers and fruits and fine young ladies and pots of butter and then take credit to yourself for not being cross. You must be pawed and clawed from morning till night with disagreeable things, and still be amiable. *That* will be something to reckon on. You should have seen the house I saw in my dreams the other night, and it was mine, so stately, and all shadowed with vines and magnificent trees, and summer breathing through all the coolness — such an indescribable air of comfort, and dignity, and elegance, with all manner of rural loveliness blooming and breathing over it, in which respect it is not unlike

Yours very truly.

HAMILTON, April 15.

MY DEAR: I meant to write you to-day, but the dreadful news this morning has dispirited us all and there seems little interest in anything. The time seems chosen for the purpose of making the shock greatest, and we can only say with "Perley," God help the United States! There is doubtless good to come from this great calamity and wickedness, but as yet it is impossible to see what the good is. It is no new thing for kings to be assassinated, but such butchery as this has seldom been seen and never in this country.

Mary came last Friday in the midst of the rain and stayed till Monday morning. Parker Pillsbury also called in the afternoon — at the front door; I thought he was an agent and opened the door just a crack, but when he announced his name I admitted him to

full communion. He stayed for an hour or so — was odd, individual, interesting. He designed to lecture here, took dinner at Mr. Israel Brown's, and won him over to his side.

In the afternoon Jose and Melly came, and Mr. Dodge brought me a copy of "Skirmishes and Sketches." He had been to Boston and seen Mr. Fields, who told him that they had had very large advance orders for it, that it was all ready to be published but they were waiting for the excitement to abate somewhat — alas, that it is not abated but swallowed up in a new and more terrible one! Alas for the good man cut down in his prime! Alas for the country that has lost its first citizen!

" For the Stars on our banner grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him."

I hope he read my note with his own eye — but I suspect it is doubtful. I told him his rest should be glorious when it did come, but I did not think it would be so glorious, nor so swift in coming.

Wednesday evening I went to P. Pillsbury's lecture. It was interesting and well received, but was more retrospective than reconstructive, and was therefore less valuable than I had hoped it would be. The audience was small and so was the collection. "Red Letter Days" is going through the press.

SPRING, 1865.

Wednesday I had a letter from a Mrs. Pitman of Providence, a friend of Whittier's, who had learned from him that he thought I might go to Quarterly Meeting at Newport, and wished me to visit her in P. Thursday (25) Dio Lewis sent me another invitation

to visit them at Lexington, which was declined with thanks. Dr. and Mrs. Flitner called a few minutes to answer a letter which I sent to uncle and aunt and which Mrs. Cowles declares ought to be published in my memoirs.

Harrison Porter came over and killed our rooster, to my deep regret. He was the best rooster I ever saw. I have heard of their being gallant, but never saw one before — but he was a model of chivalry, the very soul of unselfishness, clucked like a hen to her chicks, and never seemed to eat anything — almost flew at me whenever I made trouble among the hens. But he is gone — into a chicken-pie! I had a letter from New York offering unlimited salary to contribute to the new paper “The Nation,” also from Philadelphia ditto — for another paper. Both declined. Thursday, Fast Day, we went to Manchester, resolving that we would have kept the day scrupulously if it had been the day first appointed. Also we had a half intention of going to church, and as the bell rang in Beverly Farms just as we got there, we halted and went into a Baptist meeting-house and heard a very loyal sermon.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

APRIL 27, 1865.

I am going to write to you to say that I send you, with this, a copy of “Skirmishes and Sketches,” which I happen to have in my possession. I should have sent it before, only it is not worth sending. We have fourteen chickens, all healthy and handsome, and I have bought some flower seeds, and a prairie-rose, and a bush-honeysuckle, and a d-e-u-t-z-i-e (?), and geraniums, and daisies, and feverfews, and things,

and a man came and set out the great trees, and I shall put in the mustard seeds myself, and to-day is cloudy and warm and I have been out-doors three hours, including breakfast and a few such trifles.

The pedlar did not do any harm by looking into the window. I like to have people looking in at windows, it is so social.

I congratulate you on your watch-chain, but dear me, I have two, and watches besides. One is in my watch-case, and the other is planted in the Connecticut valley somewhere. The first my scholars gave me, and two summers ago I went to walk in Hartford across the fields and lost it, and then a man gave me another, a beauty, in a hunting-case, and don't you tell of it, for my mother does not know it to this day.

Was not I good to keep it from her? I killed three hundred thousand caterpillars yesterday. Fire. But a good many of them are alive this morning.

MAY 6, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. W.: I have three letters from you like Jeremiah's figs, the last good, very good, the first very bad, not fit for the pigs. No, Mr. Wood, I will not flatter you. The letter you send me this morning is so excellent that I am moved to have it framed and glazed, taken to the meeting-house, and read from the pulpit at the very least. The last long one that preceded it was so bad that I was quite out of conceit with you — a hateful, fault-finding, "cantankerous" spirit, which you must cast out neck and heels if you expect ever to have a good time with Mrs. Jay and Perpetua, and Frankie, — low, mercenary, worldly, self-sufficient, evil-concentrating. Now I suppose you expect me go into particulars. Not

I — to justify my accusations. No, sir, I have not looked at the letter since that morning, and now you have come out a gentleman and a Christian once more, so let by-gones be by-gones. By the way, what would you give to read your “character” by Mrs. Rollins. She understands you extremely well, I think, considering she has seen you so little, but she is a seeing woman, and of uncommon intellectual acuteness and power.

Your little *carte de visite* (is that the way to spell it?) is going into the handsomest frame that can be found for it.

My new dress is a kind of travelling-dress. Mrs. F. and I bought it. I was up there staying three or four days, and we went shopping and I bought everything she told me to — an English straw hat, trimmed with blue and brown velvet, with a stunning blue feather, long and twisted and the most magnificent color, price that would have delighted the pomps and vanities of your worldly heart, and an elegant and fashionable sack, with alarming buttons, the prettiest in Hovey’s (I believe it was) warehouse, and no end of pockets stuck all over it, and this dress, soft dove-colored stripes, trimmed with brilliant blue cord and tails and all, and, do you believe, I put on my trappings and pranced down into the parlor to show off, and now, says Mrs. F., you can travel from one end of the United States to the other! Oh! and a pair of boots, and I am going to send to New York for Stewart’s gloves, and then!

Now, miserable man, you know how you gloat over such vanities as these and then talk “Baptist” and leathern girdle and wild honey in the next line. I have some wild honey, by the way. I sent up to New

Hampshire for some maple syrup, the very golden juice of the sun, and, if possible, I will save "a drap" against you come next summer. I am not sure it will keep. If you should see the way I eat it you would not be very sure either.

I work out-doors a great deal, and a great deal more in the house, and am busy from morning till night, and often think what a mercy it is you don't live in Hamilton, because you are such an idle person, you know, and would be lounging about so much, but I should turn you into the garden and set you at work weeding!

Thank you for your good words anent the new book. I have not had a very overweening opinion of its merits, and should not have sent you a copy only I knew you would be sending for one if I didn't. However, I hope it may strike others more favorably than it does me. Don't you mean "New Atmosphere" all the time you are talking about "Stumbling Blocks"? I don't think the latter has been particularly abused by the "religious press," and I know that the former has, to its and my great advantage.

Politically, I agree enthusiastically with every word of your letter, and wish your views might be carried out to the letter and in the spirit. The "N. Y. World" comes, and I read it. It may be able, but I have thought it was a Satanic ability. "Harper's Weekly," "Punch," the "Army and Navy Journal," are also here and welcome. I expect the "Unitarian Monthly" is going to follow Edward through the heavens, and make all the "illustrious and sainted men," as one of his eulogists has it, take off their hats to him. I wonder whether he will be on good terms with Mr. John Brown up there. I believe, on my soul, you

will look askance on him for the first century or two, at least.

Mr. Todd, formerly of Newburyport, now a gentleman at large, spent the evening here the other day, and has sent me a very curious breast-pin made of an oil-nut in its natural state, if you will believe me. I like to work out-doors. Mrs. F. sent me down a "Anonymous," which came to her from "My Farm at Edgewood," but her garden is not ready to receive it, and mine is. I went to the little church in C., horrid! Yes it was, and you would have said so — such a stamping and ranting. In Boston we went to hear a Mr. Carroll read Browning, which he did very finely. I never heard any one read Browning so well. Miss Palfrey was at tea with us, a most brilliant, entertaining, and agreeable woman. We have fourteen little chickens, the loveliest, healthiest, hungriest little rogues you ever saw.

M. A. D.

MAY 9, 1865.

MY DEAR: Tuesday I had a letter from Mrs. Spalding, in which she informed me that she had sprained her wrist badly, and that my "Christ as a Preacher" was mischievous and heretical. I went over to Mr. D's to show my hat — he informed me that it made me look like a saucy girl of sixteen. They have had a great meeting at Savannah, about the assassination. Friday your letter came and one from E. H. She says that was a terrible night in Washington — horror and amazement all night long. She saw the inaugural performance of A. Johnson. She says "he did not seem so much like a drunken man as one under some demoniacal influence.

His better self seemed all the while struggling against some malign spirit." She says she "never saw a human being's face so redeemed and glorified by exaltation of sentiment as Mr. Lincoln's was that day. It was fairly radiant. It was as if this world were slipping away from his grasp and a better opened to him." "Robert has deported himself in the manliest manner." She says of "New Atmosphere": "All women and all independent thinkers like it," and sends her love to you. Friday afternoon was preparatory. I killed caterpillars all noon time, chased Mrs. Porter's hens home, and then went to lecture, meditating by what scriptural authority the church appointed a preparatory lecture, anyway. I don't remember that anything of the sort was done in the Bible, but I was a little taken aback when I got there to hear Mr. Sewell congratulate himself that he was going to have two this week — ours as well as his own. But he didn't deceive me. He didn't come for the delight of it, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, but because Mr. French was moving and wanted him to preach for him, and he would preach one of his old sermons for Mr. Sewell next day. However, if I could do all the talking at lectures I dare say I should like two a week as well as they. Saturday I had a nice letter from Mr. Wood, one of his best. He says, too, that it is thought Mr. Johnson was drugged, that a very pious lady from Nashville who had known him, I think, from a child, said that he never was drunk, or to that effect, and that ex-Vice-President Hamlin, who has known him for twenty years, says he has always been a sober man.

President French sent me a new instalment of

“religious press” criticism, headed “Moral Pestilence and Death,” “Bad as Bad Can Be,” etc. N. Y. O. (not O. Y. F.) seems awaking to the true state of the case and says but for the religious newspapers, etc., the book “would have perished at its birth in its native corruption.”

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

MAY 9.

By the way, what you say about the law adds to the irrepressible conflict in my mind. Are law and politics necessarily so bad? May they not be purified? I don't like to think that any profession or occupation *demand*s a low living, because there your immovable force comes in contact with your irresistible body. Oh, how that sentence has wobbled around wrong! If my arm were not so tired, aching, I would be eloquent here, there is material enough, but you see what I am at, don't you?

You can't see me “because I wear a veil.” I do everywhere for that matter, but a lace veil out-doors. I am such “a little, timid, tender person,” you know, such a dear little, delicate lily of the valley, knowing no sterner duty than to give caresses and fits to a few caterpillars now and then, a fragile, drooping, sensitive plant, whose clear and eloquent blood speaks in her cheeks, and so distinctly *wreaks* that you might almost say her body *thicks*. Let us have rhyme whether we can catch reason or not.

No, I have not read the “Aimless and Anxious Females,” but it sounds attractive, and I wish you would send it to me as you did Wendell Phillips' speech, but you won't have the same inducement that you did

then, — a column of personal abuse of me, that was what made you so forward to send that paper, and Dr. Vermilye, — no, it wasn't either, it was your own kind heart, and I am a heartless, ungrateful miscreant, and I thank you with all my heart. I did not write your name in "S. & S."¹ of malice aforethought. It is not worth while, but I will write it in as many "New Atmospheres" as you please. That is a book to live or die by, for the truth that is in it is not of an age, but for all time. It may be roughly hewn, but you must always have your pioneer with his pick-axe before your Grecian temple can go up. There is a most lovely bird prinking himself in the apple tree.

HAMILTON, May 24, 1865.

MY DEAR SHEIKH: What is the good, I should like to know, of being a Quaker if you are going to lose your sweet temper on every little provocation, just like a world's people? I thought Friends were equanimous, and never swore at you nor anything. But you call me "a —— woman," and in the newspapers that dash always means a wicked word. Now then!

Besides, my dear, you told a fib. Don't you know you did? Did you not begin with saying that you did not know that it would be any satisfaction to me, etc., etc., when you *knew* it would be the greatest satisfaction? Oh! yes, you did know it perfectly well. You know that if no one else in the world cared for it — if, indeed, every one abused it, and it amused you for a day or in a storm — I should be glad I wrote it all the same. That is the second

¹ "Skirmishes and Sketches."

count in my indictment. . . . As to violating confidence, my friend, that is impossible, for thee never gave me any to violate. Thee knows I never could get anything out of thee but by main force; and when I thought I had thee fairly started, and could begin to sit back in my chair and take mine ease in mine inn, thee would be sure to break off short, and run into the closet for a handful of wood, or do some other unnecessary and utterly irrelevant thing. I mean to have that wood-room walled up next time I come, or else I will take my chair and sit down in front of it, as they did at thy favorite Episcopal Church in Salem last Sunday to prevent the rector from preaching. Think of that, Master Brooke! The church spending the holy Sabbath day in a brawl! The direct descendant of St. Peter fist-cuffing his wardens away from the vestry, and marching through the streets with his robes on his arm, and a procession of the faithful trotting after him to his own house to hear the gospel of love dispensed (with). Well, who knows whether something equally regrettable will not happen to you if you don't confide more in me? If you would trust to my honor, and say, "Abig'il Jane, I purpose to give thee the history of my life and sufferings from the beginning down to a period which is within the memory of men still living," why I should be all ears. There would be no tongue left in me. As it is, I have to pursue knowledge with such infinite cost of time and pains that I am sure what I get is fairly earned—mine in fee simple, to have and to hold, for better, for worse.

Beside, it is all nonsense what thee says about "not necessary," and all that. On the contrary, it

is the central tank and fountain around which the whole temple — and if I can't have the tank, you can't have the temple — so give me back my story and take your northeast rain-storm. And I don't believe thee cares one bit, anyway. I know *I* don't. It's no use thee thinking thee is going to have thy way all the time. They flatter thee up — the people do all about — till thee think thee can lord it over a snipe like me most unconscionably. Well, I'm not of much account, I know ; but I will speak out occasionally, and thee may scold to thy heart's content. I like thee scolding and I like thee smiling, and I hurl defiance at thee. Thee says thee cannot look into Annie Fields' face and blame her for anything, but thee makes up for it the moment thee looks in my face ! I shall not go to Newport, but you better go. They will all be so delighted, and they will take care of you if you are sick, and cosset you up beautifully. I'd go !

JUNE 7.

A good somebody over in Newburyport, whom I never saw, has sent me dozens of plants, and Mr. D., the good man, came over in the rain and set them out under an umbrella. Now if you make a mistake there, it must be from inborn intellectual fatuity and not from any want of clearness in the narrative. But I told the tale for the moral's sake, which is to you-ward. See how Mr. D., who makes no professions, comes and works in my gravel bed while some one whom I could mention, who swears eternal fidelity, stands afar off and only lifts up his voice in laughter at my poor little thirsty orphans. There are people I know skilful in corn and kine, but where in

their hearts are the beautiful virtues of modesty and charity? And not even echo finds her tongue in response. I have had many roses this year, and each rose has had many bugs, and they have all thriven. Think how many homes I have made happy.

Of course a politician, or a lawyer, or a merchant may be a good, true, honest man as I very well know, but they are very often not, though we have sore need of such good men. Now I know nothing about it of mine own self, but you don't think the best in the world of law, and there is great talk of knavery among the others, but Dan will have only beautiful things to do all his life. He will only have to work his material into the best possible shapes. I think his bracket is lovely, and I have put them both up in my room under an engraving of one of Landseer's pictures, tell him. We have not had canker-worms this year, and only one last year, but we have had caterpillars, which to me are more dreadful, if there *is* any degree in the horror with which I regard them. I think these feelings are by instinct. Certainly I never had any fright or any teaching, yet all these creeping things are inexpressibly loathsome to me. I don't object to flies, or the winged animals generally, though I don't like rose-bugs.

In looking over your letter I find you signalize the first of June by dining on crackers and milk. A remarkable coincidence, for when I was in Boston I dined on crackers and milk at Mrs. Haven's saloon, and nice milk it was, too, and a great deal of it, more than I could eat, to my sorrow, and I had them put a great lump of ice in it, and it was delicious. You know I was excited and all a-fever as usual, and the mere thought of eating well-nigh choked me, but the

ice-cold milk was a refrigerator. We have it a great deal at home in the summer. My mother and I drink neither tea nor coffee.

JUNE 24, 1865.

I told you I would write you a lovely letter, and so I will, but I don't know what it will be about. I went up to Boston to see you and comfort you for your lost gold watch, but I could find nothing of you, and so I meandered into the Mt. Vernon Church and took council with the Reverend Fathers assembled there. I had a fine time of it. The clergy and all the elect were downstairs, and all we old wives and *profanum vulgus* were in the galleries, and no passing to and from to speak of, and nobody saw me, and I saw everybody and sat still and at rest. Now why did not you just drop in and indulge in notes and comments? I think it would have been charming, I assure you, that our Orthodox brethren were a highly respectable body, and I was very strongly confirmed in my Calvinism. If I had not been Orthodox before I should have become so on the spot. Men, not principles!

Later.

I never drank a cup of tea nor of coffee since I was nine years old. Then I went away on a visit for the first time, and the coffee did not suit me, and I thought it was less trouble to do without it altogether than to get it right, and never have touched it since.

Life always sat very loosely on me. I have no particular plans for this world, and never did have any. I just live along from day to day, taking things as they come. Better has happened to me than I ever dreamed of happening to me, but far below what

might happen if the order of the universe were changed. I have no hope of any personal revenue from the future beyond what the past has brought me, and I do not know that I ever was sanguine. The only personal ambition I recollect was when I should have left school to have a steel-colored silk dress with a large cape, and not to marry any one till I had taught school a year. I never had the steel-colored silk, and I did teach my year, but I found no great sorrow in the one, and no great solace in the other — but other things have come and a change of base followed, and somehow it does not seem as if there was any me at all. I am, like the late Confederacy, a mere shell. Somewhere, I suspect, hidden in some remote corner, the germ of a person with large personal life lies unseen, and will one day, under other skies, spring into light and then it will be me, but for the present, I am one, and another, and all souls, but in the great stress of the world there is no room for me. In a crowd whoever can hold himself in abeyance ought to do so, for the great throng have no consciousness and no choice but to be obvious. But when I do live, how I shall live!

Thank you for your honeysuckle. I have a little one that fills the air with fragrance. Now good-by. Be good and you will be happy, at least you will be much better off than if you are not good, and if you are not just so happy all the time you must not mind it. They are all doing very well at home, I doubt not, only they all want you, and Pamela, strange to say, thinks you are the nicest old dear that ever was, and is afraid you will get all tired and dusty and uncomfortable, and the children are wondering if it will be a week, or a month, before you will come, and I

think it is not much when you come, seeing, wherever you are, there is a good brave man who sparkles so on the surface that one might think him but a glassy inland pool if he had not eyes to see, under the sparkle, honest, still sea-depths — none the less profound for the sunshine that plays over them. And when an angel goes down and troubles the waters, I hope my friend will remember that it *is* an angel, a messenger from heaven — and not to be too sorely dismayed.

I “guess” he thinks I am his grandmother by the way I talk to him, but the moment I really care for any one, I always begin to feel sort of grandmotherly towards him, her, or it.

[To MR. WOOD.]

JUNE 26, 1865.

You will be delighted to know that I have been strengthening my bulwarks by watching the proceedings of the council now assembled in Ashburton Place, though I watched from the galleries and took only a limited and entirely private part in the discussions. But it is worth while even to look on the Columbiads of Congregationalism — Bacon, Dutton, the Beechers, the Sturtevents, Todd, Thompson, Park, etc. Governor Buckingham is a fine-looking gentleman, really fine and gentle as I looked down upon him, — and the assistant moderator, Colonel Hammond, a layman of Chicago, is one of the most executive Executives I ever saw. I like to see him act, he seems to have the Council so well in hand, and knows just what to do, and does it. Nothing inspires confidence like confidence, with facts to stand on. But why am I telling all this to a poor forlorn Baptist,

who has neither part nor lot in Congregationalism? Why, simply to give an account of myself, not in the least to "aggravate" him. But some of the scenes where I have "assisted" have been of no denominational interest, but lay hold on large issues of state as well as church. The response to the foreign delegation, Quint's, Thompson's, Vaughan's, Raleigh's, and Beecher's speeches, was extremely interesting, more so than any report will tell you. I was just glad to see England arraigned and explaining, though I was glad, too, that matters took a turn not only pacific, but fraternal. Yet how great an eye-opener is success! But I think we shall not build you a church in Washington. It seems far better to build in our waste places, than where there are already plenty cumberers of the ground.

In liking the "Henriade" you only side with the majority, who must be simply pleased with the homeliness and rusticity of the subject, as the paper has no other especial merit. But I suppose many people are reminded by it of their early experiences and so the one touch of nature makes the whole world *kind* towards it. "Skirmishes and Sketches," I am told, goes very well. The "Folly in Israel" has been opposed, but courteously, in the "Sunday-school Times." With this letter goes also the last proof of a sixth book by a well-known popular author. It is, however, only a children's book, and will make no especial stir in the world, let us pray heaven.

Your protest against turning Unitarian shall go upon record, notwithstanding we the Council have declared that we are no more Trinitarian than we are Unitarian. There's for you. But the trouble with you is not that you call a spade a spade, but that you

call a silver sugar-spoon a spade, and see it as a spade, and use it spade-wise. However, it is not worth while to distress yourself about this, especially as I know you won't.

And I am charmed by your proposition that I lay to your credit your printed letters. Pray do the same by me, and our correspondence will conduct itself voluminously, summarily, and in a way much to be regretted by the post-office department.

I shall not go to Quarterly meeting. And Whittier is not going, either. He says as he could get no one to go with him he concluded not to go at all, and betook himself to the mountains, which is much better for him, I think.

I wish you would look about and see if you can find something pretty for a money-holder. The other day I lost my purse in Boston—left it on the counter at Chandler's, with twenty-five or thirty dollars in it. They were honest, and restored it; but, on examining it, I found I should be quite ashamed of advertising it. It is all burst out, and battered, and shabby, and I want something new, and fresh, and pretty, so that if I lose it it will be worth finding, and I shall not blush in knowing that men call it "mine."

I found a whole pile of letters waiting for me when I got home. The Ashbys have sent for me to go to The Laurels to-morrow, and the ——s to meet them at Gorham, N.H., which is simply impossible, but I design to go to The Laurels, as I have declined for several years, but I hate to go, there will be so many people there, and I shall be dreadfully looked at, but I shall wear my veil, and keep it down, and make the best of it.

JUNE 30, 1865.

A lady came to me in the cars and asked if this was Miss Hamilton? I said no. Had I been thought to resemble her? Not that I ever heard of! Oh! why she asked was because she was going to The Laurels, and she thought I might be going, too, and she feared she might have taken the wrong day. I said *I* was going to The Laurels, too, and it was all right. You should have seen the breathless attention and astonishment of Messrs. Benson and Cutler during the colloquy, which I maintained with the utmost frankness and gravity. "Why," said Mr. Benson when she had gone, "doesn't she mean Gail Hamilton?" "I don't know what she meant," I replied emphatically, "I only answered what she said." They agreed I should make a good lawyer. At Mr. Spalding's I found Lucy Larcom and a Professor Webster. After talking awhile he asked me if I lived in Newburyport. I said no, I lived in Hamilton. What! you are not Gail Hamilton? Oh! no, not at all. Well, *I was* entirely different from the idea he had formed — but being from the town of Hamilton he did not know but that, etc., etc. Lucy Larcom opened wide eyes at me, but I went on talking, and it all passed off. It was a fine day and we went to The Laurels in a steamer and two gondolas lashed to its sides. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, was there, about fifty or so, iron gray hair in curls, dark and rather masculine complexion, fine eyes, peculiar mouth, rather full lips, talks rapidly and a little recklessly like me — saucy and witty, and funny and entirely original — and very natural — and gives you an idea of strength — not in the least seminary-ish, or teacher-ish, or fine lady-ish, or pedantic. Mrs. Oliver was

there also, my Lynn friend, with Mrs. John B. Alley, Mrs. Bubier, sister of Mrs. Sewell Annable, Julia Hayes, Lucy Everett, Abner Goodell, and three hundred more, and Whittier. He was in tolerable health and good spirits — saw the Fields at Campton, had a poem read, which I told him I could have written if I had only thought of it, and he wished I had read it. The number of my admirers was quite wonderful to see, but, as I remarked to Whittier, it is sometimes convenient to be lionized, because you get so well waited on. Miss Mitchell brought her niece to me, remarking that she was of the gushing age, and just silly enough to be enthusiastically carried away by me. Going home Professor Webster edged himself in by me and brought forward Professor Park's "respectable man," declaring that he supposed I denied my identity in the same way. I assured him that I never denied my identity — that my name was on the town records and I always answered to it. Nevertheless he expressed his own and his wife's regard for me, and I sent her a spray of laurel. Mr. Todd was there and had sent me by letter the night before a five-hundred dollar Treasury note and a ten-dollar bill — but unfortunately not payable till two years after a treaty of peace between the United and the Confederate States.

JULY 3, 1865.

BELOVED BRETHREN: We will take for the subject of our discourse, "Trouble." The sermon naturally divides itself into two heads:

1. Roomatic.
2. Cut-worm,

which, unfortunately, has many heads. Now, Alice, rheumatism is a bad thing, and I can sympathize with Jamie, if not with you, out of the depths of my own personal experience, for I well remember how I used to stand by "maw-maw, hand in boony" (hers), "finger in mousey" (mine), when she was having her "spells," but I think I never arrived at your vagabond's hard-heartedness, and extracted amusement for myself out of her groans. But although mother has had rheumatism, it has, as you know, not followed her up constantly by any means, and therefore I hope yours will be equally lenient, and even more so.

Next the cut-worm and the chine(h) bug and the grasshopper. Well, I don't know what they mean, but I have a theory of things in general which includes them, and you shall have the benefit of it forthwith. I am inclined to think that the whole human race is to be looked at as one individual. It is created for some unspoken purpose, but just now, and for a good while, it is to be educated. We shall not find the end, the object of its life, in this world, for here it is only put to school. Plagues, diseases, earthquakes, wholesale railroad accidents, wars, and chinch-bugs are its defects, which it must grow strong to overcome. By its wisdom it has extracted the terror from thunder-storms, or is on the way to do so. Whole districts suffer from drought, and will continue to do so until the race has learned the true method of irrigation. Locust and grasshopper and canker-worm will devour, until man, instigated by their ravages, will have devised some way to conquer them and reduce them to their true sphere. It is at once man's promise, and his doom, to have dominion over

the earth, and till he establishes such dominion, until he has learned and located all the forces of nature, set them all in their just position, and given them all their proportionate work, — saying to this one “come up hither,” and to that one “thus far shalt thou go and no farther,” — until he has thus dominion over them, they will continue to vex and thwart and torment him. Otherwise, he would not take pains to fulfil his destiny. If these rebellious subjects did not trouble him he would sit down quietly under his own vine and fig-tree, and never attempt to subdue the world. As it is, the canker-worm here, and the potato-rot there, and the cattle-disease in a third place, and the tornado in a fourth are constantly reminding man that his kingdom is not subdued, and constantly inciting him to new efforts.

But this great individual, the human race, is made up of separate individuals, just as if every drop of blood and every cell of the tissue in a man's body were a sentient being. So while the race is going through the process of education that process bears hard on the individual. And if this world were all, if there were no revelation, I should say it was a very unjust and cruel arrangement. It will be a thousand years before the great laws of health are known and obeyed; meanwhile you are suffering from rheumatism. What comfort for your lost corn do you find in believing that at some far distant future all your loss will have tended to make men discover just how to keep chinch-bugs down to numbers which will be harmless? It was necessary to teach the world the barbarism of slavery, but the starved soldiers in Libby and Andersonville and Saulsbury were none the less wretched for that. Well, I take it the thing

is just this, — while the great individual Race is growing, the small, individual Man is growing still more. The Race lives only for this world, the men that compose it have an after life. It is a world within a world. The good which we see is the means. The end is something which we do not see. All these things must happen for the profit of the race, even though the individual man is crushed beneath them, but he can afford to be crushed, because another life awaits him. The race cannot afford to be crushed, because this world is its only theatre. Now these very things that crush him, man, may turn to his highest good — even in this world, and especially in the next. What belongs to this world is of secondary importance, even of but third and fourth importance. It is a thing of temporary account whether you have three or ten acres of corn ; a hundred years hence it will be all the same. But a hundred and a thousand years hence it will be of great consequence whether the ravages of the chinch-bug made your patience stronger, and led you more closely to the Divine Bestower of all things. To be poor or to be rich is of itself of no moment, but to make poverty and wealth conducive to upright character, to gentle living, and truthful speech and charitable thought — that is the true work of life. Money brings just as truly trial as lack of money. When the world shall have thoroughly learned righteousness, we shall have no squalid poverty, but meanwhile this squalid poverty may work out enduring riches. The almost universal prevalence of sorrow is to my mind a strong proof of immortality. There must be some future state in which all this sorrow shall be shown to have had a great work to do. It is well nigh impossible to find

any grown person who has not known anxiety and perplexity, and has not needed to exercise much faith and patience, and this faith and patience is of more real and lasting worth than the greatest worldly prosperity. So, then, we have two things to console us in trouble. First, as all our suffering comes from some violation of law it will tend to the discovery of that law, and so to the ultimate benefit of the human race; and secondly, long and long before the human race can reap any benefit from it, we ourselves, on the spot, may turn it to the very best of purposes, to forming a noble character — may by it lift our thoughts away from this world where so much is wrong to another world where all will be bright; and so every trouble is but a reminder of the eternal happiness. “Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord — forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.”

SEPTEMBER 21, 1865.

Thursday Mary came up in the morning and went to the reception with us in a great market wagon furnished with seats, something like a mountain wagon. The reception was very successful. There was plenty of food and very good, no rudeness, no rushing to the table, no boisterous laughing or talking. Everything was done decently and in order. After the white dancing was over Elias Haskell, his two daughters, and another man danced. It was as good dancing as I ever saw, graceful, elastic, and lithe, notwithstanding their uncouth figures and large, heavy feet. Mr. French went away before the dancing

began. Mrs. D. said she had done all *she* could — warned Mr. French away, and told Peters ¹ to get under the table and she would put the table-cloth over him. Mr. James wants to come down and see me, but I told him he had waited so long he might as well wait a little longer till I get my new carpet and then come down and inaugurate it.

[To MR. F.]

SEPTEMBER 23.

I am sorry you are gone to Amherst. It was so nice to have you in Boston where I could run in and out and rest myself with the sight of your kindly face and the sound of your pleasant voice, and now you are miles and miles beyond reach, and my bird is dead and buried in a corner of my garden, and my garden itself is dust and ashes, dead of thirst while I was in Vermont, and besides, by and by, I was going to have an inaugural ball to commemorate the rehabilitation of my rooms, and invite you and have “refreshments,” and where are you? Wound all up in a cocoon of Agricultural Colleges and boarding. But then you are doing a good work, and I ought to be thankful the right man has got hold of it, and I am. You will be the first President. Only think what an old man you will be when posterity gets hold of you, a solemn stalking-horse (what that is I don’t know), as Cotton Mather and his like are to us. How few there will be who will feel that you ever made jokes or laughed heartily, wrote letters to me, — nice ones too, and some not so nice, quite ill-natured, in fact! Where do you suppose you and I will be when

¹ The minister and deacon. — Ed.

the antiquarians are hunting up our dates in some old biographical dictionary, and what shall we be?

OCTOBER 7.

One fact worthy of note I must not forget, that there is a telegraph running through Hamilton, though we shall derive little benefit from it except the pleasure of seeing it run. It follows the high-road. The wires are not yet up, only the poles. Last Sunday Professor Jewett preached very acceptably — the one who lost his leg by a railway accident several years ago, and then invented another in some points superior to the original. At the P.O. I found I had lost my purse. I instituted a search and discovered it lying on the grass in front of the barn, where it had dropped the night before; about twenty dollars in it. Thursday I had a letter from Whittier saying that he was ill and could not come, but would come some other time, unless the invitation was like railroad tickets — “good for this day only.” Whittier’s niece is going to school at Ipswich after Thanksgiving, and he wants me then to come over and make a long visit, and says: “Thee shall sleep on feathers above and below like a Dutch woman if thee like, and say and do just what thee pleases, and I will be pleased with everything.” Friday evening in the coach came Judge French. We went over to Mr. D’s for an hour, as they wanted to talk about the college. Mr. D. was expecting a negro lecturer there, and when we came supposed it was he and his wife till we were fairly in the house. His first coolness and his secondary surprise were very comical. When we came back we got a little lunch, and sat up talking and walking, for he can keep still no more than I — till I

asked him what time it was. He said, oh! no matter, *he* didn't know what time it was. I said it must be as much as ten o'clock, and then he took out his watch and said it had been ten o'clock — 'twas now about quarter after twelve, whereupon we adjourned the meeting. He went away in the 8.30 train. He is good-looking, rather short, very clean and nice, very penetrating eye, nervous, entertaining, says quaint little things in a quaint way. We had been disputing about something, and I said, "Mr. French, I am persuaded at heart we think alike if we could only know." "I flatter myself we don't," with a funny look that makes you laugh in spite of yourself. He is gentlemanly and orthodox, though, as he says, "not grossly so." He says he would rather be a puppy in a basket with three other puppies than president of a college in Amherst with only one other president in town, and he in the other basket!

I had a letter lately from Mr. Gage in Gotha, where the second wife and most of the children of Perthes live, and he knows them well and says they are in every sense the best people of Gotha. There is not a descendant of Perthes living who does not do honor to the founder of the family — which I think is very remarkable. Mrs. Rev. Pike of Rowley drove over yesterday and brought Miss Annie Jacques, daughter of old Dr. Jacques, to whom mother used to go to school. They only stayed a short half hour.

[To JUDGE FRENCH.]

OCTOBER 16.

It is remarkable to see how full-grown men and women will behave like very children, but the world's work has to be done in spite of their weakness and

evil behavior. Here, now, is this Agricultural College to be got under way, and you are the man to do it, and, if all sorts of pettinesses are to be encountered, why, then, you must encounter them, that's all. You must look at what is to be done, not at what stands in the way of its doing. When you are vexed by mean little personal piques, and small views and narrow jealousies, you must inwardly resolve yourself to pass by a thousand leagues on the other side of them, so you shall make even these stumbling-blocks stepping-stones to greatness. Above all things, don't let them sour and sharpen you, and destroy your peace of mind. I don't suppose any great thing was ever done without being surrounded by just such a fog of little things, only we don't always see them.

Now if you pin me down to syllogisms, why, I confess I have not the smallest reason to offer for writing to you. I don't doubt your grandmother said all these things to you hundreds of years ago, and your mother repeated them, and "Pamela" fortifies you against all ills every day of her life, let alone your own good sense. Still, there never can a pie come mincing up but up jump I, and must immediately put my finger in it. Moreover, don't you know, we all do things, sometimes, because we like to do them, rather than because we really expect to accomplish anything by them? If you had broken your arm I should run in to see you next morning, without the smallest expectation of setting it, but simply because it was a matter of concern with me that you had broken your arm. Well, now, isn't it a great deal worse to have stupid persons breaking your plans, or at least, straining and cracking them, than to have

the forces of nature thumping at your bones? If you only could come down and see me this morning! There is a nice coal-fire, and it is so dismal out-doors. If all nice people could be born old friends how nice it would be! There is this, however, that when things go smoothly I don't think I care much about people anyway, but when the rough and rasping comes, why, then I feel as if I would like to do something. I rather think I was born for adversity, as against prosperity. When people are happy I don't in the least know what to do about it, except let them alone. When a gale ruffles the surface then you may at least keep a lookout. When you get tired and fretted you must comfort yourself with the end in view — and what did the old Frenchman say? — “Rest? I shall have all eternity to rest in” — or something like that, somebody said.

Quite an event happened in church yesterday. A minister got hold of an idea, — not our own, but a neighboring clergyman, — a man of rut and routine, — got a real, living truth on his lips, and announced it as the theme of his discourse, and I sat wondering whereunto this thing would grow, and mentally warning him, *à la* Joe Gargery, “Pip, old chap, you'll do yourself a mischief. You can't have chawed it, Pip!” However, he did no more harm with it than a child with a silver dollar. It was too big for him to swallow, so he did not strangle, and he was not strong enough to hurl it away, so he neither lost it nor broke the windows with it, but quietly put it in his pocket, and walked home under his umbrella, complacently unconscious of the jewel he had been sporting with.

Now you have got into the Agricultural College,

and you must stay there till you can get into heaven, and never look back. It won't be a great while, anyway, and it does not matter much what we do for the few years we are here, if it is only honest work honestly done. And this is manifestly and preëminently your work. If it were all plain sailing anybody could do it. But if the sea is stormy so much the more need of a skilful mariner.

Wherefore, I pray, the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.

OCTOBER 20.

They are getting up a barrel of clothes here for the contrabands, and trying to get money enough to buy a new furnace for our side of the meeting-house. I gave a little money rather dubiously, as I am just now undecided as to whether it is not the best thing to tear down all our meeting-houses, throw ecclesiasticism back to chaos, and see if we cannot crystallize anew into some better forms. At least, I should be glad of something that would make people study the Bible. However, I go to church regularly — walking orderly and keeping the law like Paul, though I do not believe in it any more than he did — by law I don't mean the doctrine of the Bible, but the commandments of men.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

NOVEMBER 14.

I don't believe that stupidity is the essence of religion, nor strangeness the essence of reverence. It seems to me the good God himself must look upon sundry of our ecclesiastical antics as very ridiculous, let alone those which are something worse. I think you like me a little and I am very glad. I mean that

you rather like me than otherwise. Every additional friend helps you to keep yourself in countenance. I don't know that humility is my weakness. I believe it is not generally so considered, but it always rather surprises me to be tolerated, I seem to myself so — so dreadful, somehow, that I don't see what kind of eyes they can be that see otherwise.

I do not think it is in the least odd that you should treasure up Mrs. S's letters if they are as good as those she writes me. They are better than most books. I should expect you to do the same with mine if they were one half as good, and not only that, but to publish them after my lamented demise, and my sole regret would be that I should not be alive to read them myself! What I should like in this world is perfect freedom of circulation among moral atomies just as there is among the physical atoms in water and air. I suppose it is on account of the hardness of our hearts that society is solid and not liquid. Nobody wants everything of anybody, but you do like one thing from one, and another from another, and if only there were no palings to forbid, how would one "gather honey all the day from every opening flower" and nourish for himself such juicy life! I see quite well that it is best as it is because life in ordinary is so very, very, very low — but one can conceive it might be so high and heavenly that we might mount up with wings as angels. I sometimes wonder whether the earth always will be so badly off as now. Certainly our lungs have a possibility of adaptation to sweeter airs, and our eyes are not blind in a purer light. Now you will be sure to say here that I think I am too good for this world. No, I don't think anything of the kind. I am not too

good for the world as God made it, but I think I could stand a little better world than society has made it over! I am not very good, though, and it does not matter much one way or the other. You need not give your false date to Mr. D. and your true one to me, for he writes letters on Sundays, and reads the papers, and such things, which I don't. There is seldom any use in trying to reproduce things. You know I tried to make you all along be content with such things as ye have, and you are come to it at last.

What am I writing? A letter to you. My plans for winter? Nothing, only to live on, and on, and on, till I am called hence; and if God will only continue to me health and strength to work, and work, and work, I will ask for myself nothing more; that is, you know, nothing very strenuously. But, then, the Lord does not always give you what you ask; so it is well always to be prepared for the worst, and the best way, I suspect, is to think nothing about it. I am *real* glad to be alive. I am glad I was born in the first place. It does not seem as if there was any world till I came into it. Is that modesty? And when I think of the possibility even of living forever, and the sun growing every day brighter and the skies bluer, and the infinite heavens opening up to you, isn't it glorious? I wonder if I ever shall sit down and have a real good long talk with Paul. I believe I like him the best of them all. I can't conceive he should ever take the least notice of me; but if he should give lectures I could go and hear them, and there is so much true in heaven that one could very well afford to wait. If he is as far ahead there as he is here I should have to wait pretty long.

It is lovely Indian summer to-day, but the winter is upon us, for all that. And under the winter lies the spring hidden, and under all the springs the sunshine of an unspeakable spring. Let us be as good as possible, that we may enter into its peace. I should like to see you to-morrow, but of course I cannot. I think it is an absolute pleasure to wish to see people and can't, compared with what it is to hate to see them and must. Do you suppose you would know it if I did not like you? Seems as if you would. Yet there are people whose faces *enrage* me, and they don't know it. I have the most violent dislike — mere physical repulsion — towards people against whose character I have nothing to say. I don't like to dislike persons, but I can't help it sometimes.

Now good-by. Let not your heart be troubled about anything. I stood at the Salem station yesterday when both trains were expected, and the platform was crowded, and wondered whether, in the eyes of angels, we were more than so many ants crawling in and out of a hole. But Christ died for us. You can't get over that. And I suppose an ant is well enough off so long as he does not know there is an I, and so is not envious. Good-by. Be kind to me always, and believe that I wish to do you only good, and not evil, all the days of my life. By kind I mean you are always to interpret me according to your wishes, and not necessarily according to my manifestation. Yet what hope is there that you will, since the Bible says that man looketh — and must — on the outward appearance, the Lord alone in the heart? and then I am afraid, too, the heart isn't any better than what is outside of it.

NOVEMBER 16.

I went to Boston Wednesday to Charles Street. At three o'clock a little dinner-party of five or six was sprung upon me unawares, which explained Mr. F's anxiety that I should be there that day. Miss Palfrey was of the number, and Mr. and Mrs. James, and Mr. Quincy, of Quincy, son of Josiah, and grandson of the first Josiah. I enjoyed it very much. Mrs. James is a fine woman, physically and morally, healthy and happy, and with great good sense. Mr. James is very funny, and uncommonplace and entertaining. Mr. Quincy has a slight defect in speech and hearing, but is gentlemanly and refined. Aldrich, the poet, "a little New York poet," as one of our Boston solid men said, was there the latter part of the evening.

NOVEMBER 27, 1865.

In sight of Mrs. Spalding's house I saw Mr. G. W. Curtis just going in. He stayed there all night, so I had the pleasure of seeing something of him. After the lecture, Harriet Prescott, a Miss Andrews (who wrote "Seven Little Sisters," etc.), and a Mr. Hale came in by invitation, and we had oyster supper and talk, and a little more of the latter after they were gone, and went to bed about 1 A.M. Mr. Curtis is as agreeable in private as he is pleasing in public. He is natural, gentle, manly, refined, simple and unpretending, and quiet. I liked him very much. There is a certain lackadaisicalness in his published portrait which is not seen in his face.

[To Mr. Wood.]

NOVEMBER 23, 1865.

Desire my regards to Mrs. Bridge, and make my congratulations concerning the new carpet, but I think it can hardly be fairer than mine. Mine is of my own choosing. I might almost say of my own invention, since I described what I wanted, and this was produced, and I had never seen anything of the kind. This, do you care to know, is a bed of moss, soft and damp and deep with little vines creeping through it, with the coolness of summer brooks breathing out of it and their murmur whispering up from its greenness. Here the sunlight falls and rests, here the day softens its whiteness into dim religious light, and here my Madonna and her child, my poets and my dreams of fair women, my angels, and my wildwood flowers find a fitting background for their loveliness. Do not talk to me of carpets! And through the windows the earth is putting off her robes of summer, yes, and her gorgeous autumn trappings, too, and the blue skies are doing their best to make us forget, in their splendor, the glories that have vanished.

Miss Nettie's bonnet, I trust, is a little ultra. Her too adventurous pencil, let us hope, is hovering on the borderland of romance. My bonnet has not yet come home. When it does so I shall be better able to garner for you its golden drops. Meanwhile, my new dress is made and bordered with the most exquisite chenille fringe, whose texture, color, and price would throw you into raptures, and a morning dress of poetic gray, the ashes of most tropical roses, bordered with silken green of the buds whence they sprang, rows upon rows, or you might spell it r-o-s-e

if you like, and fronted with pearl buttons, shining as the stars, and trailing in all its green and rosy length behind me — ah! you should see that, if “a thing of beauty is a joy forever,” but not upon me, lest your vision should fail to discern the appositeness of the quotation.

I went to Newburyport the other day and refreshed myself with my friends there, but Harriet Prescott is grown sadly thin. She is over-worked or she over-lives in some way. I met also a very charming Miss Andrews, one of a very charming family, painters of pictures and makers of books.

I am going to have a new ring. An old friend and school-mate of mine¹ has just come home from a ten years' wandering round the world, with an honest heart and a wholesome face, and brought me a bit of yellow gold, which I think can best be kept mine by being circled around my finger, so I shall have a souvenir of the world and the eternity that preceded it.

My mother desires to be remembered, and so does my sister, who receives your messages with that deference which is your due, and reads your stories with a trust beautiful to see, but difficult (for me) to command!

With which poisoned dart good-night.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

DECEMBER 16, 1865.

I am quite interested in your little honey-bee of a Hatty, who so skilfully has bought her cell, so neatly spread her whacks, and labors hard to store it well with the sweet food she makes. Only don't let Major

¹ Oliver S. Cressy, Hamilton, Mass., died in 1900.

Bijah make haste to be rich. They are perfectly well off if they will only think so, and there is so much dignity in being grand in a small way!

You said if I did not much prefer to meet you than St. Paul in the skies, you would drop the correspondence! Drop, then, for I don't. I never saw such an effect as a little social elevation will have even on a modest man. Before you were President you were agreeable and knew your place. Now you assume the god, affect to nod, and seem to shake the sphere, and you call Paul logical and hard, — Paul with all his glow and glory, his logic throbbing with inward fire that shines through so bright, you are ready to think it not logic at all but passionate persuasion. I know they had poor low ideas, — for such belong to their age, — but you don't like people for their ideas but for themselves. Their character is much more themselves than their opinions. You say we have been improving too? But have they not eighteen hundred years the start of us in Hamilton — I mean Heaven? Truly that was a mistake, and don't you suppose they are better off for being all that time in Heaven and born, than we are for being on earth and not born, till a few minutes ago? I expect to enjoy Paul and the others, too. I think he was wrong in some things. I think if he had had more good women among his acquaintance he would have liked us all better. But that was a mistake of the head, not of the heart. I think he was just the man whom a right sort of wife would have finished up, and he would have made her happy. And I hope the time will come when I shall sit down by Paul, and take his two hands and say in what beautiful heavenly words I may know how to use, — “Paul, beloved,

glorious, manly, fiery, dear old Paul, almost as soon as you got to Heaven, didn't you know you were wrong, and aren't you glad to have me like you, and won't you go and take a walk some time and tell me all about it?" And he will be just as sweet and gentle and smiling and good natured as an angel can be who was a good sort of man to begin with, and has been growing good all the time for eighteen hundred years, and is therefore pitiful to all poor little know-nothings lost in the snow like me.

Thank you for your haggyrogometer, but we don't want it. We've got a pump in the sink. It won't pump anything, to be sure, but there 'tis. We've got a new well, too, with four feet of water in it and likely to stay there, unless we walk down and dip it out. Still, it is a handy thing to have round. Have you seen the face in "Robertson's Life and Letters"? I think it is a wonderful face, and he was a wonderful man too, a little morbid, owing probably to disease, not so strong as he would have been if he had been quite well. If he had only been a little stronger we should never have known how strong he was — as the measure of our weakness is the measure of our strength if we conquer it. However, as a general thing, people judge you by what you complain of, not by what you endure, so that the outcry does really sometimes diminish the pain. Yet hardly in his case — for his sorrow was loneliness which is irremediable. But should you think any one who was happily married could have suffered so from mere loneliness? Are not husband and wife company? Suppose outsiders did oppose — to meet them was his mission. I am sorry I

began on this subject, for its proper treatment requires an octavo volume with a preface, appendix, and copious illustrations. And *then* you wouldn't read it if I wrote it. A Merry Christmas to you and a Happy New Year.

JANUARY 17, 1866.

I meant to send you a letter yesterday, not that you deserve one at all at my hands, but I had a quite nice little fit of sickness, headache and chills, and fainting and onions, and hot water and everything, in good shape. To-day I am better, but not quite natural again. Sore throat and such things, you know, and nothing tastes right. So give me the credit once of being ill.

You have written me two letters, both of which need attention. Your letters are generally rather provoking. That word has two meanings, you know. Doesn't the apostle, or some of your favorite friends, speak of provoking to love and good works? Perhaps that is the kind you mean. I am always afraid you have forgotten all about your own letter, and if you don't recall it you must take my word for it that I asked you a civil question, and you replied with a page or two of utterly irrelevant — what I do not ill-characterize when I call it “stuff.” I ask you something about Mr. Robertson, and you reply with a tangle of talk about my husband and children, besides a great deal of bad talk about the man himself. I believe I *will* write a paper and put you in it.

What has the resurrection of the body to do with husband and wife? If there's enough of you left in the next world to be yourself who cares what is gone. For my part, I can't say I have such an

admiration of my body as to make things hinge on it so much.

What do I do all winter? I am as busy as a bee from morning till night—only yesterday, when I lay on the sofa all day, a heap of blankets burning hot, and with a hard headache, meditating whether we were not irresistibly gravitating towards universal suffrage, and upon the general tendencies of things. We don't have a great deal of company, and we don't go away much, but the days are never long. But we do have the best of company. Swinburne has been down here for three weeks or so, charming me with his choruses, and Mill is always here at call, which is about once a year. He is a great rest and solace and hope to me. I have a call every evening from Louis Napoleon, but I cannot say I find him very entertaining. But he brings a very charming companion—one About. In fact, it would take me a long while just to name the people who come to see me, and who talk their very best in my society. But I see them only in the evening—all the morning I am frittering away my time about the house, and the rest of the day I am fretting other people with my gray goose quill, and in the evenings I have my receptions. I know all about M. Angelo, Esq., and his bar, and when you come down here to read Tennyson, I will tell you. I wish this was a nice letter, but I know it isn't as well as you. But don't you think it is good in me to write at all when I am sick, just to please you? Now if you had been having roasted onions and hot paving-stones and things all night, you would think you must have Pamela waiting upon you all day by inches, as she would and be glad of the chance. I wish you would pay her my regards and say to her

that I am glad to hear her say some sensible things which I believe, but which if I state are at once met with "you don't know anything about it."

I am very busy indeed. I shall not go to Washington this winter.

I am glad you had fifty dollars to send to your mother and that she had a son to send it to her. What is going to become of me when I am old and gray-headed? I don't know and I don't much care if I can only have my health and my senses. But you know, don't you, that by an injury when I was a little child I lost the sight of one eye, and there comes over me a great dread sometimes lest I may lose the other, and have a horror of great darkness. If I were married I should have somebody whose duty it would be to look after me, but, on the other hand, how fearful to be such a burden on anybody's hands, so I congratulate myself after all that there is nobody who must do it, whether or no. There will be some little room for choice. I hope I shall have money enough to take care of me in case worse comes to worst, but I find myself sometimes involuntarily trying to buy off Providence. I sort of bargain with the Lord — if He will only give me my senses and a usable degree of health I won't mind any amount of work or disappointment, or abuse, or anything of the sort. And I hope He will, and anyway you are sure He will do what is not only right but best, so let us not worry, you and I, about the future, but trust — and for the rest, help, Lord, our unbelief!

It is quite touching that you should have to make such an exertion to be amiable. It comes *just as easy* to me! except in the matter of onions. The utmost I can do for you there is to promise not to eat them

when I am expecting you. Still, you are an improvement on Byron, who never wanted to see a woman eat at all. You can bear the act, but reluct from certain departments. How unfortunate that the pleasing vegetable should have such low associations. It is sweet to the taste and good for food. Can't we get Miss Prescott to write it up, extol its globular shapeliness, its pearly hues, its pungent sweetness, the succulent strength it distils in the underground crucibles, etc., etc., etc., and so rescue it to higher company and a loftier life? One can no longer say Miss Prescott. I am glad she is married.

My verses — what made you think of that? You don't know what an avalanche you were attempting to pull down on your head when you asked for all I have. I have written quantities of it first and last; a good deal that is not in my possession now. What ode do you mean? I send you two, — not odes, but versicles, — but they both had something to do with farming, if that's what you are after. I don't know when they were written, and I send you some others that I happened to know were in a box and send-able. But most of my verses were written long ago, in the depths of an obscurity that I never dreamed would be penetrated, and were, therefore, very much more, very different from what they would have been, had the coupling of my name with G. H. ever occurred to me as one of the possibilities. My only hope is that they will be allowed to rest in peace in the old newspapers where they lie buried. For the greater part, they are but the outcry of a lost soul, and of no sort of literary value. I cannot tell you with what infinite pity I look back upon the unspeakable loneliness and bewilderment of my youth. It does not seem that I

am the same person. I sometimes think the sorrows of young people are the saddest things in life. It is so overpowering. They do not know how to locate them any more than your fellows know where to put the college. I don't know whether my experience is common to the race or not. I don't know that I had any more external trouble than others had, or have, except that there is no sense in fighting it out on this line indefinitely. Only you see how I could not possibly think of sending you those safety-valve verses.

What strange things moods are! Does it or doesn't it seem sometimes as if you are at a liquid heat, and all your secrets melt out of you, and when you cool and harden again you execrate it all, and pray to be turned forever into cast iron? Now, I want to say something here,—real good,—and I want to say it real hard, but I am afraid you would laugh. I know there are concomitants, circumstances, and things under which I could say it, and it would be very sweet and solemn, and nobody would think of laughing; but paper is so white, and ink so black, and writing so definite, and snow so cold. Do you think I have lost my mind? I never had such a great sight to lose.

Society is chiefly impersonal, and you may as well make up your mind to it; and *my* society will always be for you fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Do you see there the quiet lurking assumption that if it were not fragmentary it would be satisfactory? But the truth is I am a sort of irrepressible conflict,—always starting out and drawing back,—which gives me a jerkiness that is, to say the least, not pleasing; so you need not ladle out the fact to me under the head

of recent intelligence; and the next letter I write to you is going to be about reconstruction, and the solar system, and the extradition treaty, and similar sensible — objective, but not objectionable; I might say *therefore* not objectionable.

FEBRUARY 5.

I shall not write you much of a letter this time. I have such a pile of them to dispose of that I shall snub all those who are good enough to stand snubbing, — of whom you are chief, — and this ink is so hateful! My kingdom for a bottle of good black ink.

I went to Amesbury Tuesday, and ate ambrosia and drank nectar on Olympus till Thursday, and really did have some honey from Hymettus. It was bitter. But for the name of it I would far rather have my own maple syrup, — “Italian sunset,” — wrought from the life of New Hampshire forests, of such lucent sweetness as you and Pamela well know. From Amesbury to Newburyport, and on board the new ship “Montana” from stem to stern, and am learned in mastheads, and forecastles, and between-decks, and the cabin was all velvet and shine and lovely; but oh! to go to bed in a box! Would one not better wait till one can see foreign countries with less trouble; and I went on a sleigh-ride, and was thankful for the kind hand that drove me; but oh! it was so cold; and when you wish to be civil to me, ask me to come in and sit on the sofa, or to take a drive into the country some fine midsummer morning, but don’t ask me to go sleigh-riding. And Friday evening Mrs. S. up and gave a party, and Saturday I came to Ipswich, and visited my constituency, and then I

came home, and put off my silks and fine array, my smiles and languished air, and turned Cinderella, and made up the coal fires, and here I am.

My verses, — well, you show a very carping disposition as well as great and unjustifiable avarice. Be thankful for what you get, sir, and be warned by the unhappy fate of your great ancestor, Oliver Twist, “Take the good the gods provide thee.” I know by your letter which one you have been reading most, and been most impressed by. It is the “Battle Song,” especially the two lines

“Have you counted up the cost,
What is gained and what is lost?”

Well, did I not tell you it would be so? And if you have made a disastrous exchange with your mind’s eye, Horatio, must I put on sackcloth and ashes? and my blue dress still in its first freshness. I think it was very good of you to take me around to those places in Boston. I am deeply convinced of it, because the Police Court and such things can have very little charm for you who have lived there all your days. Sometime, perhaps, it will come in my way to do something for you. Probably I shall not do it, long disuse having marred the faculty; but I will please myself with thinking that I shall, which will be the next best thing.

I would not go to Washington, it is so cold, and the houses there do not know how to warm themselves. The blessing of Heaven rest upon you and yours!

And if I say yours truly will it be blessing myself? Well, I need it, too, so

Yours truly.

FEBRUARY 19.

My mother wants me to go to Washington. She informed me Saturday night that she thought I was confining myself too closely, that I was growing old faster than I ought, and I had better go to Washington. I didn't. I went to bed instead and slept all night soundly; got up Sunday morning and stirred round among the coal fires and got up a color, and then struck an attitude before the glass, and informed her that I thought I looked real young and handsome. She was obliged to admit both counts, though she rather demurred on the latter. But, of course, you can't look so fresh and strong after six days of work as you can in the morning when you are beginning to rest. And then as if to drive me to despair and octogenariancy at one fell swoop, *you* must needs come up and shame me on the subject of my curls, as if I was not ashamed enough already, especially in view of what they will be a few years hence. I have the consolation of knowing that caps are becoming to me, but how dispose of the waste land that stretches between curls and caps? As for you or any other man telling me to comb my hair out straight and put it up in the orthodox fashion simply because I happen to be the last of the three *f*'s — you may tell me "till the sun grows cold and the stars are old" and I won't do it, because why should a woman make a fright of herself? My hair looks better down than it does up. Nature speaks louder for down hair than for up hair. Art's hair is always down more than it is up, and it is only a frightful tyrant who would have me go —

I stopped just there and went down to breakfast and the post-office, and have forgotten what I was going to say, so I will foreclose the mortgage with a

sentiment which is always in order, viz., Britons never will be slaves!

And you are in Washington. I wonder if anybody is alive now that was there when I was there. D. W. Bartlett, of the "Independent" and "Congregationalist," I knew a little. There were the Parkers and the Lindsleys, and one B. B. French I saw one evening, and Jane C. and her mother, who were individual, and always amused me greatly, and Mr. George Wood, — if you want to talk about me, he is your man, — and Mr. Welling, of the "Intelligencer," I used to know; he always knew everything, and Mr. Goodloe was a good sort of man, and there was a clever little artist, — I have forgotten his name, — I wonder what has become of him. Well, I won't go on with my catalogue, only I hope you will have a nice visit. The Rollinses are nice. He is the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and she is a gem of a woman.

Why don't you ask me to explain the bar of Michael Angelo when I keep forgetting it? Because you fear your own discomfiture and disdain recoiling on yourself, but I have no pity on you and here it is. Don't you know that in heraldic phrase the "bar" is one of the "honorable ordinaries" of the escutcheon? It consists of two lines drawn horizontally across the field, and contains one-fifth part of it.

Now I suppose Mr. Tennyson meant to say that his friend Arthur was one of nature's noblemen — that, like the great Italian artist, the shape and conformation of his eyebrows, and that part of the forehead directly above, bore an ungainly resemblance to the heraldic bar, and gave to his whole features the stamp and impress of a rank such as no heraldic escutcheon, however richly emblazoned, could bestow.

“ The king can make a belted knight,
A Marquis, Duke, and a’ that.”

But to make a man of noble soul, endow him with true genius, and write upon his brow, in legible characters, the appropriate heraldic emblems of such a nobility.

I will tell you somebody I like — General Howard. He is charming. Have you read “Snow-Bound”? If you don’t delight in it henceforth we are strangers.

It is lovely to-day, and only think how near to spring! But it has been a good old winter to me, and I won’t complain of it. The hens suffered themselves to be deceived by the sunshine, and have been cackling away famously. My, how beautiful mud is with the sun shining on it! You know summer lies under it, and I don’t object to being in it if I am properly equipped. Don’t you think Helen’s story is a nice one? I like to read good things. Only when I read other people’s things it makes me hate my own.

MARCH 7.

It is as cold as winter and windy as March. But the hounds of spring are on winter’s traces, says Algernon Charles, and I water my garden already every morning against the drought of August. One of our hens laid a pair of Siamese twins eggs the other day. This is a plain, unvarnished tale. If they keep till next summer I will show them to you. There is a little canal that joins them, only it is broken in two.

Will you please present my sincere regard and condolence to P. and M.? The latter I know very

well from a beautiful new mattress which she once made out of an old straw bed or something, with everybody in Washington to help her except the Commissioner of Public Buildings, who coldly stood aloof and was content to be the historian of the exploit. Are the hyacinths out in the Capitol grounds? Oh, how beautiful they used to be! I wish it might be summer all the year round. I wish I lived in a garden-house. How lovely it was in the hot-houses in Washington, all dewy and cool, just as it was in the garden of Eden—which Bela Benjamin has preëmpted, according to your account, for his own use! Must I then leave thee (in) Paradise?

[TO MR. WOOD.]

MARCH 12, 1866.

Your following out the parallel of Andy Johnson and Moses was very ingenious and quite profane, which is nothing remarkable for you! Fred. Douglass' "Moses and Pharaoh" was apt, was it not? Things are pretty bad to be sure, but I don't think we have come to quite so narrow a pass yet as to call for a dissolution of the Universe. The fact is you are so impatient to verify your conjectures about the oratorios of Heaven and the sermons of the Golden-mouthed Chrysostom, that, not content to wait the slow footsteps of time, you seize the smallest hitch in affairs as an opportunity to end the world. A general "smash-up" is your grand panacea for all ills. I imagine you rubbing your hands in glee over every new development of iniquity, and saying exultantly, Oh, ah! Now it's coming. For my part I am willing to do a little more tinkering on the old earth before I fling it into the furnace altogether.

[TO MR. FRENCH.]

MARCH 26.

Fortunately when my canary, Cheri, died he left a trunkful of seed with which I have regaled the poor little birds. They come hopping under the window — homely little things just like mice — what do you call them? I wish they would come on the roof of the piazza, but they don't yet. When Cheri died I was glad for one thing — he always seemed lonely, and I felt it was too bad to keep him alone, and I could not have the care of little birds, and I think it is wicked to bring even little birds into life unless you can give them the best chance at happiness. Why don't you read "Snow-Bound"? I have had another bad cold, but it lasted only three days for I wrapped my head up so violently that the cold had to go off to get a breath of air.

MARCH 30.

Major's verses are something better than pretty. The poetry of them has a basis of solid fact. What nonsense a sensible man will talk about love! The sensible man here means you, and it naturally follows that the nonsense is yours. In some respects you are sensible, you have a fineness of sense quite rare indeed, but you have a materialistic way of thinking quite shocking. You can never seem quite to cease being surprised that M. E. loves her husband, who is twice as old as she. Will you be so good as to tell me whether our loves must be strictly contemporary, must be always a matter of time? Do you suppose if you and I should go to Heaven we shall confine ourselves to the society of those who were born about the same year we were? Don't you

see that in this world the disparity of age constantly diminishes? The difference between a day-old baby and a five-year-old baby is Heaven-wide, but five years at fifty is just nothing at all. By the time a woman is thirty years old I take it she knows what she likes as well as she knows it at fifty. Her tastes will strengthen and purify themselves all that time, but will scarcely change their direction. The kind of character that pleased her at thirty will please her at fifty. Now if a woman at thirty sees a man whose mental stature and moral grace meet her standard, why should she even think of how long it has taken him to attain it — six or sixty or six hundred are all one.

As for his love for her, I don't know about that. Sometimes it seems to me that men love their second wives better than their first. Or is it only that they better know by experience a woman's nature and so are more tender of her, are less inconsiderate and more watchful, know more, and therefore behave better. If there is love there need be no theorizing, since that adjusts all things.

Oh, how little you know of the realities of life! Dreaming away the happy hours in your rural retreat, while here am I fronting its stern realities. Since I began this letter, intending to finish it at one sitting, how many things have happened. First, down comes a new writing-desk and chair, the former full of little nooks and drawers and shelves, so that I cannot get things out of order however hard I try; the latter a great lounge of a thing, green rep, black walnut, a reclining-chair swinging back, you know, when you wish, and of course my old table and go-cart are hustled aside without ceremony. Then the man came

to see about the pump, and then the well betrayed symptoms of *caveinatura* — all your learning won't help you in unravelling that, so I will just tell you it is the Latin future infinitive, and means being about to cave in, and I have been tearing around through the country at the greatest rate, but preserving always that sweetness of temper which makes me beloved by all who know me. And I have two rings, one new, and one old re-stoned and generally renovated and made into a seal ring, and this day is the very queen of days, warm and full of sunshine and heart-opening — and I am as bland as this April day for all the caving-in of the well, and the thumbby fingers of our Irishman, who is good-tempered enough, but not stocked with original ideas, and not gifted with power of adapting the original ideas of others to practical uses. And more than all, Mr. Bradley's bone factory is burned, bones and all, I see by the morning's paper, and where is my phosphate of lime to come from that was to turn my wilderness into a rose garden? For it was Mr. Bradley who promised me unlimited phosphate as soon as the spring opened. And the spring has opened so smilingly, and to think that as long as you live the spring will open just so every year, and if one only has health to enjoy it, how happy one may be! Spring always gives me a kind of on-look into the next world, somehow. I always think of heaven in the spring, and the rainbow of promise is never so bright, so glorious, in its perfect arch. Every good thing and every pleasant thing seems more possible. It is easier to hope and to love and to believe. And now I have had a new entry lamp come, the most splendid thing in bronze and gilt and red glass, only I am afraid it is too fine for our quiet ways — *do* you think

it is too fine? and it has broken in upon my heavenly meditations in a very earthly way. This letter is perfect patchwork. I don't more than begin a sentence, and somebody comes, or something happens.

Is it "hard for a woman to have no home of her own, no husband and children"? Well, perhaps you are right, but the trouble I have happened to see in the world has come so largely in connection with the husband and children that possibly I have failed to give to the other side the attention it deserves. I suppose the husband-and-child idea is the natural one, but we have so mistaken the letter for the spirit, and so crushed the spirit under the letter, and so crucified the spirit with the letter, and so lost the spirit and exalted the letter, that sometimes I feel rather disgusted with the whole thing, and would fain have a century or two of silence and darkness if perhaps our holy things might throw off their defilement and the whole earth be sweetened and sanctified. I am glad you gave Helen the money. I wish men would always be good to women. It is so much the truer way. It is horrible to have to claim things, to demand justice, to defend yourself. I saw the first robin yesterday morning, a great red-breasted, bold fellow he was, hopping about my garden and picking up his crumbs to begin housekeeping. It is so fascinating now. I think it is all very well to mate our pretty birds if our pretty birds wish to mate, provided always Birdus is able to provide for the wants of Birda and, further, if Birdus and Birda together can take proper care of Birdies, let them fill their nest at their own sweet will and make the heavens ring with music. Do you not say so, little Robin Red-Breast? No, you say nothing about it. You only hop over the wakening buds and

the greening bank, and sing "like mad," because you and your wee wife have no prudential reasons, and no inherited evils, but just live and love in blameless unconsciousness — and when we get to that it will be a happy day for us.

If I can think of it I am going to seal this letter with my new ring. I was out gardening this morning. I should be glad to be out-doors, if it were only to pick up stones, and there is plenty of that to do on our farm. I wish you would come down and see how lovely Hamilton is in warm weather. There is nothing under Heaven like this thrilling, glorious, warm sunshine. My honeysuckle is all budding out, and I think the two little elm trees that were set out last fall are in the same predicament.

Yours respectfully.

APRIL 18.

You speak of the diversity of tastes that come with difference of years. Very true, and if that diversity exists it just keeps the two people apart. They don't think of falling in love with each other. If they do fall in love it shows simply that the resemblance, or rather the — the — relation, that exists between them is deeper, more essential than any outward circumstance can mar. That is all there is about it, and if you go and say anything more it will be irrelevant and probably irreverent. Then you say men don't fall in love with men, nor women with women. Begging your pardon, they do, not very often, I fear, but if you had read your Bible a little more I think you would have known that Jonathan's love to David was great, passing the love of women.

It does not require a great deal of sagacity in your

Excellency to discover that I do not think the love between married people is heavenly and purely spiritual when I have thundered from the house-tops these dozen years that it is too often, indeed shamefully often, of the earth, earthy. But pray, you, do not deny the possibility, and occasionally the existence, and sometimes the proper preponderance of the heavenly element.

Nor is it Providence at all, but President, who has mixed up things (with some personal malice, concerning which I shall maintain a dignified silence), in putting children into the hands of "two foolish young creatures," instead of "sensible, considerate spinsters, who know how to take care of them." Providence originally made perfect arrangements, but presidents and judges and others have so spoiled their part of the play that the whole is in danger of failure. But the remedy is to carry out the designs of Providence, not to bring in any new ones of our own. I should think any one who had been familiar with police courts or with the world at large would feel that the "mother's inspiration," or the father's, or somebody's, is very much at fault, or stands very much in need of outside assistance. At any rate, it would seem difficult to pronounce one's self, on the whole, quite satisfied with results; and till results are most satisfactory, the world must submit to see spinsters, considerate or otherwise, dinging at processes.

Your chronological argument is beyond praise. Seeing life is so short in this world and so long hereafter, is it any matter whether children are educated or not, or taken care of or not, here? I will endeavor to answer you with patience. If by leaving the children uneducated and to themselves we simply de-

layed their development, if they would thus remain in every respect babies, in short, if it were merely a question of time, the case would be a plausible one; but when you reflect that no such thing is possible — that no education is mis-education — you will see that the eternity of life, so far from being a ground for neglect, is the strongest reason for unceasing vigilance. As the soul is to grow on forever, is it not of the first importance that it should start symmetrical? Mere intellectual information or mere happiness is of second consequence, — there will be time enough for them by and by, — but character must be seen to now. There is not a moment to spare. The president of an agricultural college needs not to be reminded of the character stamped upon a tree by the first few years, perhaps months, perhaps weeks of its existence.

As for infants being foredoomed to wrath, I believe we are all foredoomed to logical sequences; that men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles in this world or any other. And now I am going over the hills and far away to “the house where I was born, the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn. He never came a wink too soon nor brought too long a day. Yet never have I wished the night had borne my breath away.” I also am going to a sugar party — that is, we are going to send our jug to New Hampshire for syrup.

What injunction do you want off your college, and what do you expect me to do about it? Tell you how sorry I am, and then get laughed at for my pains? and good enough for me. The fact is, people can help one another in gardening and cooking and dress-making; but when it comes to trouble you must bear

it yourself. What another person can help you there, is not visible to the naked eye. It is fearful sometimes when one has a revelation in a flash of one's isolation, but generally we think of nothing but our gregariousness.

I have been and got back again — a charming walk. Winter went away suddenly after noon, and summer came warm and welcome. If you had been with me on the bright hill-sides I do not think even that could have disturbed my enjoyment. I thought of you down by the brook, and wished I could show you the clear water flowing over golden pebbles. No Pactolus could be more beautiful. Oh! it is glorious to-day. It was perfect delight out on the hills all alone; no road, nor house, nor anything in sight; all the life behind me and all heaven before. How inexplicable, mysterious, can't-give-a-reason-for-it-ous, is joy — and sorrow, too — one's moods.

APRIL 28.

That little picture is just one of the darlingest little things I ever saw in my life, and I have a great mind not to send it back. It is a frolicsome little rogue; one to be hugged and kissed and played with into a frenzy of fun. Ask Dan if he is not sorry he had to grow up, for he cannot ever be so nice again as he was then; not but that he is very nice now, but never a sweet little morsel. That is how I like Dan — small and cunning and unconscious and eager. And here is a good place for a short sermon to come in, and this is the text:

“The Lord puts the character of the tree into the inmost heart of the seed, and no care and no neglect can change it forever,” and so forth. We learn from

our text, first, that no education, no genius ever will insure a man against error egregious and dreadful muddle. For here we have a president of an agricultural college telling wicked stories about the good Lord as fast as he can run a pen, and giving the lie to all agricultural dogmas besides. For we all know that care and neglect do change the character of trees and men, though they do not change their nature. An apple-tree that has been well cultivated has a very different character from one that has been neglected, though it is still an apple-tree; and President French is requested to present himself for admittance to the infant class of some primary agricultural school to learn the rudiments of the science.

No, I do not care about fishing, though I have no objection to catching sardines from a tin box in a sea of oil, and I like broiled mackerel, — something tender, and salty, and buttery, and nice, — but I don't like to see fishes wriggle with a hook in their tongue.

Here is a suggestive little juxtaposition in a letter I received from a distinguished friend lately: "Come down and help us begin life anew. I am going to keep account of the expense of feeding people." And I suppose you think I am a good one. Thank you; well, I am. I am healthy and hearty, should have shocked Lord Byron, and would have done it with a good will for his silly conceit.

I was not born in any house you ever saw, so they say. Some day in sunshiny weather, when you happen to be down here, I will take you across the fields to the places where I grew in sun and shade. I wish you would stop talking about love and women, and things you don't know anything about. There are colleges and farms, and books, and plenty of sub-

objects for intelligent and useful conversation without running your head against a stone wall. I never did see a man who combined such extremes of wisdom and absolute dead-set, wilful stone-blindness. There!

I wonder if I had better cut off the head of my Siberian honeysuckle. I bought a jack knife for the purpose the other day, but as I stand meditating over it my heart misgives me. I should like to live on a great farm which had a splendid farmer at the head of it, and plenty of men for the body of it, and women that were cunning in butter and cheese, with nothing to do but to go from pillar to post and see things grow, and watch the chickens and goslings and birds and other little ducks. That is *my* world. You see how near I come to it. But one never can be thankful enough that one is well, and comfortable in mind, body, estate, and friends. So when I say what I like, you understand I am not fretting about what I may happen not to like in all its ramifications. It would be very wicked and unnecessary. When I compare my situation with that of most others, I am afraid to think a thought of even fretting because laborers are deceitful, which is, I believe, my chief trouble nowadays. But then, you see, I am prompt myself, and it shatters my patience sadly to have people promise to come in a week and not come for a fortnight. And people that belong to the church, too!! Do you not like to have nothing to do, not permanently, of course, but just for a little while, in spring, say, nothing in particular only stroll about and *soak* in the warm, lazy air?

MAY 17, 1866.

Enjoy life as it goes, let the crickets sing under your hearth and the mice nibble upon it, write joyfully on your ancient desk, — we have just such a one in our kitchen, — sniff the scent of the apple-blossoms, and be at peace. I wanted much to hear Mr. Durant when I was in Boston, but I think he was not there. I have great hopes of him. I heard Mr. E. I do not like him — I do not believe in E-dom. I do not impugn his motives or his character. If he would be a good, quiet man and come down to Hamilton and carry on a farm, or work in a shoe-shop, and go to prayer-meetings he would doubtless be of use in the world, and a valuable accession to society, but preached up in Dr. Kirk's pulpit and printed up in the "Congregationalist," and put forward in all the churches, I consider him an evil thing under the sun. That is my impression from one half day's experience of him, and how ever is the world going to be redeemed, will you tell me that? I wanted to find out something about the revival and I went to one of the Park-street prayer-meetings. It was held in a cellar, for one thing, and it was dark and dingy and dismal — out of the bright, warm, sunny, living street into the gloom, it struck me with a chill. Nobody was there, after awhile people strayed in by ones and twos, all women to a man (!), old and wrinkled and ugly and desolate looking. Now, I don't object to these women that they were old and ugly. On the contrary, I have great admiration for such, self-conceit being my great weakness — and if they, being desolate and forlorn, can find comfort in prayer-meeting it is as good a result as prayer-meetings can show. Well, after awhile, a few persons came in who seemed to be

still living, — to have part and lot in the present world, — men and women. And the singing and praying went on without lagging, but without enthusiasm, without manifest hearty delight and unconquerable purpose. And if this is a revival prayer-meeting, what is a prayer-meeting without revival, and if this is Boston in a religious excitement, what is Boston when she is dead in trespasses, in sins? And if religion is not for the young and gay and happy and fashionable and learned and aesthetic, go to!

I went to Boston to see some friends sail for Europe, and on the clean deck of the steamer, with sky and sea so blue, so calm, a voyage to Europe seemed no more than a river-sail, and the old longing held me one breathless moment. If I should outlive my mother I may go to Europe, for my life then will have no special value, and if the sea swallows me up, I shall hardly be missed. Yet I think I could scarcely bring myself to go unaccompanied by some one whose business was to look out for me in case of shipwreck. I am not afraid to live alone, and we must die alone, whether or no, but I should not like to drown alone. I should not like to plunge down alone into the horror of waters, but with some friend who would hold me all tight, and hide my face, it seems less terrible.

My mother desires her regards and begs you to send her two of your turkeys' eggs. You will have five left then, and can afford to be generous. She has been in vain pursuit of turkeys' eggs all the spring. The turkeys hereabouts have struck and lay no more. If you prefer not to send the eggs you may send two turkeys at Thanksgiving, which will answer every purpose, and will do thus far more service to humanity than by pointing such false and flippant morals as

mar the beauty of your last letter, the only reply to which may be found in the second person-al pronoun governing an intransitive verb, which in one sense means to be in a recumbent position — which sense I do not employ in this case.

My garden is dreadfully dry and stony. Rain is going out of fashion. If the soil equalled my soul I should crown you with flowers. As it is, exercise is my largest crop. But the country is rich with beauty. I look out every day with surprise. The apple-trees are beyond measure beautiful and delicious, one huge cluster of sweet-scented flowers, and not many caterpillars! and how the earth contrives to be so lovely and *insouciant* under the frame of the brazen skies I cannot divine.

I am attending Professor Blot's lessons in Salem. They are very nice, I think, but I get so tired seeing so many people, and getting in and out of cars every day. I am dreadfully tired of people. People are made up chiefly of eyes. When people go to Amherst do the Amherst people look at them? If you go into church will they loiter round the door till you come out? When you go into a shop will you see the clerks nudge each other, and you try to look unconscious and make a sorry failure of it? And will you please to tell me on what general principle the Universe is hung together, in such a way that a little notoriety brings you all the disagreeablenesses of a great fame? Why should their mortal life be teased who will have no compensations of immortality?

I would not have the steeple. P. will wrest it from you and turn your Agricultural College into a Unitarian meeting-house. That is the way they did with our Orthodox churches in my young days, carried

off the plate and the books and all the church property, and made it over into a Unitarian society, but they left us the truth, whereof we are glad.

[TO A SISTER-IN-LAW.]

JUNE 6, 1866.

Mother is given up to millinery and reading novels. First she "did up" a cap — washed it and made it over. It has puffs in front and lapels behind, and gimp on top, and blue ribbon for strings. Novels she gets up mornings and sits up nights to read, and I expect she'll be clamoring to go to a theatre before long. I walked over to Ipswich and back this morning, — started at six, got there at half-past seven. Went to see about getting a teacher for Mr. Curtis who is always in a teacher-phobia. I did not intend to walk back, but it was so pleasant that I concluded I would. A pair of men met me just as I was out of the woods, and one of them stepped up to me and said "Miss, would you accept a little robin?" I asked him why he did not let it go, and he said it was too young to fly. I took it and carried it a little way, but concluded that Nature would know better how to take care of her robin than I, so I let him go and he hopped off. Yesterday Captain Waters from Cherry Hill Farm and his niece came up to see me.

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. Mr. Sewell's little girl, who had been left at home in charge of her aunt, ran away while her aunt was asleep, went over to the church and walked in. Her aunt awoke, missed her, ran after her, and got up just in season to miss hold of her dress as she marched in at the church door. She had on an old sack and a big old Shaker bonnet.

Her father saw her the moment she came in, and watched her as she slowly passed up the aisle, looking in at each of the pews, and when she got to his he beckoned to his father-in-law, just pausing a moment in the sermon, and Miss was taken in and cared for. They said Mr. Benson quite shook with laughing, and a smile went through the church.

You talk about driving with baby, and your mother-in-law used to drive to Ipswich and back in a chaise with a baby on each side of her and one in her arms!

JUNE 28, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: Your letter came this morning, and I hasten to say that we have about concluded not to go anywhere this summer, but to try the novelty of staying at home. We have not been at home all summer in many years. But the main point is that we are thinking it possible we may take a journey to Minnesota in the fall to visit my brother, and, if so, we don't care to tire ourselves with jaunting in the summer.

I hardly know whether I had better tell you that I have been attending Professor Blot's course in Salem. You will be expecting me to spend my time and strength in cooking you up all manner of savory messes, which, no indeed, I shall not do! I only wanted the theory. I had no intention of practice. I go for a division of labor as a fundamental principle of domestic as well as political economy. He told us how to make French rolls, but encouraged us at the same time by assuring us that it was *eme*-possible to make them as good as they were in France! However, the lectures were very valuable and very interesting, and I am glad I went.

I have seen very few notices of "Summer Rest." The righteous soul of the "New York Herald" is vexed, and advises that the book should not be read by very young persons, lest it should unsettle their religious belief. So if you are not well-rooted and grounded in baptism you better stop where you are! The book's private circle seems to be unusually well satisfied. I should have been very glad to hear what you have to say about it, and you know letters never tire one unless I have to write them! But I do not want you to exert yourself to do either the one or the other for my sake, during this hot weather. It seems to me that it takes so little to make one ill when the weather already makes one languid.

There are a few things I should like to do, but I don't see the way clear to them; and, after all, it does not make much difference how things go in this world. Nothing has an end here. It is only to grow good, and if you do that it matters little what the means are. Don't you know that, Mr. Treasurer?

JULY 7.

I went to see Whittier yesterday. I carried him over some oranges and cherries all heaped together, and flowers stuck all over them, and honeysuckle wreathed around them, — real pretty, — because he is sick. By and by I said, "How could you seem so glad to see me when you have such a headache all the time? I don't believe you were. Tell me now your first feeling when you knew I had come. Remember all those cherries and oranges I brought you. Were you glad or sorry?" "Oh!" said he, "I did not see the oranges till after I had seen you. If I had seen them first it might have made a differ-

ence." I suspect the religious newspapers have learned wisdom, and will crush me with a masterly inactivity. They state a general dissent, but they enter into no particulars of any sort or kind; and if "S. R." dies prematurely I shall surely inscribe on its tombstone, "Died for lack of abuse."

Our young roosters have set up their first crow since I saw you. It was not much of a crow, but my loving ears recognized it. Do you suppose now there is any accession to his dignity among his race? Have they any assumption of togas — any power of vote? Will the hens consult him in any difficult case? Will he snub the young chickens, and grow polite to the pullets, and screw his neck around to see if his tail feathers are growing well? You don't know anything about it. How many worlds there are, and we enter into none! Did I tell you I set out two elm trees last fall? They are both alive. I suppose the buttercups and dandelions that have rotated into children will be playing under them a hundred years hence; and some one, more thoughtful than the rest, will tell them that his mother told him that an old Miss Dodge set out those two trees. His grandmother's grandmother told her grand-daughter, he believed, and I shall not be any more alive to them than a mummy, and here I am just as alive as can be, as alive as ever you will be, you saucy young rascals in posse. An old Miss Dodge indeed!

As for flies, I like them. I think a fly is real good company. I spent a good part of one rainy Sunday afternoon watching them. How do you suppose life presents itself to a fly? When they get too numerous for comfort we just buy a little poison paper, and death comes to them with no dread or fright, only as

a fragrant and luring feast, — a sweet intoxication. Oh! I wouldn't give up the flies for anything.

My garden is blooming. I have planted it with corn. There is one tomato vine — has five apples. I shall turn it over to portulaccas another year. We have three times as many pears as we had last year. Last year we had one. I have been reading Bristed's "Five Years in an English University." How he does take the conceit out of our American colleges! Do you know anything of the man himself? I like Thackeray. I know his men all drink and smoke, and some of his women are fearfully weak, though he has, perhaps — There, I won't finish that. There is no use in saying a little about anything when the little speaks with an uncertain sound. If one could have a *multum in parvo* it would be worth while. Mr. D. is in doleful dumps about me, so it is quite sad to see. Still he offers beets and green peas as usual, with unflinching kindness, which I accept with undiminished appetite. Strange to see how one can be such a heretic, and yet so robust.

JULY 31, 1866.

All that is best in all that I look for. If I attain Heaven at all I count confidently on finding there all that I love here; not for any valid reason, perhaps, but none the less for that. I am so sure that God will keep his promise, not in the letter merely, but in the spirit. How confident was Paul! I like to read him sometimes just to revive my faith in the future, just to share his certainty; such things, I think, you sometimes get by mere contact, sympathy. Anyway, nothing is worse than to pretend to a belief which you do not possess, and nothing else is [torn] than to

think you believe what you do not know you do not believe. But this at least is sure, to do one's best in this world is the best for all worlds. Hope in the future is for comfort, not for life. Do you remember saying something about a *paternal* feeling? I did not think of the absurdity of it at the time. No, I don't feel so, however you do. I consider myself as your equal, thank you, sir! I am as old as I ever shall be. After thirty I don't think years make much difference. I mean that one has attained a certain stage of maturity, and though one keeps on and on, of course, yet the type of his character does not change. The range of my tastes is, I suppose, as definitely formed and outlined as yours, and I never think of there being any disparity of years between us.

Remember, when I talk I am talking from myself only, that is, in the abstract. I don't judge for, or of, any one else. What another has done may have been the best thing, taking everything into the account, but I, abstractly thinking, may reckon it not the best thing.

All that is necessary, however, at present, is that you believe. I would on no account say or do anything that would give you a moment's pain or even discomfort or uneasiness or any sort of annoyance, and that I am, I believe, without malice, without hypocrisy, without guile,

Most truly,

YOUR FRIEND.

Is this an intelligible letter — from dim recollection, I should say — or not? In the first place, it is difficult to talk about things without mentioning them; and lastly, and finally, it is written with a galloping

pen against time. What does that mean? I don't know. What do you think of the Atlantic cable?

SATURDAY NIGHT, NEAR TEN O'CLOCK.

HAMILTON, Aug. 11, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND: Both your letters were very pleasant to me, and they came to me when I had much need of pleasant things. My mother was taken very suddenly ill with paralysis, and for a time this house looked to me very desolate, and I seemed to see before me a freedom that was dreary, but at present — the sixth day — it looks more as if her life might still be spared for comfort and enjoyment, if not for any active occupation.

I wanted to say to you that I was not harsh, as indeed I had no right to be, for he is the most generous of men. He is a real good, honorable man, but it is a sad waste of material for anybody to fall in love with me. But it is all over now, and nobody hurt. It is a remarkable proof of the deceitfulness of the human heart that, after all, I believe I am not so much concerned lest I have done an unhandsome thing as I am that *you should think* I have done so. Quite a difference, you perceive, — as great as between conscience and — vanity?

You talk about being satisfied with an indefinite theory. I am not satisfied with that, but with the fact. I only amuse myself with the theory. Given, by revelation, the fact of future life, and you may well enough imagine it what you like, with the pleasant consciousness that the utmost stretch and range of your imagination must fall within the scope of the reality. Is it not so? If the Bible is true we certainly have the existence and the perfect satisfaction of another

life. If the Bible is not true one thing is as likely to happen as another, so I am not far wrong either way. I think sometimes that, looked at in the light of reason, friendship is not much of an institution after all. It extends the sphere of your sorrow. You assume the troubles of another in addition to your own. What have I gained by knowing you? A whole new circle of anxiety. Will's health, another's something, the constant battling and bother of this new college, with the consciousness of not being able to lift a finger to amend anything, only stand by and see the things going on, and grind my teeth a little metaphysically. Well, then, do I wish I had never known you? Oh, go to, you little goosey! Is reason all the will that moves us puppets? Aren't there strings twitching us every which way? I have with all your bafflings and buffetings a pleasant picture of you in your inner home,—with all your good children,—how supremely happy you are in that, with the royal Lord Pam., who not only appreciates you, which women often do, but whom you appreciate, which men seldom do, but which you do simply because you are yourself, because you see things where men usually see nothing, or rather something else. A man may stand manfully the brunt of a hundred battles and make no outcry, only ride gayly through it all. Shall I therefore see only his gay bearing and not the human heart under his armor, — his blue coat, — to speak modernly? What am I made human for but to interpret him?

SEPTEMBER 7.

Mother continues comfortable, goes downstairs, sits up all day, was out in the garden to-day, eats

heartily, and seems improving. We have about decided to attempt the journey, and now intend to leave the last of next week, trying if possible to be at Niagara over Sunday.

Whittier says in his letter, "If I were going to leave New England I should go to Minnesota. I wish I was there now, and Amesbury was there, and Boston and Hamilton, and all the good folks I love. When thee gets back again I hope thee will come up and make a visit, and tell me all about thy sight-seeing and adventures. Thee knows how glad I shall be to welcome thee to my fireside — provided thee doesn't touch the brasses!"

HASTINGS, MINN., October 6, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND: I wanted to answer your letters right away, but there is so little quiet time, though if time were ever quiet one would suppose it would be on the boundless prairies. But all is so new. I know now what the Cincinnati people told me years ago that that was not the West. This is the West, this broad lift of field and meadow shoreless as the sea (which is not shoreless at all, by the way). We have just got home from a trip to St. Paul, Minneapolis, beautiful cities set on the bold bluffs of the Mississippi. Minnehaha Falls, the most delicate and dainty in the world. I went behind them and then to their foot, and their daintiness changed into a fierce northeast rain storm that deluged me and beat my breath away. And there are the falls of St. Anthony, which are no falls, but rapids,— most fierce and practical, too,— and we went into the various mills that his Saintship turns, and out to Lake Calhoun with its mathematical circle and its beaver dam and its oak groves which we contaminated

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or consecrated with our canned peaches, and oysters, and tongues pickled and fresh, and further still to Fort Snelling, once the outpost of civilization, now its centre, one may say. And indeed this is a great country, and I felt great enough myself rolling in splendor through the prairies in a barouche proffered us by a Member of Congress, and so, of course, rather statelier than any common carriage. We have a few more excursions to make, and then in about a week we turn southward, through Cincinnati and Washington, and I know not how many more cities. Perhaps I shall go down to Tennessee and North Carolina, but I think not now, as the cholera seems to abound there. I am not especially afraid of it, but I would not needlessly run any risk.¹

HAMILTON, November 26, 1866.

Well, I am home again since last Tuesday, and nobody came to help us till Thursday, and I worked so hard that I got lame and cross. I cared for nobody. I was not fond of you at all. That is the way work always works with me, makes me misanthropic and hard. So you have left the Agricultural College, and I am glad of it, not glad for your lost plans, but it was by no fault of yours. Only it seems to me you will have a more independent life now. Anyway, your letter was grand. I had not time to read it, so I just stood up and glanced at the opening sentence and gradually sank into a chair and read the whole, the water cooling, and the flies enjoying a little longer lease of life. Poor things! during our absence they went into winter quarters, thinking everything snug and comfortable, and then our coal fires deluded

¹ Narrative of this journey in "Wool Gathering," published in 1867.

them into a hope of summer, and out they came, buzzing sociably and rubbing their eyes a little, and then up comes the poison and poisons them, every one. I only hope the Legislature *will* be stirred up about the college.

I bought a farm out West. Indeed I bought — my sister and I — a house and barn and all the things, so as to have a shelter in my old age, you know. Still I have a dollar or two left, and I will share it with you in the last ditch, so don't be uneasy about money matters, and as for leisure, how could your idle hands be better employed than in writing to me?

I have not seen Helen's "Ma Hubbard," nor any advertisement of it, and I doubt if there be any such book. The audacity of your telling me it is three dollars a copy! I hope it will sell like fury (!) and wake up Mr. Ticknor to the fact that he has stories of hers buried in his garden. This is such a wicked world that there is nothing like a little success to make people appreciate you. My sister's health is much improved, thank you, as how could it fail to be when we have lived out-doors these two months?

Sometime I am going to find out what Mrs. ——— thinks of you. Just now she is buried deep full many a fathom under Thanksgiving pies, and I am reminded anew of what a worthless worm am I. My Judge, I never made a pie in my life. Nor a shirt. Nor a loaf of cake. Nor a pudding, to the best of my knowledge and belief. In fact, the list of things that I never did, and never want to, is sublime in its infinity.

Some day I shall run in to see you, from 9.30 to 4.00. But on the day I come, so far from having nothing to do, there will be three men waiting to see

you about a water claim, five will be making their wills, seven will have quarrels to settle, and thirteen wish to sue for bad debts, so I shall only open the door a crack, peep in, and run away. You will think you heard a mouse and that is all. I am glad Hatty has a servant. A husband without a servant is a blessing so disguised as not to be recognizable.

Your ducks are not very enterprising — dying one at a time. My brother's jumped into the cistern by the dozen. That is the difference between Eastern and Western energy. I stayed in Minnesota till October 16, then sailed down the Mississippi by sun and moonlight gloriously, slept at Chicago the night General Butler was there and spoke under our window, then to Indianapolis, and slept on its flatness fearfully, then to Cincinnati visiting, thence October 22 to Louisville by sun and moon shine on the Ohio, slept at Nashville, then to Chattanooga, up Lookout Mountain and over the battle-ground, then to Knoxville to fight Burnside's battles o'er again in pleasant weather, with pleasant friends, thence by way of Bristol, Lynchburg, etc., to Washington, where we stopped a week, sight-seeing and visiting; drove to Mt. Vernon, thence to Gettysburg, thence to Harrisburg, then New York for a week or so, then by way of Meriden home. And I like to think of you back in Boston again.

Now don't, prithee, be discomforted. The spring lies so surely under the snow, and even winter treads softly as yet. Next Saturday I go to Newburyport with my niece to school, and I remember so vividly my own first school-going, and here is a new generation coming up. Oh, I think we, who have lived, should have such unspeakable pity and tenderness for

those who are beginning to live. It isn't of any account being happy yourself, to what it is to soften life for those who come within your scope. I don't mean being unhappy, but simply to lack perfect happiness, or even positive happiness. One can enjoy vastly many things without it, and with it one would be in so frightfully small a minority, that how could he help a fearful looking-for of impending change?

Good-night, dear friend, President, or presided over, it makes no odds to me, so you are yourself without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. For me you must take me, spots, wrinkles, and all, or leave me altogether.

DECEMBER 14.

My last budget I sent Tuesday. For news, one of our chickens has broken its leg, which I have mended by having its head cut off, — that is homœopathy. That night I went to Salem, to hear Agassiz lecture. I was very much pleased with him.

DECEMBER 28.

Say to Mr. Ford, in whatever civil phrase you choose, that I “can't, shan't, and won't” write for his paper. I have, as the Ollendorfs say, neither time nor mind to write. It is very well for you, who have both, to go under the water, but I find it all I can do to breathe in the air. Really, I have no time to do half the things I want to do, and I have nothing in particular to say in a religious newspaper. It is so long that they have refused to print my wayside words, that I don't have any wayside thoughts come to me nowadays. Besides, I can pull my Orthodox string as hard as I like and no harm done, but let me give ever so gentle

a twitch to the Baptist cord and down comes a shower-bath on my head and takes my breath away, which the Baptists would be very glad of, perhaps. And I do not like this way of giving your papers interest by talking about living people, though I like Mrs. Stowe who does it. I think it is cultivating a bad taste in the people, who are greedy enough of gossip and personal details now.

If I write at all for the "W. & R." it shall be for love and not for money. If anything comes to me that can be pressed into your service you shall have it, but what's Ford to me, or me to Ford, as Shakespeare says, that I should lay myself out to please him. But if you reply for me reply with great politeness. Translate me into hypocrisy thy name is French! I had something better than sherry Christmas Day: Whittier's prose books sent to me by his own saintly hand, and Mr. Prang has sent me a brood of chickens which do everything but chirp, and some lovely mosses, and a bird's nest and things. I think they are beautiful.

As for your cannot-help-it-philosophy, I do not believe in it. It may be true as a present fact, but not as an ultimatum. It is a devil's breastwork to be beaten down, and not a natural division of land and water to be made the best of. I can never, I think, believe that God has put eternal death into human hands, and has not put there life. I suppose one may safely take for granted, that there always will be wickedness in the world, but that does not make that it is not wicked and should not be opposed, and while every creature of God is good, every natural quality that he has implanted in the human being innocent, — it is also true that selfishness and reck-

lessness and grossness are wretchedly wrong and fatal.

It seems to me that the love between men and women is in its deepest spirit god-like. It is of the earth, earthy only because we dwell so much in the outer courts, and do not discern the divinity within. In every aspect it is a type of something so heavenly that it can in no way be revealed, but by a way which concerns the penetralia of life. God will not be seen by unrecognizing eyes, so they see only the outward form, which is not God at all. Yet God is there to him who is spiritually discerned. It is true, you say, we do not often speak of these things, but not because they are unworthy, but because we are. To me there is no stronger sign of total depravity than that crust of profanity and uncleanness and frivolity which so widely overlays the most sacred mysteries of this life. They are not to be talked about, for they belong to the things which will not bear rough usage. From people whose whole thought and living is earthly one expects but earthliness, — honest perhaps, and homely, but not raising us higher. But they who have education and observation and religion, surely they ought to lift us up and not drag us down. But I don't think, at least I am afraid, that knowledge does not spiritualize, and much of our religion does not seem to help the matter. Some are naturally swans, and some are naturally swine (it was not the alliteration that lured me there), and the one is white of its own nature, and to the other everything is mire. Yet the Divine idea is swans, not swine, and so, I think, with proper pains and the grace of God, we shall all one day begin to show the white feather — unless lazy people like you look around and fold their

soft hands and say, despairingly, we cannot help it,— “or rather they cannot help it.” It is very difficult to teach right doctrines, but I should be greatly pleased if our sage bishops and other clergy would stop teaching their infernalities. Is it so hard to hold one’s tongue? I never tried, so I can’t tell. Did I send you a December pansy? I picked some more Christmas.

Monday morning. I have read this over, and if I had time to write another I would not send this. It is always fatal to my letters to keep them over night. This looks as if I were some white-winged angel soaring up out of sight of the common herd. It is no such thing. I don’t pretend to be any better than other people. I put myself down among them all, — and belong there, — but I won’t say, because I don’t think, that is the right place. Moreover, because we are on the earth is no reason why we should not look at the stars and try to get up there by and by, and get other people up, too.

JANUARY 3, 1867.

There is no need of raising metaphysical distinction about the meaning of *create*. Whatever the immortals do, you know that souls never do come into existence without mortal agency, and it’s no matter when they begin or where they were before. They are here now, and that is our lookout. We are not responsible for God’s part in the matter, and so we need say nothing about it, — as practical duty, — though of course there is no wrong in thinking and theorizing, if it does not interfere with right acting. I trust it will turn out that the relation of most husbands and wives will be temporal and temporary. I am sure I don’t want to go on writing “New Atmos-

pheres" to all eternity, and I know I never could hold my tongue, even in heaven, if there were such actions as are going on on earth. I can't carry out my ideas of "conjugal love" in a novel, — people, — well, it is too public. That's the trouble. I can't preach and I can't practise, and here I have an ideal, and I am confident it is the only reality.

Time won't show it, perhaps, but if you are good all your life, maybe you will see it in some white shining star.

I had a note from Whittier, who says he will show me the picture of Sumner's wife when I come up, — and "Just think of it! instead of taking his carpet-bag and starting off for the Washington cars as aforetime, he went this winter, filling a coach with his family, — Mr. Sumner and Mrs. Sumner, and Mrs. Sumner's child, and Mrs. Sumner's child's nurse, and Mrs. Sumner's little dog. Sumner wrote and told me what he was going to do, and I told him to go ahead, and that I would support him in this crisis as in all others, and am glad for his sake, for I hear she is good and worthy, and, best of all, loves him."

I have a very fine flock of birds under my window. I feed them well with canary seed, and they pay me well by coming to eat it, and chirping under the window. Mr. Whipple came in with another album from a friend of his, who would like "quite a piece," which I gave, — copied from Bacon; catch me writing "pieces" of my own in albums! Might as well ask for the money and done with it!

JANUARY 23, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: Why a man who sets up housekeeping in the skies at will should go and bang

his head against the pavement for the sake of "seeing stars," I cannot conceive. Ordinary people might take that method of studying astronomy; but such a Peter as you, who holds in his hands the keys of heaven, and pays a morning call there with as much nonchalance as he eats his breakfast, might be supposed beyond the necessity of such violence. However, you have saved your skull this time, somewhat to my astonishment, I must confess, and I hope you will preserve your equanimity and your equilibrium for the future.

I have received your manuscript of Mrs. Smith's flight to the stars. No note came with it, but I suppose it is not suited to the temperature of the briny Atlantic. Augusta and I have both read it with the greatest amusement, but I should never think of its being published. We only wanted you present to laugh with us. It is so exquisitely absurd — and grotesque. Augusta said it was just like you, sitting back in the carriage and talking your mingled religion and fashion. Oh! you are too absurd. What shall I do with this book? You are the very oddest man and writer I know, or, at least, think of at this moment. How came all these quips and cranks into your common-sense New England head? I think you are born out of place and time. You belong in the dusty tomes of some quaint old library.

Galore is a dictionary word, I believe, — perhaps a little antiquated. I rather think it is as old as Chaucer.

JANUARY 26, 1867.

Poverty is a means of grace. Poverty is the dark sky in which the stars shine out with a brilliance which the sunshine of prosperity dazzles into ob-

scurity. Poverty is the nursing mother of virtue and genius, and is doubtless a blessing. I shouldn't like it, but then I haven't got it.

What you say about Irish children is false in fact and demoralizing in tendency. Here we live, and next door live the Irish. Ours is a family of seven children, and of the two Irish families, one has one child and the other has none. Now, then, where are your statistics? And for all practical purposes the soul begins with the body, when it begins at all. We do not infrequently see bodies walking about without any souls in them; but, on the other hand, we don't see souls stripped from bodies; and all you and I have to do is to look out for visible souls.

We have had a snowstorm. I have amused myself walking over the fences. Mr. D. amused himself blowing down his chimneys. The snow-birds come by the half dozen, and I feed them with canary-seed. The apple-boughs lie on the snow, and I stood among them and thought of the beauty and bloom gathering there and the songs preparing to sing. I wish I could make you believe in a change of seasons. One can always bear the frost so well if he smells the flowers beneath. Don't you fret yourself about the frames. Get off as cheaply as will be at all pretty. But I think those ferns and vines are beautiful. You spoke of the chromos being make-believe oil paintings. I want them to be honest chromos, just cheap prettinesses. You know there is no demoralization where there is no deception. We have had company all day and I have done nothing. Winter is more than half over, and it has been so decidedly winter that I expect spring will be in a hurry. Only think that all your life long every year you will see the

grass growing and the air softening into fruit and flowers! My gray little homely birds are only the harbingers of what will be so brilliant. I think already of the damp mosses and the cool shadows and the fragrance of sun-steeped pastures, all brown and burnt, and crackling under your feet. Dreadful, isn't it? but the sun seems so powerful then. I wonder if one ever could get tired of summer. Do you ever feel as if you were a duplex and triplex and twenty-plex person? I do. Seems as if you might take me out, one box after another, and they are not in the least alike. Don't sink into life so deep as to be buried alive. You can't ever see your hand before you, so what is the use in being anxious? And if you *could* see your hand, what better off are you?

FEBRUARY 5, 1867.

You are the dearest creature, and I would tell you so if it weren't that you would say it was all loaves and fishes and picture frames. It isn't. They came yesterday and I think they are beautiful. You can't tell how much I thank you for them. Those rustic frames are as lovely as possible, and just as suited to the wild grace of the vines, and all of them are beautiful and only show how much better a fair soul looks in a fair body, as I always told you. I am going to capture a carpenter to hammer in some hooks. I wish you had come down with the pictures, and wouldn't we have had a good time hanging them! I would not only say to my servant *go*, but *go hang*! I am afraid that is almost wicked, now. I won't say it any more. But 'twas only the centurion who said it in the first place, and I don't know that I am bound to pay any special honor to him. That book of Clark's, well,

now, I don't care to read anybody on theology who is not standard in his own set. Does Clark compel your assent and respect? If he does not I will none of him. I want light. I don't want feeling after the light. I can do that myself. What I would do if I were rich would be to have you come here and turn this unsightly wilderness of a farm that I live on into something pleasant for the eye and 'good for food.' All it has to recommend it now is pure air and sunshine. That is much, to be sure, but it could have those in abundance and beauty too. *Such* a home as I saw of mine in a dream once! Ah! my dear, we weren't meant to have our homes in this world, were we? And you won't heartily believe in any other, so there we are.

I have troubles, too. My hens don't lay more than an egg a day, and the pump has frozen up and the pipe burst or something, and my ungrateful birds, after I had bought them two quarts of canary seed, went and left me just because there was a thaw — and you are very wrong about their being nuisances, for they don't destroy our strawberries. We haven't any for them, and if they will be so good as to eat our sour little bitter cherries they are doubly welcome. I wish you could stuff one of my Regan-and-Goneril birds that frequented the bank when I dispensed charity — a magnificent gray and white calm-souled creature, who squatted in the snow as reposefully as if it had been a bed of down. And no matter if all men born of women preëxisted, all I say, it is of no practical importance to us, but you *will* run head-first against that blank wall and stand there and beat your brains out, and I come up and lead you away, and the minute I look up, there you are at it again!

You ought to read the autobiography of Heinrich Stilling if you want to know some other perplexity than your own. It is a curious, naïve, gushing bookful of tears, and embraces, and kisses, and telling tales out of school, but with a good deal of solid sense and sound religion besides.

FEBRUARY 20.

Did I speak to you about "Henry Holbeach"? It is one of the most attractive books I have seen this many a day. It confirms one in the faith somehow. Did you ever notice the different spontaneous responses we give to books. Some we assent to in a sort of negative way because we really can see no flaw in the reasoning. Others we spring to with instant recognition.

Mr. D. has rather gone over to the opposition about my letters. Since he has been away I have written him several, perfectly so-so letters they were, too. The other day he came up on an errand and invited himself here to tea, to our great satisfaction, and broke out: "I don't wonder people want you to write letters to them." To-day he was up again and said he got a letter from me yesterday, "and a beautiful letter it was, too!" The fact is, I don't suppose he has been accustomed to any but business letters all his life. He is one of the best of men, honest and true, and it really did me good to see his round ruddy face smiling in at the door. I never heard of your Platonic attachments. I know very well which class I should fall into. I am not very intellectual, but I am religious. A gentleman asked me last Saturday how I liked the minister. I said "I hated him! that's how I liked him." When I heard, however, that

he was a Methodist brother I held my tongue. I don't feel any call to chastise my neighbor's children, nor to refrain from chastising my own! Do you mean to say that I grow less agreeable as I grow old? On the contrary, I think I improve vastly, and by the time I get to be eighty I expect to be a belle and a beauty. May you be there to see!

Have you seen Whittier's new poem? He has just sent it to me. I have not read it, but I know the best part of it is what he has written on the fly-leaf. I suppose the great mass of persons in the world are really incapable of friendship. No otherwise can I account for the clouds that seem to hang over so many. I am as far as possible from believing that friendship should, or can, encroach upon love. It seems to me they may run in parallel lines forever, since parallels never meet. I have a very great scorn for the notion you often find afloat that propinquity is the — what do the theologians call it? — predisposing cause of love. It may be a sufficient cause for that bread-and-butter sentiment which keeps the pot boiling, and, of course, if two substances have the natural affinity the coming together is all that is necessary, but the natural affinity is the very thing in question. Oil and water are no more one thing in a dish-pan than they are out of it. And I wish there were high living enough in the world to be at least recognized as a ponderable and visible and appreciable thing in its own right.

My sister says the reason your hens calculate so nicely is because they are so near the Observatory, and she has some stupid scholars she would like to shut up in your coop till their mathematics rose to a level with the bantams. *I* am raising chickens. *I*

put fifteen foreign eggs under a hen last Saturday. First I knew she was on another nest. So now I watch her, and when she comes off I clap an old hood on the eggs and follow her round till she goes on again — generally to the wrong nest, and set her right. If those eggs do turn into chickens they will owe it to me as much as to the hens.

Yes, I have been over to Whittier's. Your heresy on the tent is such as deprives you of all claim on the story of my career there, so I will only tell you that we had a whole long evening to ourselves, Dr. Hayes having kindly volunteered to draw off the surplus population to lecture on icebergs, walrus, and such small deer. Then I went to Mrs. Spalding's, and had brilliant glimpses of her between relays of company, and she inquired for you. She is a superb woman. Her letters astonish me, every last one most. They are finished prose. It is like reading some elegant writer, a classic production. Now don't you go and praise her up to the skies for the purpose of taking me down, and don't you be always telling me how queenlike and elegant all your friends are. Don't you know it's only another way of telling me how dumpy and dwarfish I am? And besides, I don't believe they are very elegant. It is only a way you have of glorifying yourself. I dare say when you are talking with people who will never cross my orbit you sing the same song about me.

[TO MR. WOOD.]

APRIL 16, 1867.

Our housekeeper went away in March, and since then, with an Irish aide-de-camp for emergencies, my

mother and I have kept the ship afloat. I am now become quite learned in beef-steaks and batters, and as house-cleaning has already appeared above the horizon, I suppose my knowledge will branch out into brooms and mops and scrubbing-brushes.

Well, and I have been to Dr. G. of Boston, the hero of electricity and galvanism, and he lands you, sir, high and dry on the shores of empiricism! What do you think of that, you man of all worlds, but the especial lover of this? He did not advise recurrence to his galvanism for mother, thought it would be attended with danger. I also went to a clairvoyant, but that is a secret. She made a sad miss of it, but I got my dollar's worth of *phenomena*. She was voluble anent the "Internals," but shy of the "Externals," — which showed her sagacity. You know you can hazard almost any assertion about a person's liver, and he cannot contradict you, being generally innocent of all knowledge of the locality or condition of that scape-goat of an organ.

You have been very cross of late — that I know right well. You wondered why God did not rain down hail-stones upon the *getters-up* of Catholic-Episcopalianism! I rather think if speculative theology is to be punished with hail-stones *you* would better buy a new umbrella! Heretic that you are, you would prove your orthodoxy by branding all other heretics. Well, it is not such a very uncommon thing, after all.

Yesterday was our first spring day. The air was really warm, and to-day our peas are in and watered by a warm, steady rain. I have twenty little chickens as lovely as you ever saw. I have beautiful flowers in my room, house-flowers from my own plants, but

tended by my friends. The house has been fragrant with heliotrope, that sweetest of scents, so impalpable, so penetrating, so deliciously suggestive.

The ministers are all going away in this vicinity. Mr. Southgate and Mr. Fitz have resigned in Ipswich, and Mr. Sewell in Wenham. The latter takes a professorship in Bowdoin College. I went to Newburyport to see the launch of the "Erie." It was wondrous beautiful. I had no suspicion a launch could be so grand and inspiring. There was a great multitude, but no crowd. Afterward I called on Mrs. Spofford and her blue-eyed baby. She looked charming and he promising — not to put it too mildly. Her health has been indifferent, but she is now improving. My niece, Josie, is very happy with Mrs. Dimmick. I trust you are well and happy. That is trusting a great deal, isn't it?

Yours as ever,

M. A. D.

APRIL 13, 1867.

"It is done. Clang of bells and roar of gun send the tidings up and down."

My dear
They are here.
But oh!
Woe! woe!
Is me
To see

Myself as others see me.

I dare say they are good likenesses, but it is cruel in you to want to perpetuate them. The good God made *me*, and we cannot help ourselves, but he never made photographs, and State sovereignty extends over

them. They are good pictures as art. I have not shown them and shall not show them to any one. On no account let Mrs. F. see them, and above all things keep me from being hung on the public gallows. Believe me if I ever hear of these being seen anywhere, if they ever get into so small a public, it will be a lasting annoyance to me. My only objection is that they look just like me, and when I wish to be transparent and see only life and the world, why should you seize and fix me, an opaque body, to "stain the white radiance of eternity" withal? Now, I beg you at once to destroy them body and soul, — negative and positive, — and write and tell me so. Then let us saints forget we have bodies till we are good enough to go to heaven and be clothed upon with immortality.

I shall not go to Boston again to have my picture taken till it is warm enough to wear a white dress so I need not be obliged to discard my own clothes and be folded in a rag that has wrapped Egyptian mummies in Thebes' street three thousand years ago, for aught I know. I think that is one reason I looked so cross. I felt uncomfortable and ill-placed, and then I am cross besides, and my pitch-forked vision does not mend the matter. Do try and hunt up those missing photographs. Do I look like that, I wonder? I stay at home among mine own people and am full of other things and forget all about myself till I go out into the world, and then every once in a while I somehow get a glimpse of facts and am scared back again. This photograph is one of the glimpses.

Mr. Fields wants me to have the book — a few chapters — printed in the "Atlantic," before publishing in book form. He affirms that it is capital, and that

when he is reading it he has to roll himself up into a ball and roll round the street to relieve himself. I don't think very favorably of his plan, and I hardly think I shall agree to it. I think it will have more dignity as a book than as a series of articles. Mr. Foster came over and planted peas, and we had a long conversation on intellect, ambition, books, social differences, in which we agree to a charm, both of us being eminently sensible.

APRIL 29.

Your departure was speedily followed by the advent of — with a thimbleful of cranberries, which was just as much an act of love, to be honored and thanked, as if she had brought a gold-mine. She could not think of anybody she should so much wish to have them as mother, and she said they were very good to eat uncooked, and asked me to try one, which I did, and affirmed in an agony between a smile and a pucker that it was very nice, — why, yes, and immediately backed out of the room and ejected it into the stove with enthusiasm.

A letter from Professor Stowe lamenting that his wife and "Our Charlie" had left him the Thursday before, the former going to Florida, the latter to sea. They have a son, Captain Fred., on a cotton plantation in F., and I suppose they will go there to live. I am real sorry he is going away. Charlie has been to sea once, — a Mediterranean voyage, — and had a specially hard time of it, and came back more passionate for the sea than ever. Also a long letter from Mr. Baxter telling all about Kate's wedding, and the most penitent apologies for not telling about it before. He says her wardrobe was gotten up by a lady friend

in Philadelphia, and the only active participation *he* had in it was to pay the bills. Judging from the amount required to liquidate them, he is prepared to say it was complete and splendid. The wedding-dress was white ribbed silk, and cost a fraction over three hundred dollars. They will stay at home till July, and then take a house of their own. Mitchell is second in his class at college, with a prospect of soon becoming first, and Lewis has taken the first prize for declamation. Mr. — is somewhat better, has discarded Dr. Kimball and taken a spiritual medium doctor, who orders a wash of Castile soap. There are some people who would not use it without an order from the other world. *I* have just bought nearly a pound of it — good English.

How *I* wish there might never be any such paragraphs set afloat! It is not going to be intensely funny, nor intensely anything. It has not a view in it moral, social, political, or landscapical — not to omit theological. There is no problem that it is going to solve, nor any reform which it will advance. You need not say maliciously these are mere negative virtues. Make much of them, for it has no positive.

Somebody has sent me an engraving of “Bierstadt’s Rocky Mountains.” I had a nice young cousin here this afternoon, and the moment she looked at my birds’ nests and vines, she cried, “Oh! there they are, but how beautiful the frames are!” I did not tell her whose taste they were. Do you think I will give all the glory to you, when by the simple process — simple to me from long practice — of holding my tongue I can get the lion’s share of it myself? Speaking of lions, you will have to hurry up your Deutsch a little if you mean to keep ahead of me. I am read-

ing "Lessing's Fables," and find his snakes and foxes very entertaining.

Whenever a man does something annoying and irritating it puts me out with the whole world of men. I suppose it is just as bad for a man as for a woman, that is, I esteem it due to courtesy to say so, but the thought of being indissolubly bound to any one, to be forced to stand sponsor for all his obtusenesses and perversities and obstinacies and weaknesses, to be cut to the heart by every edged tool he chooses to use, or does not know that he uses, to have your most secret soul and life entirely at the mercy of some one else, with no hiding-place and no court of withdrawal save the abandonment of all hope — Just here came your letter and house-cleaning and company, so, fortunately for you, my sentence remains unfinished. You have some very heretical and mischievous and abominable notions which it becomes my painful duty to extirpate. I do not object to your liking women because they *are* women, and in a different manner from men. That is in the nature of things, and I believe in nature most strenuously. And it is a great pity you did not put your letter into the post-office when it was finished, and so spare yourself that lamentable paragraph about love and friendship, and buds and blossoms. To be sure, a bud may develop into leaf or fruit, but a peach-bud never develops into a grape. Friendship is fruit as much as love is fruit. Friendship may flower into perfect beauty, yet never become love. Perhaps I am not competent to treat that subject. But certainly if love is something whose natural culmination is marriage, whose tendency is to absorption, something that makes you *want* to live all your life with somebody else, makes you *want* to give up all your own

life and make it seem no risk to risk everything, why then love is something as far apart from friendship as the elm tree is from Mount Athos. Of course every person's capacity for the one or the other depends upon his organization. I dare say that the power of the two is generally combined. I cannot say that it always is.

What you do like of me is something apart from head or hair—something that is a great deal more me, and that will be me “when our good swords rust and our steeds are dust.” I know it is not philosophy and it is not goodness. It is something infinitely more impalpable and inexplicable than they.

Have you read “Katharine Morne”? Now, that Charles Dudley has noble traits. But I fear there are not many men who would write such a love-letter as that. It is so utterly high-minded. It makes a woman feel self-respect to be so addressed. I always feel better after reading Miss Palfrey's things. She says never anything low. Contrast her with —, who outrages every avenue of approach. His last part, treating the minister and the girls, is villainess itself. As representing a class of the clergy it is entirely untrue. I should think he would be ashamed of himself to be able to conceive such thoughts, connecting things heavenly and things earthly in such an unholy alliance, carrying away his ministers and doctors with such fantastic whims. And what an absolute downright—is it too much to say fool?—he is in making Cynthia Badlam so overcome by the spectacle of a pair of bare baby-legs, as if you could not see them by the dozen any time, whether you have any of your own or not. But

don't let us get angry and abusive. Say something good, and grand, and magnanimous.

April 25, 1867, Friday. Good-Friday to you, and a charming home and a pleasant life, and amiable friends like

Yours truly.

The picture is come, and it is a beauty, and well worth its frame. How many times do you suppose I should stop to take a picture out of a portfolio and look at it? Now, whenever I choose to look up, there they are, — my mountains, my mosses, my angels, my chickens. I don't know what the anticipations of *your* youth were, but mine have been a great deal better than filled by the actualities of age. I don't mean fame, or anything of that sort, but life is more keenly enjoyable than I had any thought it would be. To be sure, I had not much thought about it anyway, and what I enjoy is a sort of intangible thing, not easily defined in words. One thing I enjoy is the knowledge that I can live on nothing, or next to nothing, if it becomes necessary. My strawberries are doing well. I have not a strawberry in the world. I mean the plants, and I have had the walks turfed to keep down the weeds, and the grass still lives, and the peas are well up, and isn't it cold?

Five of my chickens are gone. The other fifteen are growing homely, but they shall not lose their place in my heart. I am not of that fickle make to be won only by the charms of down and pin-feathers. Young Henry James, I think, is one of the most promising writers we have. His stories are studies. He has a way and a thought of his own. How much there is in this last story of his just begun. All his

stories have body. His women, if they are wicked or foolish, have their own way of being so. They are not the old block women handed down by tradition, with only the change of waterfalls and rats, or whatever is the last new style. I don't know.

JUNE 3, 1867.

MY DEAR JUDGE: *Was* I cross when I wrote my last letter? I am afraid so. Well, I had a reason for it. That is one thing remarkable about me. I am never disagreeable without some good reason, whereas you and the rest of the world will suffer yourself to lose your fine poise from any whim. But that day something had happened to me. I thought I was threatened with a loss of friendship, regard, respect, and so I took a sudden scorn of friends, and put on perhaps high-heeled boots, and went on the rampage. I am not fretful and ill-tempered around home. I hope you won't think I go cater-wauling over the house as I do in letters. I am not peevish and fault-finding and horrid, but I am stormy, — not a northeast rain-stormy or snow-squally, but a magnetic storm, you know, that raves and rages through sunshine and clear skies, and gives no sign except to the electricians. Unfortunately you are an electrician because you don't live with me. I can't be cross to people that are right before my face and eyes, so I have to discharge my thunders (electrical) through letters.

Why should I cut the grass about the door? I want it high, and rank, and dense, and see it wave in the wind and shine in the sun; and the birds are so brilliant, and saucy, and fat! Young Henry James

is the son of old Henry James, and old Henry James used to be one of my friends. He took me up, thinking he should make something of me. He very soon found out his mistake, and dropped me, — but gently, — so that my memory of him is not put to the blush even by this June morning. But while we had dealings together I found that on some points his views were more palpably, definitely, positively in consonance with mine than those of any other man I ever met. You are nowhere in the comparison. You are sometimes right concretely and by instinct. He was right abstractly and on principle. I disappointed him sadly, for I was not able intellectually to comprehend him, and though I knew it in the beginning, and told him so repeatedly, he would not believe it till he found it out of himself to his sorrow. Now we are good friends, but I have the advantage inasmuch as my knowledge of him is a source of hope to me, while his knowledge of me has only given him another failure. That is who young Henry James is. He is the son of his father, of course. My Henry James is sometimes one of the most entertaining of men. He has a way of surprising you that is highly amusing. My mother sighs over your mother getting breakfast. I don't want my mother to get breakfast, but I wish she were able to do it. I have had company the past week, and we have been living on a series of experiments. My sister was at home, and we made desperate assaults on the cook-books. Our guest paid the best of compliments to our experiments by cheerfully eating them up, but my mother is not overburdened with civility, and reminds us from time to time, "You were never made for a housekeeper." It looks like that certainly, but if I

could ever discover what I *was* made for, the matter would wear a most hopeful aspect.

You don't shock me with your talk, for I don't believe you. You are poddling around ankle-deep in ignorance, and think it is clear sightedness, and I wish you would stop talking as if I were an innocent Hottentot. Innocence and ignorance are very pretty, and for some reasons very desirable. If one could really do nothing to repress wickedness I think one would at least be far happier for not knowing that wickedness existed. But it would be absurd, as well as false, for a woman of my age to pretend not to know that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

I will tell you something. Do you know that — some time ago wrote an infamous article in the "Congregationalist." Then one of my storms came on. I stood it as long as I could, and then I rose up and skinned — . Mr. F. would none of it, and Mrs. F. implored me not to print it, and said, or intimated, that it would injure me in the estimation of good men. I was prepared for the coarseness of bad men, but I confess I had not thought of the good ones. Mud is not becoming as a general thing, nor agreeable, nor to be desired as a cosmetic, but if I saw a woman struggling in slime, and a man in a black coat and white cravat thrusting her in deeper, and if it seemed to me that I could help her out I should plunge in and do it, nor do I think I should be really assoiled, — for I did not dabble in the mud from choice, but because it was mud, not rose-water, in which a soul was sinking. What would make me forever to myself unclean would be the thought that through fear I had withheld my hand when it found

something to do. But I will hold the regard of no man or woman on the tenure of a false supposition. I will tell you a bit of a story about myself. I don't profess to be very good, — you know I don't, — and that is one thing that troubles me. I never meant to be known personally. I never wanted to have any woman behind the writer, but it got out, and I work at a disadvantage. So when I write about the goodness and gentleness, etc., of women, it might seem to be a sort of setting up of myself as one of them, but it isn't. I leave myself entirely out of the account. I am not like women. My life has been in such *manny* style that I have many ways. Well, as I was going to say, a long while ago — I could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen, and in all knowledge of the world, from simple lack of seeing the world, I was younger at seventeen than most girls are at fifteen — I went a journey, and was put under the care of a man whose position and office were enough to guarantee his good character — or ought to have been. He never spoke a disrespectful word to me, nor showed anything but a constant care for my comfort, anything that I could lay hold of. I was to go with him, and return with him, but there was something about him, or in him, so inmosty repugnant to me that, without saying any syllable to any of my friends there, I managed to evade him on my return. It came so near that at the last go-off I saw him come looking through the train for me, and I held my head down on the seat before me, and somehow disguised myself so that he did not find me, and I came away alone. I have never heard anything in particular of him since, till on my journey last fall I heard in the most casual manner that he

had quietly been turned out of his office and set aside generally for — I don't know exactly what, but some immoralities. Now don't think me setting up for immaculateness or anything of the sort, but I am not quite so bad as I should have been if after *sensing*, as the old people say, his character I had worked him a pair of slippers. I am glad, at any rate, that my instinct there was a healthy one. It was no manifestation to me, you see, that repelled me, but only the general aroma of his character. He was three times at least as old as I, and I say that if Myrtle had been the girl the author would have us believe her, her instinct would have told her about the man without the clumsy intervention of the old Mr. What's-his-name. His little low transient surface attractions are no more worthy of the name of love — no not so much as the love of my hen for her chickens; of a passion that holds the soul, fires and fuses the whole being, and gives a man power over heaven and earth, he is as ignorant as the beasts that perish, and it is an indignity to give to his weak and hateful emotion the holy names.

Where are my chickens gone to? Over to Allen's swamp where the hawk's young barbarians are all at play, where admitted to that equal sky their pap and dough shall bear them company. My hens beat yours, for six of them lay six eggs a day, if I don't bring them in every day. I enjoy your children, and to see you taking such care of them and wanting to do so much for them. You have such opportunity to do everything for them, to make their life, as it were, to give them somebody on whom they can always lean and to whom they can always come. It is the next thing to God in this world. It is certainly God-like,

giving everything and claiming nothing. There is no use in trying to adjure your life. You can only take what comes. The only thing of importance is to be as good as you can be. It won't be anything to boast of, after all, but there is nothing else. My hair I cut because I wanted to do something, and it always amuses me to cut my hair. I only cut it about a hand long, or a hand short, which is it? — or *handsome*, which is better still.

JUNE 17, 1867.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner the bell rang, and Professor and Mrs. Stowe appeared at the door. They had ridden from Andover to Georgetown, and from G. here, and were to go back to G. to dinner at five. They stayed till near four o'clock. The first half hour I did not like her. After she came out to her lunch she glowed up and was very simple, natural, agreeable, and entertaining. About half an hour before she went away she gave out again and was silent, but I understood it and did not mind. He rallied her and declared she had not come up to his expectations. She told me coming out that the fact was she had talked just as much as she could, but of course as she had come twenty-five miles she was tired. She is plain at first sight, but not after five minutes. Her face is very attractive and her smile charming and sometimes very expressive. When she was silent it said a great deal. She said Professor Stowe was gone to Canada before she got home from Florida and she had not seen the critter since February. They are not going to sell their Hartford house, but only going to Florida, winters. She says he has been round at a great rate trading on female sensibili-

ties over going to Florida, and making people think he was the most abused man in the world. They are evidently very happy together.

JULY 9, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: I should think it was high time for you to leave Washington; with typhoid fever taking on an epidemic form, and the summer heats raging their fiercest, the sooner you get out of reach of both the better. It is very sad to think of Marcus' happy young wife leaving her new home and new life so soon. One feels that it is unnatural, that she was in some sort wrenched away from it, but perhaps now she looks down on us with infinitely greater pity than we look back on her.

Must, however, may be too strong a word for anything that refers to self-knowledge; neither society nor travel, nor education gives us that, perhaps hardly Christianity, at least not the infinitesimal doses we administer to ourselves.

I have been doing nothing in particular but a good many things in general — watching seeds that never come up, and pulling weeds that never stay down, going and coming and keeping the wheel in such motion as I can command, but through all, I remember that it is summer and that summer is little enough time to rest, and short to enjoy, so I take the benefit of it in every direction, and lounge and loll and idle in a way that would terrify an energetic Yankee, but *I don't care*.

[LETTER NO. 2.]

FRIDAY.

I have brought my letter home from the P.O. to tell you that I found there — from what mysterious

source I know not — your letter, sent me from Boston, and looking as if the rats had paid their respects to it, and oh, my! what a letter it is when you come to read it over in your sober senses! You are as brave as Don Quixote, but you fight only windmills. I question the good taste and even the right ordinarily of doctoring hymns. But as for the doctrine and the policy of the two lines you quote — “When God himself comes down to die,” and “When Christ the Lord comes down to die,” there is no comparison to be made. The first is unscriptural and — brusque. To the best of my belief and recollection it is always told us in the Bible that Christ died on the cross. I nowhere remember an assertion that God died on the cross, and such an assertion seems to me harsh and unwarranted. But then I make no pretensions to courage. Moreover, it seems to me little short of absurd — your connecting poverty with Orthodoxy — yours or another’s — and wealth with heresy. What did your Orthodoxy have to do with your fifty cents a day in New York? And where, pray, do you find the people who become pallid in the presence of the superfine Boston Unitarians? In your own brain alone. I never heard anything more ridiculous and baseless than this notion you have got up about recreancy and cowardice, excepting always Don Quixote and the windmill! So far from the question being passed by, the one question which at this moment more than any other occupies the theological world is: “What think ye of Christ?”¹

So also in your resolution of the Woman’s Rights problem, you and the printed slip wherewithal you buttress yourself are alike wrong, and I might al-

¹ Title of a little book by G. H., then just published.

most say alike slanderous, only you do not give me the concrete premises from which you draw your conclusions. So I can really vouch for nothing except that they are wholly and offensively wrong. But the printed slip gives its premises outright, so I can see at a glance the unreason and unrighteousness of its conclusions ; and let me tell you in all seriousness that I would ten thousand times rather stand with the Boston women, with their Liberal Christianity, Woman Suffrage, and all, than with the most rigid orthodox men, who see in their advocacy of a great cause only the upholding of " the free play of the passional tendencies of men and women unrestrained."

AUGUST 2.

We went to Beverly in first train, and from there with S. and C. in their carriage to West Beach to field-meeting. We enjoyed the beach and the drive, but the weather was dull and the meeting not bright, and there were too many people staring for my pleasure. The most amusing thing was a stranger stepping up to Stanwood and pointing out Gail Hamilton to him.

HARTFORD, CONN.,

MONDAY, August 19, 1867.

Professor Stowe was at the station to take me home in state. It is a lovely place here in the midst of the woods, with a river close by, and little flower plats all about, and winding roads — windows and doors opening into the woods on all sides. Hartford grows more and more beautiful every year. I went to church with Mrs. Stowe in the morning. Professor Stowe was to preach, but he was prevented by illness.

He has not been very well for a week. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, is here and preached in his place. Lilly Gillette and her husband came down this morning; also the Hookers, who have invited us all up there this evening. Mrs. Stowe wants to invite everybody here to-morrow evening, but I advise against it. Charley Stowe is home from sea, brown and healthy, and a well-behaved, bright young fellow. He thinks he shall not go to sea any more—says there is no money to be made by it, and thinks he shall study. The twins are at Stockbridge with their married sister, which Mrs. Stowe regrets. Mrs. Stowe says she thinks I should like them, and that they would like me. My room is on the lower floor, with a bath-room opening out of it. Mr. Stowe's study is on the top of the house, like Hawthorne's, — the crow's nest, Mrs. Stowe calls it. There is a little flower-room, with a fountain, etc., in the centre of the house, and the dining-room, parlor, etc., open into it. My blue silk came out unspotted. I don't think the rain got inside my trunk at all, but there was lots of it. All along the railroad there were drowned fields—great trees standing up to their knees in water; fences just visible above the water, and the tops of potato rows appearing. As things look now I ought to have had ten new dresses instead of one, and stay a month; but I shall go home the first of the week anyway, especially if I am not let alone. Mr. Stowe said yesterday that if I went to church everybody would see me and come, but I saw very few that I know. Of course, my own friends I want to see, but I don't want a lot of people who are simply curious.

SEPTEMBER 5.

I went to Gilmanton, N.H., first. It rained before I started, and liked it so much that it kept at it all that day, and the next I wanted to go to Canterbury to see the Shakers, but the clouds shook so that it was impracticable. Then I started for Hartford, and had to change cars every other minute or so till I got into the Boston and New York express train, when I gave over mutation and settled down to riding, and got carried off towards Albany for my pains. Then I got out at Westfield, marked well her bulwarks, did not like the look of her for Sunday, went back to Springfield, had to stay in the station there from about eight till midnight, and then went to Hartford to the Allyn House, and in the morning drove out in silken state to Nook Farm and took Mrs. Stowe to church with me. Was not that dispatching business? They live in a lovely place.

I did not see the Stowe girls at all. I saw their portraits painted, and I saw the picture of the long-ago-drowned son, and if there is any truth in faces, that is the face of a fun-loving, pure-hearted boy. Charley Stowe was at home all the time I was there — an honest, affectionate, well-mannered boy that anybody might be glad to be father and mother of.

I was a Nook Farmer when I used to be in Hartford, but it grows more and more lovely every year. Still, my dear, happiness does not lie in fine houses and trees, for Professor Stowe has a constitutional melancholy which all his fair surroundings cannot remove, and the charming house — set in its snuggerly of trees, with the river rippling close by, sung to by birds, and watched over by all the guardian angels of

nature — would be sold to-morrow could a fit purchaser be found.

Well, then I went to Meriden and stayed a day or two, and then back to Hartford to the Gillettes, original Nook Farmers, and I saw all my friends, or a good many of them, and heard of one who was in Hartford when I was there, and I was very fond of him, and he was not hostile to me, and he has left Hartford — a few weeks ago — with his name tarnished and his hopes broken; nevertheless, I believe in him all the same. Imprudent and extravagant and impracticable, I dare say he has been, for it was like him, but dishonorable in intent it is impossible he should have been. I have had my hair cut short, and such a forlorn, shaven monkey you never saw. I enjoyed my Hartford episode much. It is sort of delightful to do things once in a while. I didn't do anything, only was done to. Since I got home I have been as busy as swarms of bees, and shall be, I suppose, as long as I live — in health, at least.

[TO HER SISTER.]

Professor Stowe writes deploring Florida and the association with niggers, alligators, and fleas instead of me! but says his identification with his wife has only increased his admiration and love of her; and when she says her health and happiness depend on it, what can he do?

OCTOBER, 1867.

My lovely silk poplin that I have just had made over, short and gored, sack and jacket and velvet trimmings, I wore to church yesterday, and a friend

invited me to drive home with her and I did not want to, yet thought it would be a friendly thing to do, so I did it, and in consequence daubed my lovely gored blue short velvet silk poplin all over with wheel grease. Now tell P., and ask her if she knows anything that is death to wheel grease and innocuous to silk poplins gored, azure, and lovely. You are always crying up P., especially as executive and efficient. Now, anybody can execute butter and such things, but if she can churn joy out of wheel-grease, or wheel-grease out of poplin, let her now speak or else hereafter forever hold your peace. My sister-in-law is here, and has stuffed this house chuck full of pickles and piccallili and shirley sauce and grape preserves and peaches and things. They squeeze out of every crack between the boards, and to-morrow she is going to make some fruit-cake to eat with them, and the apples are picked, and going out to play croquet, we are, — with clear consciences, and balls and mallets, of course. Dickens is coming, and Newburyport wants him for an evening, and offers, through me, three hundred dollars, and we are all snubbed, together with the announcement that every American evening will roll him in from fifteen hundred to two thousand American notes for his particular circulation. Last week my last uncle died, a good and beloved man, eighty-four years old, who had suffered for forty years from an excruciating neuralgia, — full of humor and fun and goodness, — and I think Heaven must be perfectly heavenly to him. Now, do you suppose he has seen my grandfather, and does my uncle who was lost overboard at sea, in the night, fifty years ago, remember him and care for him? And I wonder if my droll, witty aunt,

who died two years ago, met him with some celestial knitting-work in her hand, and they are just now sitting down on some shady seat and hearing and telling all that has befallen.

That soldier that wrote me from Chickamauga, you remember, did I tell you he has cropped out since he found himself in print, and has sent me the books which went to the war with him, and a sketch-book that he drew of himself in Libby Prison? He is an editor in Cleveland now. Do you know how small your faith is? Because W. has got through the woods with \$1,500 a year in his pocket and offers to help D. you think God is very good to give us children, but if one were curious I think one could cull from past letters of yours very grave doubts on the subject. Just as far as you can see your hand before you you believe in your hand, but if you can't see, why, there is an end of all wisdom under the sun. You don't seem to see anything before you but spectacles and roomatiz. Don't the same things lie before me, and ten times worse, inasmuch as I shall have nobody to hunt up my spectacles for me, or to make me hot lemonade and red flannel bandages for my sorrow — and isn't everybody else coming to the same body of death? For my part, life astonishes me every day as a curious phenomenon. I look back upon my past little self as a bug-man might look upon a new bug, and I see the school-children go by and it amazes me. And I fancy how they will, by and by, read my name on a white marble slab with no more conception that I was a human being than if I were the marble slab itself. But as they grow up, and grow old themselves, they will gradually grow into the knowledge of me. Do you know we don't seem to be really born the first

twenty years or so. We keep getting deeper and deeper into life till I reckon we plunge through on the other side. Harriet Prescott's baby was very bright and interesting. How nonsensically you talked about my busy-ness — that it was all useless because I had my daily bread secure without it! Is that what people work for — their daily bread? Does man live by bread alone, I should like to know? Is there nothing to do in the world but to repair the waste of tissue? And because one can do but little shall one take a lazy hand to that?

You need not trouble yourself as to whether there are going to be any women folks among the angels. Unless you change some of your views speedily the prospect is too remote of its ever being a personal matter with you to make it worth engaging your serious attention.

Your mother and your brother are not a fair specimen of Heaven, though they are your relations. Suppose, instead of being eighty, and in Chester, they had been just born in Heaven, one of them, and the other say twenty years old there — would not they have had enough to talk about, and would not they have been full besides of plans for the new life — might I mean? Why does any one *want* to make an excuse for a second marriage? If the victim of it is satisfied I cannot see that it is any one else's affair! That is the way with Bayard Taylor and who else was it? — a little while ago. I say let it all alone. It concerns only one man and one woman. You may say anything you like of second marriages in general, but of any one marriage in particular the public know and need know next to nothing, and I don't suppose the relations of this life are to be arbitrarily and rigidly

reproduced or prolonged in Heaven. But they are to be refined and so renewed. If a woman has married the wrong man here I do not believe she is going to be his wife through all eternity unless, perhaps, he has really the root of the matter in him, and by a course of treatment turns out to be the right man after all. Professor Stowe says that Lady Byron, notwithstanding her husband's unspeakable atrocity towards her, always believed there was the germ of good in him, and that he will one day be restored to her in all his ideal sweetness. But if a man and a woman have begun in this world that good work upon each other which a complete love cannot fail to do, do you suppose Death will be suffered to cut it short? *I don't.* Like will seek like there as here, and hold it all the longer and stronger.

My poplin followed your advice and let the wheel-grease be — but my sister tucked it in out of sight, so you won't see it when you come down, except in the suavity of my manners.

I am going next Friday, D.V., to see the Conference turn and rend and devour one another over Mr. Charles Beecher, a devout person, and one that fears God continually, so far as I can judge. I wish you would be in my Sunday-school class, or I wish you would have a Sunday-school class and me in it.

[To MR. WOOD.]

OCTOBER 18, 1867.

I will not say that you do not sometimes in your letters offend my taste, but I dare say you could employ the same negatives with regard to mine. In fact, I suppose there are few persons of positive taste and

character who do not occasionally run against each other's positivisms. But in a world like this, if we cut off all communication with those who do not in every respect suit us our circle would be exceedingly limited.

"Wool Gathering" is of course a good book, and it is well you have read it, but when you and the saints get into the next world, I fancy you will have something better to do than to pore such books, even if all Europe is in them. I do not have so strong an expectation or desire of going to Europe as I used to have, and if I went I fancy I should write no book. The associations would be too overpowering. By the way, there was a "Wool Gathering" on my shelf for you. But when it came you had left Washington, and when you were here, it slipped out of my brain-shelf, and so you slipped away without it. Now it has slipped into other hands, and if you are as disinterested as you pretend to be you will rejoice in your loss, which proved to be another's gain.

DECEMBER 6.

We all agree that you will never have paralysis. People that have it suspect it not beforehand. "Nothing happens but the unexpected." Your heaviness was but a mood, not lightened, indeed, by thoughts on purgatory!

My brother and his family are with us from Minnesota this winter, and the family wheels move on without armed intervention from me; so I take little jaunts into space, having fortified myself previously with a silk and velvet suit which ought to answer even your ideas of magnificence, and which on a more stately figure would be magnificent.

Salem has a new history for me since I read Mr. Upham's book on witchcraft. What a pretty handwriting is that of your Margaret Dalrymple! All the old chieftains come down from their heights to meet and greet this bonnie lass of theirs, and she lives quietly in Salem. We have sent away our little hand-maiden. She was a quiet-mannered puss, but otherwise unavailable, very fond of reading and playing, but with a deeply-rooted aversion to all manner of handicraft, and totally depraved on the subject of thoroughness. If you know any philanthropist who would like to adopt a heathen and turn her into a Christian, and so do good missionary work at home I can point out to him a fine field of labor.

Did I tell you that I was at the Conference which undid its own work two years ago about Charles Beecher? The old stand-bys were there — Dr. — with his gray, abundant hair, and Elder — bald, but stately. But nothing availed, and Charles Beecher stands again among the brethren. I am glad, because he seems to me too good to be outcast from any church fraternity. I think him a good man, and none the less so for being possibly a little bewildered. In fact, I suspect our certainty springs very largely from our want of thought — from ignorance rather than from knowledge.

I heard Charles Dickens read the other night. It is difficult to detach the reader from the writer, but both together are absorbing. My eyes ached all next day from the intensity of my gazing. I do not think his voice naturally particularly fine, but he uses it with great effect. He has wonderful dramatic power — a command over his face which recalls the old stories of Garrick. He reproduces, recreates almost

the characters with whom his pen has made you familiar. I like him better than any public reader I have ever before heard. He has less mouthing and unnaturalness. There is much disappointment in this vicinity owing to inability to hear him. I sometimes think he will have caused far more trouble than pleasure by his visit. And on the whole, is it not yet a question whether life is not like Charles Dickens' visit.

[TO MR. WOOD.]

DECEMBER 30, 1867.

On Saturday a wooden box was dumped on our piazza, and the wooden box, on urgent solicitation, delivered up a brown-paper package, and the brown package disclosed a leather case royally cushioned with satin and velvet of imperial purple whereon reposed a lovely quartette of silver stuff, not untouched with gold. And on each piece the eye delighted to trace my monogram; but on one piece, more pretentious than the rest, we thought we discerned a G. W. T. to, etc., or G. T. W. Certainly there is a G. plain, and then there is an intertwining which may be a W. alone, or a T. alone, but looks most like a combination of the two. I will treat you the next time you come here to a cup of tea such as never was dreamed of from my gold and silver store. Whoever sent it, it is the sweetest little thing you ever saw. Now we are on the theme of gifts, I must tell you that Whittier sent me his illustrated "Snow Bound," which is a charming work of art. In my "humble opinion" the illustrations are far finer than those of Maud Muller last year. Also another friend sent me an exquisite painting — a bouquet of wild flowers, with every-

thing but fragrance, a delight to me whenever I look at them. A little enamelled and illustrated needle-case is a thing of which you have no conception, nor is it necessary you shall have, nor of the other little trinkets which helped me to rejoice in the general jubilation. We trimmed our rooms with evergreen, and you don't know how snug and bowery they look. We shall keep it on as long as it will keep green. Our turkey was so glorious in his strength that it has taken us ever since to eat him up, and he is not gone yet! See the grandeur of New England poultry!

I went to see Nelly O'Conner at her sister's, and saw her and her sister and the seventeen little girls that revolve around them, and had an extremely pleasant visit for a little while. Mrs. O'Connor is so placidly young, and fresh, and lady-like, that one never tires of her.

Let me tell you fairly that when "Woman's Wrongs" are revealed to the light of day I don't intend to send you a copy. It is a book which you have no call to read and no occasion to possess, and may have a bad effect upon your unformed mind; so whenever you feel an impulse to read it, you may sit down to Thomas à Kempis, or some other safe work, till the fit is over. You may be sure Nelly and I pulled you to pieces well between us, and if either of your ears burned about that time you may know the reason why.

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